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MACLEAN'S

APRIL

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By E. J. CHAMBERLIN



Why Wilson Is Waiting

By AGNES C. LAUT



A New Serial Starts

"The Gun-Brand"

By JAMES B. HENDRYX

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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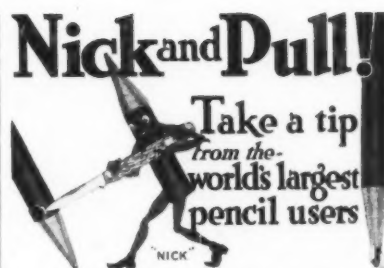
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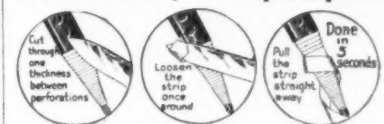
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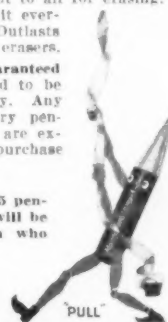
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Will Business Suffer if Uncle Sam Goes to War?

ANY discussion of the business outlook at the present juncture may take either of two lines. It may be confined to an actual discussion of business conditions as they are without



—Kirby in the New York World.
Breaking in.

reference to the future; or it may deal with the many uncertainties and possibilities of the future in their relation to present conditions.

When future contingencies are taken into consideration it becomes apparent that there are many factors lurking in the foreview which may seriously affect the business outlook. At time of writing (March 2) the United States is hovering on the brink of war. Before these words see print President Wilson almost certainly will have found his "overt act" and declared war. That this will have some effect on business conditions is certain, although there is a singular degree of optimism on both sides of the line on that score. If serious internal troubles developed in Uncle Sam's land following the declaration of war, then business might suffer; for the German element could create havoc for a time if it had the will and courage.

It is generally thought, however, that the actual declaration of war will create little disturbance of industrial conditions. Uncle Sam is drifting from neutrality to belligerency by such gradual stages that there may be little excitement even when it comes. In any case trade with the Central Powers has practically ceased, and war should make no difference to the United States except the speeding up of munition production and a general increase of activity in all lines touching war preparation.

Some uncertainty also exists with re-

gard to the effect of the new regulations being put into force in Great Britain. The measure prohibiting the importation of certain lines literally upsets world markets. Withdrawing ships for war purposes is having its effect on world shipping. Supplies of certain lines are growing scarcer all the time. Prices are bound to advance. In attempting to gather together and summarize the conditions that are arising and estimate their effect, the prophet is appalled by the uncertainty of it all. He is confronted by a series of "ifs"—if the submarines continue unchecked—if the war lasts over another winter—if natural resources hold out.

The safest plan is to brush aside everything but the actual facts of the present and out of the chaos of information and speculation with reference to the future, keep only one fact in mind—that production must be maintained to the limit of our resources.

There is the key to the future. Production must be maintained no matter if a score of neutrals go to war and the ships of commerce are swept from the seas. Canada must continue busy. So long as the war lasts the present condition of prosperity will be maintained.

That Canada is prosperous to-day is too obvious a fact to require the confirmation of trade statistics. Railway traffic is at its highest point and industry is straining to meet the demands made upon it. It has been confidently stated that this will continue at least as long as the war lasts. It is possible that our activity will increase steadily during the period of the war.



—Webster in the New York Globe.

Building them up at the eleventh hour.

INVESTMENTS

An Industrial Bond

AN INDUSTRIAL bond is one of the most lucrative forms of investment compatible with a reasonable degree of security. It has not, of course, the rock bound security of the government or municipal bond; it is not ranked as high by financial men as the public utilities bond; but it carries a much higher degree of security than other forms of investment than these. It gives a higher yield than government or municipal bonds.

Industrial bonds are, in reality, a first mortgage on the property of the company issuing them. If the company fails to keep up the interest or to return the principal as agreed, the bondholders can step in and take over the plant. The company has ninety days in which to make good—that is, ninety days to make payments of principal or interest after specified date—and then the holders of the bonds can step in through a trustee and take the plant over. It is not necessary to get the consent of a majority of bondholders to take this step. Interests holding ten per cent. of the total bond issue can take the initiative to wind up the affairs of a defaulting company.

When an industrial company puts out a bond issue, it practically amounts to a conditional sale of the actual property of the company to the bond holders, the property being placed in the hands of a trust company to act as trustee. Generally the property involved is the plant as it stands at time of the issue. Latterly, however, some industrial bond issues have been further secured by agreements covering all additions to the plant during the term that the bonds run. Under such circumstances the bondholders have very ample security.

When a second issue of bonds is put out, it is either secured by additions to the plant or goes as a second mortgage on the property; and so on with subsequent issues if any are attempted. Needless to state the security on the first bond issue is infinitely better than on subsequent issues.

An industrial bond is, therefore, very similar in every respect to a real estate mortgage except that it is secured on industrial instead of residential property and the individual bondholder is to some extent unable to act in a separate capacity but is more or less bound to concerted action with the other bondholders. There can be no question, however, that the bond of a first-class corporation is a splendid investment. It carries little risk and gives a handsome yield. It is generally quite readily saleable. It is true that there have been fairly frequent instances of defaulting, but in all such cases the property is there for the bondholders to realize upon. Sometimes considerable time elapses before the property can be realized upon, and in that way the holder of the mortgage sustains a loss through the inactivity of his money. Sometimes also the property can only be disposed of at a loss. There is not, however, the possibility of total loss as there is in buying stocks or in other forms of speculative investment.

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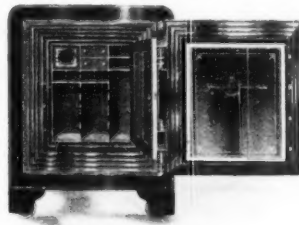
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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

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INSURANCE

Insurance as a Saving

"I SAVED \$600 last year," remarked a man to his friend the other day. The latter was astonished, for the speaker did not make a larger salary than \$2,000 a year and he kept up a large house.

"You're some saver, Brown," the friend conceded. He happened to be an automobile salesman so he promptly added: "I guess you're ready then to buy that little runabout now."

"Not much," said Brown. "I don't believe in buying an automobile on the time basis."

"But," protested the salesman, "you have enough cash now—"

"I have exactly \$250 in the bank," said Brown.

"But you said—"

"Exactly. That I had saved \$600. And so I had. But I was including in that total my investment in insurance. Isn't that money saved?"

"I suppose it is," began the salesman, "but—"

"And at that," continued Brown, "I was only figuring on the year's increase in the borrowing power on the insurance I carry. You see if I had to borrow on my policies I could get the money in a day's time. It would be almost as simple and easy as going to the bank and drawing the money out. We all leave money in the bank which we don't intend to use and consider this as 'savings.' Well, I have a savings account with the insurance company that I can draw on any time I want to. God grant I never have to. But—last year, on that basis I saved \$600. If I wanted to I could really figure my saving on the basis of all the money I paid in premiums."

Brown was right. Few people realize that money put into insurance is like money put into the bank in the important respect that it is available. It is not the intention of this article to "boost" borrowing money on insurance policies; rather it is intended to dispel the fairly general ignorance on this point. The average man knows it is possible to raise money on his policies but he regards this as something dangerous, like mortgaging the old homestead. In a sense it is well that people hesitate on this point. But the fact should not be lost sight of that each policy has a borrowing margin and to that extent money paid in premiums is just as available to the policyholder as money in the bank.

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Take five minutes for this treatment every day and your skin will take on, gradually but surely, the clearness, freshness and charm of "A skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today.

Send 10c for the beautiful picture above

This painting is a most beautiful conception of "A skin you love to touch." The artist is Z. P. Nicolaki, the popular illustrator, and it is difficult to tell the reproduction from the original. Send your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin and we will mail you a copy, also a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week's treatment. Write today! Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2504 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



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MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

APRIL, 1917

Number 6

The Wandering Mummy

By W. A. Fraser

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrated by Ben Ward

EDITOR'S NOTE—It was a distinct loss to Canadian literature when some years ago W. A. Fraser laid down his pen. His animal stories and his tales of India had won him a well-established place in the world of letters. It is now possible to make the welcome announcement that W. A. Fraser is "coming back." He has again taken up the pen and the reading public may look forward to a long series of new Fraser stories. In accordance with its policy of securing the best of everything Canadian, MACLEAN'S has brought Mr. Fraser into its star Canadian list of contributors.

CAPT. FRANK LEIGH-MERVYN turned from Regent Street down mews in which was located Scobald's Curio Shop. He often picked up for a couple of shillings some trinket which he later passed on to an acquaintance at a profit.

It happened that the usual weekly auction sale was on. A pudgy man stood beside a long, narrow, green-and-red box, exhorting his limited audience to give him a starting bid for its contents—a mummy.

"Of all the rummy goes!" Captain Frank muttered.

"Shall I say a sovereign?" And the auctioneer's small gimlet eyes gazed hypnotically at Captain Frank. The latter nodded; the fishy eyes had caught him mentally overbalanced.

In vain Scobald pleaded for a raise, drum-firing the words, "One quid—one quid—one quid bid." There was no response. "It is yours, my friend," declared Scobald as his mallet fell; "you've got it dirt cheap."

Captain Frank, paralyzed by the stunning asininity of his caper, solemnly paid his sovereign and took his way back along Regent Street toward the Criterion, counting by the sense of touch the contents of his pocket. Two shillings and four-pence, and his allowance of seven pounds weekly would be due Saturday at noon.

He entered the Criterion and, sitting down, ordered a drink. As he did so a man slipped into the chair across the table, saying: "Order one for me, Frank,

dear boy. I'm like St. Paul, having neither gold nor silver."

With a cynical smile Captain Frank sacrificed his dinner for Grandon's whisky and soda, saying, "Glad to see you, old man. You don't happen to need a mummy, do you?"

"Hardly. What's the idea?"

"I bought one this afternoon—gave my last sov. for him."

"Gad!" Grandon's face took on a desolate look. "And I wanted to borrow a quid Frank! I'm cleaned out. What the devil are you going to do with a mummy?"

"Haven't the faintest idea, old chap. They seem to be a drug on the market just now."

"Send him to your brother, Doctor Tom; he used to go in for devilish queer things."



Leigh-Mervyn whirled in his chair and fastened his eye on the mummy case.

Captain Frank started. By Jove! Many a practical joke he had played on his brother. He laughed aloud as he drew a mental picture of old Tom's face when he saw what had arrived as a present.

Grandon rose, saying: "I'm off to hunt that quid. Tom's out in Canada, isn't he? Ship old paraffine 'collect'."

* * *

There had been five Leigh-Mervyn brothers, each one possessed of less

balance than a tumbler pigeon. Doctor Tom had as many idiosyncracies as Captain Frank. Perhaps they were of heavier, more sombre texture; and, while Captain Frank's revolt against things as they were had carried him back to Piccadilly, Doctor Tom's, more primeval, had landed him in Little Oxford, a village in Canada. Out of the discarded past the Doctor had reserved one thing, his old Indian servant, Boodha.

So it was in Little Oxford one bright morning that Doctor Leigh-Mervyn found the following letter in his mail:

"Dear Brother Tom:

"As we grow older we acquire wisdom; and with age gradually has come to me a strong conviction that I have not fully appreciated your many acts of kindness in the past. Waywardness invariably brings an aftermath of unpleasant recollection; and in vain we beseech Repentance to obliterate the scars caused by the blows we have caused our friends.

"At best words are but cheap and empty evidence of a contrite spirit; and I could not blame you, brother, if you were disinclined to place overmuch reliance upon assurances from me of my regard for you. But that I am sincere I trust you will believe when you receive the small present I am sending. Its intrinsic value is trifling—nothing, as compared with the artistic completeness of the whole. I am sure it will prove a companion to you. I have often thought that you must find life in that new country rather dreary—rather provincial, and devoid of pleasant surroundings. When you receive my little gift do not take the trouble to thank me—I shall hardly deserve even this consideration at your hands; I shall have my reward in the knowledge of the fact that perhaps I have helped to brighten your life.

"Your brother,

"FRANK."

"P.S.—Please keep this work of art in a dry place; it is a *genuine Rameses*."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed Doctor Tom, when he had finished this epistle. "The Salvation Army must have got Frank." Then he read it again, a faint suspicion crossing his mind that there was an unnatural ring to its tone.

"Frank repentant; that's lovely. And buying presents for his friends; that's a miracle. Well, well!" he ejaculated, with a sigh. "Human nature is very erratic—very erratic. I hope it's all right. I shall see when the gift comes. Judging from my experience of brother Frank it might be anything down to an infernal machine."

"Work of art, work of art," he repeated. "A genuine Rameses. Don't remember a painter of that name; but Frank mixed up in art is too ridiculous. It will be a bull pup, or a picture of a fighting cock."

IN A few days advice came from the customs at Toronto of the arrival of Captain Frank's box. Doctor Tom had it cleared by a broker, a heavy bill of costs paid, and the box forwarded on.

"This is a present from Captain Sahib," he told Boodha when it arrived, speaking the latter's soft mother language, Hindustani.

Boodha's eyes darkened suspiciously; he had known his master's brother in India in the old days.

Then they opened the box, and Rameses, figuratively, stared up at them with a calm expression born of a thousand years of Nirvana. The very antiquity of the visitor seemed to preclude all profanity—either that or the gruesome absurdity of the situation. At all events Doctor Tom simply gave a short, dry laugh, went to his library, and returned with Captain Frank's letter.

"Boodha, you who are of the Orient, and you, Rameses, midway dweller between the Orient and the Occident, should hear this epistle of a Saxon. In your soul, Boodha, there is no humor—of that I have a thousand proofs; but I have read that Egyptians were given to levity. So, my gentle Rameses, it may be that you will turn in your sarcophagus and smile at this subtle wit of a modern." Then

he read the letter once, rendering passages into Hindustani.

"See, Boodha," he added, when he had finished, "Captain Sahib fears that I am lonesome here with you and the natives of Little Oxford, and has sent this other, this Egyptian to cheer us."

"Huzoor, this is indeed like unto the Captain Sahib," declared Boodha. "Did he not tie a live pig in the mess kitchen at Lahore so the cooks, who were of my faith, being Mussulmans, could not prepare dinner, to the end that the Colonel Sahib, and the Officer Sahib suffered much pain because of their hunger?"

"Yes, it's not unlike my playful brother," muttered Doctor Tom. "And I'll just keep this matter quiet till I have a chance to get rid of our guest from the Nile."

THE ADVENT of the coffin-shaped box was an episode in Little Oxford. Leigh-Mervyn was an irritating mystery. The things he did were irregular, such as having a heathen servant suggestive of wooden gods, idols, and other things pertaining to the Black Art. And the things the Doctor didn't do were equally uncanonical. He didn't sit in the village grocery and gossip; he didn't go to church; he didn't engage in the soul-elevating endeavor of money getting. So the villagers shot suspicion at Doctor Tom, and an occasional stone or two at Boodha, feeling that they were magnanimous in letting it rest at that.

Now while the village worried over the coffin box, Doctor Tom worried over its disposal. Rameses got on his nerves. Captain Frank had not thought of this part of the mummy's mission, but nevertheless the Egyptian was making himself felt. It was like an evil spirit in the house. A corpse would have been bad enough but this, that had been dead for two thousand years, was worse; it was symbol of the decay of a vast empire.

Unfortunately Doctor Tom had just dipped enough into Egyptian lore to realize the presence of the mummy's indiscernible *ka*—the Egyptian conception of the Aspect. As well might the Pharaoh himself be stalking about the Doctor's



Rameses stared up at them with a calm expression.

halls. It was as though a wretched nemesis had come up out of the dead past of the Orient to sit grinning at his board.

THEN Doctor Tom hit upon a plan—a brilliant plan. He was leaving that night for Ottawa on business. Why not present Rameses to his dear friend there, Professor Bachmann, antiquarian and all the rest of it; a lover of dry bones and parched cuticle—the dryer and more parched the more precious.

Leigh-Mervyn chuckled at this happy solution; it also gave him a chance to score over the villagers. They would be consumed with curiosity as to what was in the strange-looking box. Now it would have popped into the village and out again and they could go on wondering for the rest of their natural lives.

He tacked a card on the lid and, with the servant's assistance placed it in the hall, saying: "I'm going to Ottawa for two days, Boodha, and will give this accursed wanderer to a sahib there. I will tell the expressman to come for it in the morning."

Boodha had a perpetual presentiment of evil hanging over his turbaned head in Little Oxford, largely due, no doubt, to the hardness of the cobble stones his anatomy had intercepted on their winged flight from happy youth's reckless hands. He had also taken very literally their expressed intention of offering him up as a human sacrifice. But now, when he begged to accompany his master, the latter laughed at his fears and told him to sit tight—hold the fort.

With misgivings Boodha saw his master depart, and sundry manifestations through the first hours of the night deepened the Mussulman's fears. Some of the young hoodlums prowling about, imbued by mischievous curiosity, were seen by him. Half crazed by fear he ran the gamut of his chances alone amongst these blood-thirsty sahibs, and saw little left but a choice between being murdered in the house or slaughtered if he sought to escape.

FEAR quickened his sense of self-preservation, and, like his master, he hit upon a brilliant idea. Of course, kneeling on his little prayer rug he had offered up a most fervent prayer for wisdom to Allah; so this inspiration was undoubtedly the favor of the true god. The box was to follow the Doctor Sahib to Ottawa in the morning, and he would occupy it. Allah be praised; how complete a deliverance. What his master might think of the escapade, the possible inconvenience of the journey, everything, was as nothing, swept away in the flood of exuberant joy the prospect of escape brought to Boodha. Quite irreverently he haled the dead king from the sarcophagus in which he had nested for centuries, and placed him in the Doctor's big arm chair saying, "Sit you here, one of an unknown name."

As Boodha released his hold and stepped back, the mummy slid to the floor, reclining against the chair in groggy abandon. Something of dread smote upon Boodha's heart, a feeling that he had been guilty of disrespect to the dead; there was a suggestion about the mummy that it might rise up at any moment and revile him—call curses down upon his head.

"In the name of Allah!" he muttered. "I shall go mad gazing upon this sainted

one that no doubt was a benefactor of the poor, and holy, indeed."

Even as he spoke Boodha was running over in his mind the divers corners of seclusion in the house. "Allah be praised!" he exclaimed, "I have it." Calling upon the dead Egyptian to forgive him, and explaining the delights of privacy, he carried the mummy to his master's bedroom, stood him up in a small clothes closet, and locked the door.

ALL NIGHT the Mussulman worked, and prayed, and talked, never sleeping. He bored small airholes in the box, arranged the lid so that he could fasten it with hooks from the inside, and dragged it out to the verandah. In the morning he ate a hearty meal, locked the door, crept into the box, closed the lid, and waited.

Soon there was the rumble of wheels, the harsh voice of McGinnis, the drayman, and his aggressive feet beating the board walk. Even for a drayman McGinnis would have been considered profane; oaths entered into his plan of vocal decoration as red and yellow enliven the color scheme of a macaw. He kicked the door and commanded the pagan idolator to come out and give him a hand with the box. For reasons, not obvious to McGinnis, Boodha did not appear. In-



"You didn't speak, did you, Oswald—it sounded like a gasp."

deed, he almost ceased to breathe, his fear of the irate Irishman was so great.

In vain McGinnis pounded on the door; in vain he hurled strange oaths at the invisible servant; the house remained strangely silent. Something of suspicious mystery laid its subduing touch upon the drayman. The pagan servant had been left behind—where was he now? Perhaps he had been murdered—a curious dread, unreasoning, primitive, seized McGinnis. He shouldered the box, muttering weird conjectures and dumped it into his dray with a vicious slam that all but knocked the breath out of poor frightened Boodha.

Within an hour the Mussulman was speeding per express, toward his master; while McGinnis was pouring his dark suspicions into the ears of the villagers.

AT THE first humming drone of the iron wheels the traveller muttered rapturously: "Allah! Allah be praised!" After a few hours confinement he was sobbing: "Allah have mercy on me, child of affliction!" At Ottawa poor Boodha was in a state of collapse; by the time he was delivered at Professor Bachmann's antiquarian junk-shop residence he was unconscious.

Continued on page 95.

Grey Cloud

By Jack Hines

Author of "The Repair-Cigarette," "The Blue Streak," etc.

IN CRAG HART could be encountered all the elemental units which entitled him to be rightfully termed the King of the Alaskan dog-punchers. He was the breathing, implacable, Indian-like embodiment of that sacred crew of Arctic spartans, tabulated and indexed as the "out-post" mail carriers.

Hart's regular run lay between the Kaltag portage station on the lower Yukon, and the Northern terminal point of the three thousand mile route, at Nome. It was about the toughest, most deceitful stretch of three hundred miles in all the known Northland. It is yet, for that matter, for, until some profound geological change occurs, or some distinct alteration of the North setting sea currents is brought about, the Norton Sound winter trail will always continue to be, the most prolific of the Behring graveyards.

Cross-cutting or skirting this treacherous bit of the trail in the ordinary routine of duty, had sluiced away the youthlike contours of Crag Hart's face, and had left in their place, gouged caverns and rock-like angles. These granite features were marked with a white rash that extended from the lobe of his left ear to the cleft of his chin, straight across the jaw.

He was the senior mail carrier in the Northland, a human spring of vitalized energy, set in a steel-knit frame. Hart, on each of his schedule trips, shook old grim Death by the hand and snarled defiance into his very face.

NOW HE was "summerin' with the dogs." With his team pack he was indolently resting the summer away. The open season was the trailman's play spell. Drowsily leaning against the sun-soaked front of "Jourdan's Rest" Crag dreamed of the world beyond the southern horizon and wondered if ever he would break the link that kept him chained to this heartless man-breaking country, that had no use for any living thing except to crush and grind it beneath a merciless heel.

At his feet, stretched in majestic repose, lay the inseparable companion of all his pleasures and pains—the famed wolf-bred leader malamute—Grey Cloud. The dog was enjoying his "Ock-tu-chin-ick-tuc"—the big sleep—to which he was justly entitled, after a winter of the most severe trail service he had as yet endured.

It is barely possible that the wolf leader was at the moment living over the event from which he had come forth knighted in the eyes of all northern dogs and men. In his deep sleep he gave a faraway sort of wild call, and Crag from the meditations of what awaited him across the seas—fell to stroking the livid crease along his chin-line.

Before his eyes swam an incessant parade of the summer season arrivals but recently deposited on the beach and all alive to make of the ninety day's daylight one long active period. It was to Hart a myriad-hued whirl which made him stroke more determinedly the still fresh scar on his face. As he did so he edged his foot out under the ribs of the dog so

as to feel the deep breathing of the beast. He felt Grey Cloud, too, would like to know, even though sleeping, that the one thing he adored above life was right by his side. This master never withheld any evidence of affection from his dog.

The milling crowds seemed to spin before Hart's eyes. They took shape in his reverie as the blinding whiteness of the snows in that fiercest blizzard of the year. The bright splashes of color that flashed across his brain resolved to an interminable streak of fighting red—the crimson guide posts set by his government to hold the Sound voyagers to the true trail in thick going.

"How did it all come and get by and over with so quickly?" he pondered. Crag had really not quite retrieved his bearings—there was a mystic uncanniness that he could not rid himself of—it was the up-ending of the ice that staggered him now as he again tried to figure it all out. The flash of white, and the human cry from Grey Cloud as his tusks missed Crag's drill parka and instead found a hold in his jaw—there was nothing indefinable about that! Ah, no. He—Crag—was here! He was breathing warm air. He saw the procession of his fellowmen. And why was that? The answer lay a pulsating, adoring servant at his feet, taking his rest, not his pay—Grey Cloud's pay was the commission laid before him for execution, at command of his master!

"Don't take any chances on beating the break-up, Crag." These were the words that Corbersier, the river relay man, had spoken as he delivered the mail pouches.

"I suppose you're going to tell me what to do on this playground of mine," Crag had returned good humoredly.

"I certainly got a chill or two when I left Nulato yesterday, Crag. The old river was growling and seemed like to me that she just wanted to buckle up and blast the ice all over the Yukon valley. It just made me think of you and this stretch across the Sound that you have to make to-day. So you don't mind old pal if I sort of get it off my chest?"

Crag knew the kindness and concern behind Corbersier's warning. Besides he knew the significance of the Yukon signs. The trail spoke to these, her sons. Her language, although mysterious, was readily understood by the dogmen and seldom went unheeded. Crag had had his message the day before while on the run from Chief Isaac's Point to Shaktolik.

AND HE had hardly started on his run across the Sound when it came to him with unmistakable meaning from his head malamute Grey Cloud.

The dog, although holding true to the trail stakes, was ever for throwing his head toward the open sea and sniffing the sharp air as though it contained some menace from which he must fly. He called to the team dogs for further action. "Race with me mates!" That's what it appeared he wanted to impress upon the string.

A shroudlike mist hung heaving and billowing between the ice and the spring-

time sun. The tang of salt was in the air to Crag, riding the supple birch sleigh rail with his feet entwined in its supporting standards, gave Cloud the "Homeward Ho" command that sent him on like a projectile from the cannon's mouth. What lay before the dog held no terror for him. Once for a brief instant the sun broke through the vapor and showed a mocking fire ball—it was dull blood-red and sinister. To Crag it appeared as a scroll fraught with dreadful punishment.

Its weird light was as abruptly withdrawn as it had appeared, leaving a smoke-like shaft of ghostly light where it had broken through the mist.

FOR THREE hours Grey Cloud plunged on with his lead line strung out taut and infected every dog in the team with his indomitable spirit. There were times that the guide posts were obliterated by the drifting snow, but the leader's sense of direction never failed him. He caught up with and passed them with successive precision which made for Crag the task of driving the dogs a matter of minimum effort. When Grey Cloud was given his head, he was the master-mind of the mail outfit.

What lay beyond the black shade that loomed before the lunging dogs was the thing that now caused Crag to shoot out his underjaw. The darkness of that cloud screen was as a battle line for the trail kings. They threw themselves against it, eager to grapple with the worst it held for them.

And then it threw itself against them. They were picked up as though the entire outfit were but a speck of chaff and whirled out in the vortex of a titanic ice tornado. Grey Cloud squealed like a trapped wolf as he lurched blindly on, his ears laid back close to his head, his tail double-screwed to his back so that his team could see that no matter what the elements had on their firing line still he, the dog, was unafraid and defiant.

There was no sign of a trail, there was nothing but the whistle and screeching of the drift. It seemed that great winged birds were also being blown about in that maelstrom, beating their wings about, muttering ghastly guttural moans. Crag, veteran of these ice highways, was at the point of calling the "Come in" command. There is but one thing to do when the very God above shows nothing but a clenched fist; and that is to pull up and strike camp—to cover up; man and dogs huddled together; to be blanketed by the snows; and then to wait. No human being has a yet been successful in a battle against a Norton Sound blizzard.

"When it's time to lay down and quit, he'll come in of his own accord. What's the use of me butting in on this business?" thought Crag. "This is Cloud's own game. He knows every angle of it. And what I know of the trail work, he has taught me! But I'd like to know where the hell we are, just at this present minute. As far as I personally am concerned, we're gone!"

These were the disturbing reflections

that consumed the mail carrier as he clutched the handle bars and shoved the sleigh along in whatever direction that Grey Cloud was leading them on. The snow lashed them viciously. It was wet and sleetlike. There were times that Crag was certain it wasn't snow at all that whipped his face. It was spray! That's what it was, ocean spray! They were not far from open water! And that's why Grey Cloud wouldn't "come in" and suggest the laying to until the blizzard blew over.

Everything was a dull, indistinct lead color. The dog had absolutely nothing to guide him on—nothing but a heaven-given instinct that Crag had long since come to respect, as he did nothing else on earth. Once Crag started, and cried a high pitched "Haw, boy!" Crag heard the splashing of great sea monsters. Every dog in the team heard it, too. And they heard the uncanny yawning-like cries of sea lions—ogrooks, we call them here in Alaska—as they sported in the blackness of the Sound waters. But the water they never did see. Grey Cloud came off the tack upon which he had been running and raced away from the swishing sounds frantically.

SUDDENLY the dog found himself thrashing on in thick snow that walled up before him. It was like climbing a mountain of soft drift that gave no grip to his feet. Then he broke through and felt the sickening waters about his toes—slush it was, greasy, dangerous slush—half snow and half water. The dogs pressed him close now. They were filled with the fear they could suppress no longer. They whimpered their misgivings and snapped at each other. Then they shot down an incline like a toboggan dip. The ice had upheaved behind them and tossed the whole outfit into the trough of its break. Water surged about them in a terrifying flood. Grey Cloud plunged at the wall which rose before him sheer and precipitous. He gained the crest of it and gave tongue to a wild cry of conquest. As he did so he jerked the whole team and sleigh with such abrupt force that Crag, who had been hanging to the handle bars, felt them slip from his grasp. As he fell back into the cairn-like crevice, he called to the dogs and frantically grappled with hands and feet to get some hold that would lift him to the trail level. But, the more he endeavored to scale the yielding snow, the deeper did he sink. It was like quicksand; his efforts to free himself from the maw of the snow cave accomplished nothing but to more firmly embed him in its depths. Crag raised his eyes to the darkness that obscured the heavens and breathed a few fervent words to the God who had never deserted him before.

HE FELT that he was sinking slowly, deeper and deeper to the bottom of the suddenly-formed ice cave. How far it was to that bottom he couldn't tell—water covered it. It seemed to Crag that it must have been a tidal wave that rushed behind them and carried the ice before it as a river carries logs on the crest of its surging current. The water was seeping up the snow in which he was now embedded. Crag found heart to thank his God that He hadn't sent along a chilling temperature with the break-up storm. He prayed for the dogs too, and especially for Grey Cloud. How long would the heroic leader

go on before he discovered that his master no longer rode to runners, or plunged along behind the sleigh hanging on to the handle bars?

Crag breathed deep and called his leader's name at the top pitch of his lungs. It sounded to him as though the blizzard fiends mockingly took his cry and hurled it back to him in his cave. He tried a final move to gain freedom, but it cost him a few inches in distance toward the inky water beneath him. He relaxed himself then and thoughts that embraced long forgotten episodes in his life came to him—an endless phantasmagoria.

But king of the trailmen he still was, and even though he saw his life unfold before him and realization of what that meant at this moment—he again offered praise to the Almighty that he had lived a full and useful life. *The world owed him nothing.* But Grey Cloud, what would become of him? Who would take care of him? Where was he now? Crag fought back choking tears at the thought of the malamute mourning for his lost master.

AT THAT very moment Grey Cloud was doing precious little mourning—he was piling back as fast as legs of lead would permit, toward the spot where last he had heard his owner's voice. The dog remembered one call distinctly. It was just as the ice eruption occurred, but he had thought it a cheer to blend with his own battle cry. He must have gone on a mile before he realized that the familiar chirp, or the encouraging "yip-yip" were missing in the screeching winds at his back. He stopped and cast a look at the sleigh to see that the beloved form was there no more. There was no interval of indecision in his next move. He fairly catapulted the string on the back-track. Whiner, his gee-side swing trailer, whimpered a plaintive remonstrance which started the whole team crying in reluctance. It was just what the supreme leader required to bring all his fighting blood to a seething boil.

He plunged forward dragging the entire six after him—bang into the onslaught of the steel-splintered snow. Guided by nothing but his marvelous dog sense—or supersense—and fighting every malamute behind him, he dug on, calling upon every atom in his body for its last effort to get back to where his master now awaited him. The team dogs hung back—they aragged—at least it so felt to Grey Cloud; but really, now, they were responding to their leader's control over them and were doing their utmost. But that utmost was way below what the leader demanded just then. It was a snail's pace for Grey Cloud.

AND THEN it came to him. The voice of his master ahead—dead ahead! It sped to Grey Cloud on the howling blast of the south-wester. Like a powerful chord of deep music the well-known ken-

nel call of Crag struck into his soul—and not only his—it also filled the rest of the dog's with the lust to win speedily to their master's aid. They all plowed on in desperation. They felt the sleigh career and then turn over completely as they lunged into a mountainous obstacle of heaved-up ice and drift-snow. Its bow runners shot into this opposing face and stuck the sleigh there like a barb—firmly anchored.

The wheeler team sprawled helplessly on the ridge of the upheaval, while the rest of the team hung suspended below them in a mist-filled yawning pit. Grey Cloud, their leader, had recognized this spot the instant that it loomed before him and without a thought for what may come behind him, he dived clear of its brink—in his nostrils the body scent of the only thing that existed in his world.

The lead malamute felt the impetus of his plunge suddenly checked—but not out of gripping reach of the all but obliterated form of his beloved master. Crag had sunk deeper—almost too deep. His head had dropped forward to his chest. He had about given up when through his glazed eyes he saw—or seemed to see—a fierce, wild-looking thing of grey spring clear of the crater brim. Crag saw in that flashing fraction of time a fighting pair of ears laid flat against a wide wolf head, he saw four gleaming ivory tusks in a red mouth, and his ears were filled with Grey Cloud's triumphant squeal as the beast volplaned to where he was.

Black, brilliant eyes shone into his dulled ones; Crag felt the hot breath of his incomparable trail dog on his cheek and then he knew the sharp pain of a cut that laid his jaw open as though it had been slashed with a lance. The blood spurted from the wound and with its surge Crag was brought back to a vivid realization of things temporal. Grey Cloud's fangs had missed his parka the first time. But his next grip held.

* * *

CRAG felt a hand press his shoulder. His memories slipped away and he opened his eyes to see Corbersier, the river man, standing before him.

"Hello, Crag," said the bronzed mail carrier. "I'm over to see Ross about raisin' our pay. That last trip I made back to Nulato makes me think the work is worth more money. How did you make it across the Sound? All O.K. I hope. You found your playground a bit wet, didn't you?"

"Yes, Corbersier, it was a bit wet, but the sport had its compensations," said Crag reflectively as the other stalked off.

Crag breathed deeply of the warm air. "Gee, Cloud, this sun is wonderful," he whispered to the slumbering dog. "And God is God above all—and as for you, old boy, what dog words are there, that I can bark or howl long enough, to tell you what you are!"

A Splendid Feature Coming

"SUNSHINE IN MARIPOSA"

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Why Wilson is Waiting

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "The War Situation in the United States," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the June, 1916, issue of MACLEAN'S, Agnes C. Laut told of the German plot in Mexico, which was revealed in the American Senate ten days ago. The article published at that time gave full details of the plotting of Von Papen and Horst von der Goltz; how both Villa and Carranza were being financed and supplied with arms; in short, how trouble for Uncle Sam was being stirred up. Miss Laut's articles in MACLEAN'S have for the past two years given the inside story of German activities on this side of the Atlantic; they have teemed with information that no other publication has dared to give and that no other writer has been in a position to secure. MACLEAN'S has been consistently "scooping" the continent. The following article was in type two weeks before the exposure of Bernstorff's Mexican plots so completely upset the diplomatic world.

HISTORY is being enacted in the United States to-day a great deal faster than it can be written.

As I write, American ships are moving out of New York harbor for European ports in defiance of Germany's submarine zone. They are not arming for the present because if they were armed that fact might seem to give excuse for Germany's attacks on neutral merchantmen. As I write also, American ships are being sunk. Several American lives have been lost on ships torpedoed by German submarines. Congress has endorsed the President and the President has flatly refused to parley any more with German diplomacy. Bernstorff has sailed for Germany and the whole country here is smarting with suppressed fury over the indignities shown the American Ambassador and his staff.

Why, then, has the President seemed to hesitate? I cannot answer that. I can only set down a series of occurrences and facts from which you must draw your own inferences.

NO SOONER had the diplomatic break taken place than American households employing German servants were startled by the sudden leave taking of Gardener, furnace man, butler, waiter—of German birth. A dozen households in Washington and New York awakened one morning to find there was no man to shovel the snow; there was no cook. The German chauffeur had left. The German butler was ill. The German furnace man had a colic. The German clerk had a sudden chilblain. Grocer, baker, candlestick maker—all had some sudden call from their daily vocation. Nor had the thing arisen from discourtesy or hostility from the American public. The American public is the most patient and good natured

in the wide world. It has been too patient for two and a half long years.

But just now people have realized how terribly near the nation is hovering to an abyss. There is restraint. There is studied carefulness. Bernstorff, whose staff have perpetrated every crime in the calendar, which one nation could plot against another, left these shores without one word or sign of hostility from New York to San Francisco. But please note—there was no cheering. Except for the hand wavings of his own personal friends, there was not a signal of kindness as the steamer moved away from her dock. Bernstorff must have been conscious of the frigid atmosphere; for he deliberately prolonged his shaving the morning he went on board to avoid showing himself to observers; and when he did present himself over the steamer rail for the squad of camera men, he was careful to appear with his wife—an American woman—and the wife—also another American woman—of a member of his staff; but the Count need have had no apprehensions. There was none of the mob manifestation that hounded him after the *Lusitania*. There has been no sign of hostility to any German in the United States. Why, then, the hurried *hégira* of German servants; and whither?

It has been very much like last winter, when the U.S. Secret Service got wind of German Reservists being massed on the Canadian border. A sudden order had been sent out from the German Embassy for all Germans to hide or get rid of personal arms. If exposure came, the German Reservists—of whom there are 600,000 in the United States—were not going to be caught with "the goods on."

In this case, the U.S. Secret Service put shadows on the trail of the Germans suddenly throwing up their regular jobs.

Please note! Where did they go? One and all headed for the Mexican border. For a few days it was thought Bernstorff,

himself, might retire to Mexico; and old fluffy whiskered Carranza, who has been a pup-

pet in the hands of whatever plotter put up the most money, signalized the occasion by wiring a request for the United States "to prohibit the exportation of all munitions."

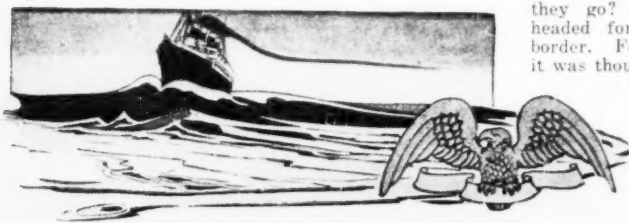
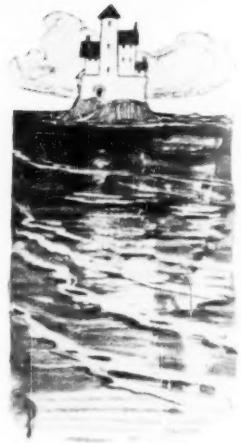
Also, Villa, the bandit leader, signalized the occasion by rising from the dead and raiding the American border just as Pershing withdrew his troops. Obregon, Madregon, Trevino—one leader of Irish origin (O'Brien), two of German—suddenly became very active. And the election in Cuba suddenly flamed into a "baby" revolution. Please remember some facts here! It was along the border of Mexico that Von Rintelen, Von Papen and Boy-Ed laid some of the deepest plots. It was in Mexican waters that German submarines, operating on this side of the Atlantic, were supposed to have had a base to lie in wait for oil tankers carrying oil from Mexico to the British navy. And it was in Mexico that Von Rintelen spent German gold in floods. There was not a revolutionist in Mexico whom Von Rintelen at some period did not finance.

THERE are still in Germany two or three thousand Americans. A similar number still live in Austria; and in Turkey and Asia Minor are American families—missionaries, teachers, business people—as defenceless against the foes around them as the very Armenians.

Are the reasons not apparent why the President has hesitated and waited before declaring war? Has he not been giving Americans in the zone of danger time to escape for their lives? May he not want to master the peril within his borders before essaying to challenge the dangers without?

From the window where I sit you can see down Fifth Avenue almost to the Battery. Flags are blowing from every window. As the troops march past and the band plays, men do not run shouting as they did when the boys left for Mexico. They take off their hats, and look very grave. For the nation is up against the duty it has been shirking and side-stepping for two years; and it is just as unprepared now, when forced by fate to act, as it was two years ago, when prompted by honor. The regular army would scarcely muster 80,000 strong. The navy is 17,000 men short of requirements; and recruiting is discouragingly slow.

The United States, the home and origin of the submarine, with a coast of 8,000 miles to defend, has fewer submarines than Holland or Denmark. This country, the home and origin of the aeroplane, has almost no aeroplanes for defence. (One American firm is shipping 7,000 of its



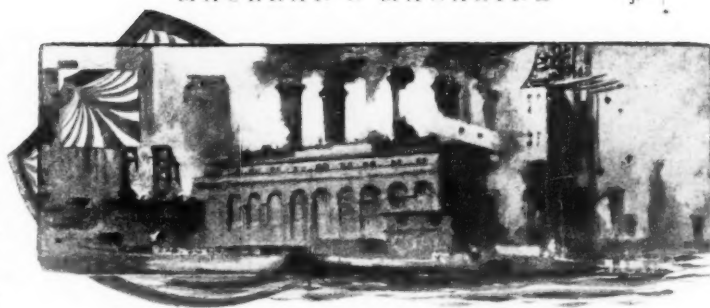
aeroplanes a year to the Allies. It cannot obtain an order for one in its own land.) This country, the home and origin of the Lewis gun—the swiftest firing light field gun in the world—which has given 30,000 Lewis guns to the Allies—has barely a score of such guns in use in its own borders. America has some super dreadnoughts, but to man them it is necessary to rob other ships of their crews; and though Congress has laid down a strong naval programme—please note the fact—not a ship can be completed before 1920. If the regular American army and the ragged, hardened bandits of Mexico faced one another in the field to-morrow, only one thing could save the American army from annihilation—the fact that the United States controls the only supply of ammunition and arms in the country.

IT MAY be asked, if so unprepared, how can the United States enter war? On what is the United States depending for defence? In plain, brutal words—the United States is depending for defence on just one thing—the British navy; and it is because the British navy cannot spare ships to convoy vessels under the Stars and Stripes, that American ships have been tied up at their docks, blockading trade and stalling the railroads. In certain Eastern cities, the cost of provisions has doubled in a few days as the result of miles and miles of cars loaded with shipments for export being stalled and sidetracked, waiting for ships. In one city, coal has gone to \$20 a ton in a week. Vegetables have doubled in price; and flour is universally short east of Buffalo. Farmers are paying for grain feeds prices just double those of a year ago. These extortionate prices are the penalty the country is paying for lagging preparedness; and that is an argument that kills pacificism and stabs lethargy.

There is one other bulwark of defence besides the British navy. It is that in supplying the Allies with arms and ammunition, the United States has developed the greatest defence of all modern warfare—the science of producing high explosives in almost unlimited quantities. Cut off from their base of supplies, German reservists or Mexico, or Germany and Mexico combined—would be powerless after the first rush.

It is the first rush against which the United States is now preparing with emplacements for big guns behind coast defences and wire traps for submarines across the entrance to Eastern harbors.

SINCE the break in diplomatic relations, there has fallen a Maximilian on the loud-mouth propaganda of the Pan-German Alliance. One young man, probably the heaviest shareholder in the Hamburg-American line, has literally died of a broken heart. The doctors called it pneumonia, but his health had been broken up by the tragic drift of affairs, which he was powerless to stop. Munsterberg's sudden death was undoubtedly caused by the terrible anxiety of a man whose treason to the United States was on the verge of an exposure. Vere-



ick's "Fatherland" suddenly changed its coat and shrieked loyalty to a Germanized America. A big New York daily, notorious for its German propaganda, which has been proving for two years that it is not Germanized, has been suddenly offered for sale. American correspondents, who proved there were "no atrocities in Belgium" and that Germany could never be blockaded into surrender called me up the day Bernstorff sailed to know if I had influence enough with the British authorities to persuade them "not to publish private letters if any were seized by the British from the Bernstorff party at Halifax." Tauscher, who was acquitted of complicity in plots to blow up the Welland Canal, found when diplomatic relations were broken that he had a sudden call home to Germany. So did Wolf von Igel, Von Papen's secretary, whose secret papers were seized by the American State Department down at 60 Wall Street. So great was the latter young gentleman's love for Ambassador Bernstorff that he forfeited \$20,000 bail to sail with the Count. I have already referred to the fact that two days before the diplomatic relations broke, the machinery of every German ship interned in American waters was secretly destroyed. There are 72 such ships in U.S. ports; and at the present ruling value of sea-going craft, they are easily worth \$100,000,000. The destruction, as I have told before, was wanton madness; for the United States will not touch German property unless Germany seizes American property in Germany; and though big firms like International Harvester and Singer Sewing Machine and U.S. Steel and Standard Oil have enormous holdings in Germany, the aggregate is a bagatelle compared to German investments in the United States. It is well known that another line of twelve freighters plying under the Stars and Stripes was financed by capital from Germany. These were frantically offered for sale about a month ago. Berlin was evidently calling home the capital. At the time, the ships were being crippled, German gold began moving to South America and Mexico. It need hardly be told that coke processes are the foundation for such high explosives as T. N. T.; and early in the war, Germany secretly bought one of the largest coke plants in the country. She also bought enormous holdings of copper, cotton, lard, pork—ostensibly for shipment to South America. These have all been thrown violently on the market since the break.

I MENTION these facts as signs whether Germany intends to back down or not. And don't let Canada make any mistake about it! Uncle Sam is going slow because he is so deadly in earnest. Only

one thing can stop the United States to-day—that is the sudden and complete collapse of Germany; and if Germany had any idea of a sudden and complete collapse, I do not believe she would wantonly sacrifice her holdings here as she has been doing for the past few weeks.

I said in a former article that, while war would be declared, it seemed impossible for the United States to be prepared in time to do any actual fighting before Germany is defeated. For instance, the navy cannot be in readiness inside of four years. In England, menaced by invasion, it took Kitchener one year to prepare an army. America is not menaced by invasion; and recruiting is so slow that the idea of conscription is being broken to the public under the name "universal training." Politics curse the state militia with incompetent officers. Under these conditions, it seems impossible that any American army could be ready for the European field inside of two years; and before two years, the pressure of internal revolution caused by want and ruined commerce will have curbed Germany's frenzy.

Whether this country enters the war as one of the Allies or essays action independently, it is not the actual fighting that has brought realization of danger home. It is the knowledge of the actual danger here within the bounds of the country.

There are 600,000 German reservists in the United States. Will they fight? There are 20,000,000 people of German birth or ancestry. Will they fight? I do not know. The people of German birth are taking out naturalization papers en masse and swearing to shoulder arms for the United States; but some German reservists are certainly massing on the Mexican border; and as late as a month ago, lodges of young Austrians and Germans were drilling at Bridgeport, where the German Government controlled a munition factory. It will be recalled that when German agents bought these munition plants, the motive given was to keep the Allies from buying supplies. A deeper motive now becomes apparent; and I venture to guess that the American Secret Service does not know where these German supplies are stored.

WITHOUT money from headquarters to finance the reservists, I think it a pretty even guess that, when they come to the actual scratch, they would not fight; but that is only a guess; for the American Government has knowledge of at least one point, where a cement foundation was placed for a big gun. As Gerard told the Kaiser—there are as many lamposts in the United States as there are reservists. It is not from the reservists that this country looks for catastrophe. It is from the anarchist tools that the German spy system has been using.

Take a run back over the unlawful acts attempted by the German spy system in this country! The sinking of ships, of which the *Lusitania* was the most cardinal crime! The placing of slow-fuse bombs on board cargo ships, of which more than \$10,000,000 worth were destroyed in six

months. This was done by placing acids in metal containers through which they would eat in so many days and come in contact with a high explosive in the same container. The destruction of munitions on railroads, at docks and in factories! This was not affected by the old-fashioned crude method of throwing a bomb and running. A new form of high-power powdered explosive, which would turn the air into a flame on the pressure of a foot step, was scattered where the trains would pass over the rail, or the ferry would bump ship-side. This explains why so many explosions took place in cement and metal fire-proof structures; and why the culprit could never be traced. The knowledge was obtained by bribing a betrayal; and needless to say crude ignorant bomb throwers were not the moving hand. This kind of work required technical skill and scientific training; but the wild-brained anarchist was used as the tool.

To go on with the list of German activities. The names of leading bankers and manufacturers were catalogued on the anarchist assassination list! Morgan's life was the only open attempt. The cataloguing of the United States Army! Secret reports on every fort and military road in the country! The massing of reservists at Buffalo and Detroit and Seattle for the invasion of Canada! Plots for the destruction of Welland Canal and the Canadian Parliament Buildings! The paid fomentation of strikes, which Gompers exposed and of which the Longshoreman's strike was the most conspicuous! The paid lobbying in Congress of subsidized peace organizations to put an embargo on exports!

These are only a few of the crimes of Germany in the United States. The whole story of Mexican plots will never be told. Well, what of it—haven't they passed all these perils and aren't they safely out of the German spy net? No—for the German agent didn't do these things, himself. He hired and organized and trained the anarchist; and he trained him scientifically to cover his tracks. The anarchist is still here and he has been literally pickled in the deviltries of German money.



Did you ever stop to think that one of the new high power explosives the size of your hand could cut off New York's water supply, or put all the lights out on the instant, or destroy the subway? Those are the kind of catastrophes feared in America more than open warfare. Antwerp would not have fallen if there had not been enemies inside.

THE STORY of the means taken to "get hold" of congressmen, labor leaders, pacifists, big public men—would outbeggars any fiction ever conceived. Plain money was used with some congressmen and labor leaders. Lamar, "the wolf of Wall Street," who pocketed most of the money, is serving a term in the penitentiary for such work now. His story is the sublime reduced to the ludicrous. He could get a pacifist—yes, the biggest pacifist in the land; so he boasted to Von Rintelen and Albert; and he was given \$25,000 cash. But the pacifist never received any of the cash. He made the speech on his own initiative and Lamar kept the money. Likewise, a hundred labor leaders could be rounded up on an Eastern platform in favor of peace for a consideration of \$1,000 each. The labor leaders were mustered all right; but somebody else pocketed the \$100,000. And it is a pretty even bet that literally millions destined for the press never got past the pocket of the intermediary.

In other case, means not as innocent as money were used. I know of two of the biggest public men in this country tricked into Ford's peace fiasco by a woman whom they thought a dove of peace. She was a German agent. This they quickly learned when they reached

Sweden and came immediately back. Adventures titled and untitled were installed in fashionable resorts to meet big manufacturers and bankers. Behind them in the guise of valet, or attendant,

or shoe black, or table waiter—lurked the real agent; and as Germany's system never lets the right hand know what the left hand does, the woman and the agent often did not know that each was watching the other. One of the biggest steel men was "shadowed" in this way. So was a big powder man. The latter found to his dumbfounding that a servant in his house had been "listed" for the deed of assassination. The man, who worked the worst deviltries against Canada was weaned from decency by a siren and the betrayal of his plots came from an infuriated wife. *There is a story here right in the German Embassy's own circle, which surpasses the notoriety of Nero's indifference to blood-shed; but the time has not come yet to tell it. Suffice to say that while Europe has been saturated in the blood of heroism, while women and children have suffered from Belgium to Armenia, what pen or tongue can never tell, the light woman here has dangled the fate of nations in a harlot's lap and coined gold out of the stream of livid blood flowing from the world's crucifixion.* I cannot speak plainer now, but I shall some day.

All this is the dark, grave side of the picture. There is another side. It is aflame with light. *The United States have taken their stand in the world's arena to fight for freedom and democracy. For the first time since 1812, every scintilla or shadow of ill-feeling between Great Britain and the United States has been swept away. The two greatest democracies in the world's history are standing shoulder to shoulder again—the first time for a century and a half. As Barrie says—it is the star of hope above a blood-drenched world. If they keep together, there will never be another world war—which was what Ford dreamed. And as "Life" says—Germany with her thoroughness did it. No power on earth but a blunderer big as Germany could have forced the two countries into a union of defence. Praise be—laughs "Life."*

THE HIGHWAY

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

*There's nothing so free as the highway!
There's nothing so fair as the sky!
Come away from the wood and the by-way,
And take the big world in your eye!*

*Air where the straight road rises,
Till lost on the crest of the hill,
There are vistas unscanned and surprises
For all who step out with a will.*



*Come fill your wide eyes with the beauty
Of furrow and farm and lea;
You owe to your soul this duty—
O come to the highway with me!*

*A pageant of cloud is passing
In white-robed glory on high;
The pools in the meadows are glassing
The face of the laughing sky!*

*The fields lie furrowed or fallow,
The barn-doors are flung open wide,
The robin has come, and the swallow
Is journeying north with his bride.*



The Gun Brand

A Stirring Romance of the Canadian Far North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Herewith is presented the first instalment of a new serial story of the romantic north country. James B. Hendryx, the author, knows the north as few other writers do, and in "The Gun-Brand" he presents the most interesting phases of life in the newly opened up parts of Canada that begin with the Peace River. He will introduce all that is picturesque in the north—trapping, gun-running, whiskey-running, the iron laws of the trading factors, the peculiar codes of the voyageurs. It is a stirring tale, told in the best style of this master of Northern narrative. Readers who enjoyed "The Frost Girl" will find an equal pleasure in reading the story of Chloe Elliston, Pierre Lapierre and "Brute" McNair, the Post factor.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL OF THE RAW.

SEATED upon a thick, burlap-covered bale of freight—a "piece," in the parlance of the North—Chloe Elliston idly watched the loading of the scows. The operation was not new to her; a dozen times within the month since the outfit had swung out from Athabasca Landing she had watched from the muddy bank while the half-breeds and Indians unloaded the big scows, ran them light through whirling rock-ribbed rapids, carried the innumerable pieces of freight upon their shoulders across portages made all but impassable by scrub timber, oozy muskeg, and low sand-mountains, loaded the scows again at the foot of the rapid and steered them through devious and dangerous miles of swift-moving white-water, to the head of the next rapid.

They are patient men—these water freighters of the far north. For more than two centuries and a quarter they have sweated the wilderness freight across these same portages. And they are sober men—when civilization is behind them—far behind.

Close beside Chloe Elliston, upon the same piece, Harriet Penny, of vague age, and vaguer purpose, also watched the loading of the scows. Harriet Penny was Chloe Elliston's one concession to convention—excess baggage, beyond the outposts, being a creature of fear. Upon another piece, Big Lena, the gigantic Swedish Amazon who, in the capacity of general factotum, had accompanied Chloe Elliston over half the world, stared stolidly at the river.

Having arrived at Athabasca Landing four days after the departure of the Hudson Bay Company's annual brigade, Chloe had engaged transportation into the north in the scows of an independent. And, when he heard of this, the old factor at the post shook his head dubiously, but when the girl pressed him for the reason, he struggled and remained silent. Only when the outfit was loaded did the old man whisper one sentence:

"Beware o' Pierre Lapierre."

AGAIN Chloe questioned him, and again he remained silent. So, as the days passed upon the river trail, the name of Pierre Lapierre was all but forgotten in the menace of rapids and monotony of portages. And now the last of the great rapids had been run—the rapid of the Slave—and the scows were almost loaded.

Vermilion, the boss scowman, stood upon the running-board of the leading scow and directed the stowing of the freight. He was a picturesque figure—Vermilion. A squat, thick half-breed, with eyes set wide apart beneath a low forehead bound tightly around with a handkerchief of flaming silk.

A heavy-eyed Indian, moving ponderously up the rough plank with a piece balanced upon his shoulders, missed his footing and fell with a loud splash into the water. The Indian scrambled clumsily ashore, and the piece was rescued, but not before a perfect torrent of French-English-Indian profanity had poured from the lips of the ever-versatile Vermilion. Harriet Penny shrank against the younger woman and shuddered.

"Oh!" she gasped, "he's swearing!"

"No!" exclaimed Chloe, in feigned surprise. "Why, I believe he is!"

Miss Penny flushed. "But, it is terrible! Just listen!"

"For Heaven's sake, Hat! If you don't like it, why do you listen?"

"But he ought to be stopped. I am sure the poor Indian did not try to fall in the river."

Chloe made a gesture of impatience. "Very well, Hat; just look up the ordinance against swearing on Slave River, and report him to Ottawa."

"But I'm afraid! He—the Hudson Bay Company's man—told us not to come."

Chloe straightened up with a jerk. "See here, Hat Penny! Stop your sniveling! What do you expect from river-men? Haven't the seven hundred miles of water trail taught you anything? And, as for being afraid—I don't care who told us, not to come! I'm an Elliston, and I'll go wherever I want to go! This isn't a pleasure trip. I came up here for a purpose. Do you think I'm going to be



scared out by the first old man that wags his head and shrugs his shoulders? Or by any other man! Or by any swearing that I can't understand, or any that I can, either, for that matter! Come on, let's get aboard."

CHLOE ELLISTON'S presence in the far outlands was the culmination of an ideal, spurred by dissuasion and antagonism into a determination, and developed by longing into an obsession. Since infancy the girl had been left much to her own devices. Environment, and the prescribed course at an expensive school, should have made her pretty much what other girls are, and an able satellite to her mother, who managed to remain one of the busiest women of the Western metropolis—doing absolutely nothing—but, doing it with *éclat*.

The girl's father, Blair Elliston, from his desk in a luxurious office suite presided over the destiny of the Elliston fleet of yellow-stack tramps that poked their noses into queer ports and put to sea with queer cargoes—cargoes that smelled sweet and spicy, with the spice of the far south seas. Officer sailor though he was, Blair Elliston commanded the respect of even the roughest of his polyglot crews—a respect not wholly uncommingled with fear.

For this man was the son of old "Tiger" Elliston, founder of the fleet: The man who, shoulder to shoulder with Brooke, the elder, put the fear of God in the hearts of the pirates, and swept wide trade-lanes among the island of terror-infested Malaysia. And through Chloe Elliston's veins coursed the blood of her world-roving ancestor. Her most treasured possession was a blackened and scarred oil portrait of the old sea-trader and adventurer, which always lay swathed in many wrappings in the bottom of her favorite trunk.

In her heart she loved and admired this grandfather, with a love and ad-

miration that bordered upon idolatry. She loved the lean, hard features, and the cold, rapier-blade eyes. She loved the name men called him: Tiger Elliston, an earned name — that. The name of a man who, by his might and the strength and mastery of him, had won his place in the world of the men who dare.

Since babyhood she had listened with awe to tales of him; and the red-letter days of her childhood's calendar were the days upon which her father would take her down to the docks, past great windowless warehouses of concrete and sheet-iron, where big glossy horses stood harnessed to high-piled trucks—past great tiers of bales and boxes between which trotted hurrying, sweating men—past the clang and clash of iron truck wheels, the rattle of chains, the shriek of pulleys, and the loud-bawled orders in strange tongues. Until, at last, they would come to the great dingy hulk of the ship and walk up the gangway and onto the deck, where funny yellow and brown men with their hair braided into curious pigtailed, worked with ropes and tackles, and called to other funny men with bright-colored ribbons braided into their beards.

Almost as she learned to walk she learned to pick out the yellow stacks of "papa's boats"—learned their names, and the names of their captains, the bronzed, bearded men who would take her in their laps, holding her very awkwardly and very, very carefully, as if she were something that would break, and tell her stories in deep, rumbling voices. And nearly always they were stories of the Tiger — "yer gran'paw, leetle missey," they would say. And then, by palms, and pearls, and the fires of blazing mountains, they would swear "He wor a man!"

TO THE helpless horror of her mother, the genuine wonder of her many friends, and the ill-veiled amusement and approval of her father, a month after the doors of her *alma mater* closed behind her she took passage on the *Cora Blair*, the oldest and most disreputable-looking yellow stack of them all, and hid her for a year's sojourn among the spicy lotus-ports of the dreamy southern ocean — there to hear at first hand from the men who knew him, further deeds of Tiger Elliston.

To her, on board the battered tramp, came gladly the men of power—the men whose spoken word in their polyglot domains was more feared and heeded than decrees of emperors or edicts of kings. And there, in the time-blackened cabin that had once been *his* cabin, these men talked and the girl listened while her eyes glowed with pride as they recounted the exploits of Tiger Elliston. And, as they talked, the hearts of these men warmed, and the years rolled backward, and they swore weird oaths, and hammered the thick planks of the chart-table with bangs of approving fists, and invoked the blessings of strange gods upon the soul of the Tiger—and their curses upon the souls of his enemies.

Nor were these men slow to return hospitality, and Chloe Elliston was entertained royally in halls of lavish splendor, and plied with costly gifts and rare. And honored by the men, and the sons and daughters of men who had fought side by side with the Tiger in the days when the yellow sands ran red, and tall masts and white sails rose like clouds from the blue fog of the cannon-crashing powder-smoke.

So, from the lips of governors and potentates, native princes, and rajahs, the girl learned of the deeds of her grandsire, and in their eyes she read approval, and respect, and reverence even greater than her own—for these were the men who knew him. But, not alone from the mighty did she learn. For, over rice-cakes and *poi*, in the thatched hovels of Malays, Kayans, and savage Dyaks, she heard the tale from the lips of the vanquished men—men who still hated, yet always respected, the reddened sword of the Tiger.

THE YEAR Chloe Elliston spent among the copra-ports of the South Seas was the shaping year of her destiny. Never again were the standards of her compeers to be her standards—never again the measure of the world of convention to be her measure. For, in her heart the awakened spirit of Tiger Elliston burned and seared like a living flame, calling for other wilds to conquer, other savages to subdue—to crush down, if need be, that it might build up into the very civilization of which the unconquerable spirit is the forerunner, yet which, in realization, palls and deadens it to extinction.

For social triumphs the girl cared nothing. The heart of her felt the irresistible call of the raw. She returned to the land of her birth and deliberately, determinedly, in the face of opposition, ridicule, advice, and command—as Tiger Elliston, himself, would have done—she cast about until she found the raw, upon the rim of the Arctic. And, with the avowed purpose of carrying education and civilization to the Indians of the far north, turned her back upon the world-fashionable, and without fanfare or trumpet, headed into the land of primal things.

WHEN the three women had taken their places in the head scow, Vermilion gave the order to shove off, and with the swarthy crew straining at the rude sweeps, the heavy scows threaded their way into the north.

Once through the swift water at the tail of Slave Rapids, the four scows drifted lazily down the river, the scowmen distributed themselves among the pieces in more or less comfortable attitudes, and slept. In the head scow only the boss and the three women remained awake.

"Who is Pierre Lapierre?" Chloe asked suddenly.

The man darted her a searching glance and shrugged. "Pierre Lapierre, she free-trader," he answered. "Dees scow, she Pierre Lapierre scow."

If Chloe was surprised at this bit of information, she succeeded admirably in disguising her feelings. Not so Harriet Penny, who sank back among the freight pieces to stare fearfully into the face of the younger woman.

"Then you are Pierre Lapierre's man? You work for him?"

The man nodded. "On de reevaire I'm run de scow—me—Vermilion! I'm tak' de reesk. Lapierre, she tak' de money." The man's eyes glinted wickedly.

"Risk? What risk?" asked the girl.

Again the man eyed her shrewdly and laughed. "Das plant' reesk—on de reevaire. De scow—me'be so, she heet de rock in de rapids—bre'k all to hell—Voila!" Somehow the words did not ring true.

"You hate Lapierre!" The words flashed swift, taking the man by surprise.

"Non. Non!" he cried, and Chloe noticed that his glance flashed swiftly over the sprawling forms of the five sleeping scowmen.

"And you are afraid of him," the girl added before he could frame a reply.

ASUDDEN gleam of anger leaped into the eyes of the half-breed. He seemed on the point of speaking, but with an unintelligible muttered imprecation he relapsed into sullen silence. Chloe had purposely baited the man, hoping in his anger he would blurt out some bit of information concerning the mysterious Pierre Lapierre. Instead, the man crouched silent, scowling, with his gaze fixed upon the forms of the scowmen.

Had the girl been more familiar with the French half-breeds of the outlands she would have been suspicious of the man's sudden taciturnity under stress of anger — suspicious, also, of the gradual shifting that had been going on for days among the crews of the scows. A shifting that indicated Vermilion was selecting the crew of his own scow with an eye to a purpose—a purpose that had not altogether to do with the scow's safe conduct through white-water. But Chloe had taken no note of the *personnel* of the scowmen, nor of the fact that the freight of the head scow consisted only of pieces that obviously contained provisions, together with her own tent and sleeping outfit, and several burlapped pieces marked with the name "MacNair." Idly she wondered who MacNair was, but refrained from asking.

THE long-gathering twilight deepened as the scows floated northward. Vermilion's face lost its scowl, and he smoked in silence—a sinister figure, thought the girl, as he crouched in the bow, his dark features set off to advantage by his flaming head-band.

Into the stillness crept a sound—the far-off roar of a rapid. Sullen, and dull, it scarce broke the monotony of the silence—low, yet ever increasing in volume.

"Another portage?" wearily asked the girl.

Vermilion shook his head. "Non, eet ees de Chute. Ten miles de de wild, fast wataire, but safe—eef you know de way. Me—Vermilion—I'm tak' de scow t'rough a hondre tam—bien!"

"But, you can't make it in the dark!"

Vermilion laughed. "We mak' de camp to-night. To-mor', we run de Chute." He reached for the light pole with which he indicated the channel to the steersman, and beat sharply upon the running board that formed the gunwale of the scow. Sleepily the five sprawling forms stirred, and awoke to consciousness. Vermilion spoke a guttural jargon of words and the men fumbled the rude sweeps against the tholes. The other three scows drifted lazily in the rear and, standing upon the running-board, Vermilion roared his orders. Figures in the scows stirred, and sweeps thudded against thole-pins. The roar of the Chute was loud, now—hoarse, and portentous of evil.

The high banks on either side of the river drew closer together, the speed of the drifting scows increased, and upon the dark surface of the water tiny whirlpools appeared. Vermilion raised the pole above his head and pointed toward a narrow strip of beach that showed dimly at the foot of the high bank, at a

point only a few hundred yards above the dark gap where the river plunged between the upstanding rocks of the Chute.

Looking backward, Chloe watched the three scows with their swarthy crews straining at the great sweeps. Here was action—life! Primitive man battling against the unbending forces of an iron wilderness. The red blood leaped through the girl's veins as she realized that this life was to be her life—this wilderness to be her wilderness. Hers to bring under the book, and its primitive children, hers—to govern by a rule of thumb!

Suddenly she noticed that the following scows were much nearer shore than her own, and also, that they were being rapidly outdistanced. She glanced quickly toward shore. The scow was opposite the strip of beach toward which the others were slowly but surely drawing. The scow seemed motionless, as upon the surface of a mill-pond, but the beach, and the high bank beyond, raced past to disappear in the deepening gloom. The figures in the following scows—the scows themselves—blurred into the shore-line. The beach was gone. Rocks appeared, jagged and high—close upon either hand.

In a sudden panic, Chloe glanced wildly towards Vermilion, who crouched in the bow, pole in hand, and with set face, stared into the gloom ahead. Swiftly her glance traveled over the crew—their faces, also, were set, and they stood at the sweeps, motionless, but with their eyes fixed upon the pole of the pilot. Beyond Vermilion, in the forefront, appeared wave after wave of wildly tossing water. For just an instant the scow hesitated, trembled through its length, and with the leaping waves battering against its bottom and sides, plunged straight into the maw of the Chute!

CHAPTER II.

VERMILION SHOWS HIS HAND

DOWN, down through the Chute raced the heavily loaded scow, seeming fairly to leap from wave to wave in a series of tremendous shocks, as the flat bottom rose high in the fore and crashed onto the crest of the next wave, sending a spume of stinging spray high into the air. White water curled over the gunwale and sloshed about in the bottom. The air was chill, and wet—like the dead air of a rock-cavern.

Chloe Elliston knew one moment of swift fear. And then, the mighty roar of



The man, who had ordered Vermilion to release her, stood calmly watching.

the waters; the mad plunging of the scow between the towering walls of rock; the set, tense face of Vermilion as he stared into the gloom; the labored breathing of the scowmen as they strained at the sweeps, veering the scow to the right, or the left, as the rod of the pilot indicated; the splendid battle of it; the wild exhilaration of fighting death on death's own stamping ground flung all thought of fear aside, and in the girl's heart surged the wild, fierce joy of living, with life itself at stake.

For just an instant Chloe's glance rested upon her companions; Big Lena sat scowling murderously at Vermilion's broad back. Harriet Penny had fainted

and lay with the back of her head awash in the shallow bilge water. A strange *alter ego*—elemental—primordial—had taken possession of Chloe. Her eyes glowed, and her heart thrilled at the sight of the tense, vigilant figure of Vermilion, and the sweating, straining scowmen. For the helpless form of Harriet Penny she felt only contempt—the savage, intolerant contempt of the strong for the weak among firstlings.

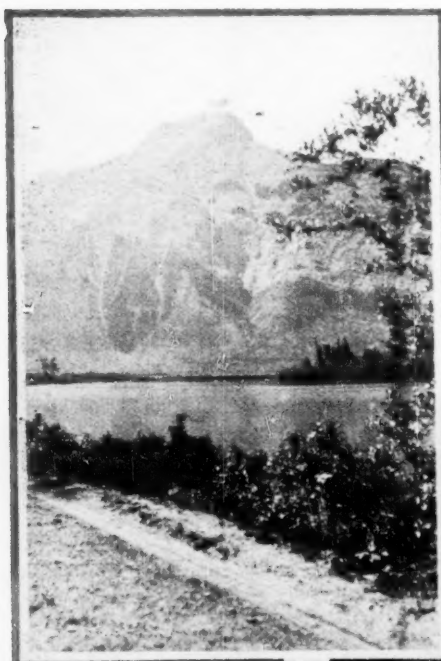
The intoxication of a new existence was upon her, or, better, a world-old existence—an existence that was new when the world was new. In that moment, she was a throw-back of a million years, and

Continued on page 83.

The Motor Roads of Canada

By W. A. Craick

Illustrated by Photographs from All Parts of the Dominion



Top—On the Calgary trail, close to Exshaw. Below—Near Sinclair Hot Springs on the Banff-Windermere Road.

THE APPEAL of the automobile to the favor of mankind is many-sided. To one person its sheer utility may prove to be its most valued feature; to another the opportunity it affords for the pursuit of health or pleasure. One man is fascinated by the mechanism itself and takes rare delight in the perfect motion of engine and running gear; his neighbor derives his satisfaction from the exhilaration of rapid motion and the shattering of speed records. There is a peculiar attraction for some people in the skilful handling of a car amid the congested traffic of a city's streets, and there is a simpler joy for other people in quiet runs along unfrequented country roads.

But of all the appeals that the automobile exerts on the human mind that of the open road seems most alluring. To leave behind the circumscribed life of home and office, the narrow confines of one's everyday experiences, and set forth, like the knights of old, to conquer new worlds—that must surely be the strongest appeal of all.

In olden times, those who could, and would, journeyed where they pleased and by such routes as took their fancy. They were not compelled by the exigencies of time and space to travel on a fixed line or by an immutable schedule. But with the advent of the railroad and the railroad train, much of this joy of the open road, with its unrestricted movements, was lost. Travel became, in one sense at least, an affair performed under pronounced limitations. The traveller had of necessity to proceed at hours that were not of his choice and by routes that were fixed for him, while his views of passing scenery were but fractional in scope. To-day, the automobile is emancipating men and women from the partial thralldom into which they had been forced. It is giving them the means to regain a portion at least of that freedom of motion enjoyed by their forefathers.

It is quite true that there are still seri-

ous restrictions on even the movements of the motorist. He cannot go whither he would in comfort because of the shocking condition of many of the roads. Yet, the agitation in favor of good roads, which has compelled provincial and municipal governments to take heed and set about the improvement of existing highways and the construction of necessary new ones, is bearing fruit, and year by year the extent of country thrown open to the motorist is being rapidly increased. As compared with five years ago, or even less, his field of possible motion has been surprisingly enlarged.

CANADA is so obviously a country possessing boundless attractions for the motor tourist that it is scarcely necessary to point them out. From coast to coast there is not a natural feature omitted from the list of possibilities. Wilderness and cultivated land, mountains and plains, river and lakes, waterfalls and canyons, forests and clearings, islands and shore, cities and hamlets—all are embraced within the limits of the broad Dominion.

Perhaps the country's strongest appeal comes from the wilderness. Men and women live so much within the artificial confines of populated centres, their ordinary expeditions by motor are so frequently limited

Along the Banff-Windermere Motor Road.



—Photo by Spaulding, Fernie.

to roads traversing cultivated areas that, when more extended tours are contemplated, it is to regions where nature is yet in its primitive state that they would feign direct their movements. That is why Canada is becoming annually the Mecca for increasing numbers of American tourists. In their own country they are living under conditions that are growing more and more artificial in character. In Canada they still find opportunities for the enjoyment of outdoor life in its freest form.

There are gradually being evolved in Canada a system of main highways for motorists which, when linked up in process of time, will provide the Dominion with a network of splendid smooth roads on which the traveller by automobile may, if he has the time and the means, traverse the entire breadth of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific expeditiously and in comfort. This National Highway is still a dream, but that it will ultimately eventuate, is reasonably sure. So rapid is the progress already being made with existing building programmes and so vigorously is the good roads movement being pushed by automobile clubs and associations, that it is not at all improbable that a highway from coast to coast will become a reality within a comparatively few years.

At the present time the efforts being made to provide roadways suited to the needs of motor traffic are provincial rather than national in scope. Each province of Confederation has its roads department and each of these departments is working out problems connected with provincial needs. In the van of the movement comes Quebec, where upwards of seventeen million dollars has been contributed by the government since 1912 towards the construction of provincial highways. Ontario follows with an expanding programme of good roads development. British Columbia already has several unsurpassed scenic roads through its immense mountain ranges. The prairie provinces are gradually providing their inhabitants with improved roadways, while in the Maritime Provinces, where some of Canada's most charming scenery is to be found, the several governments are alive to the pressing demands of the people for better roads.

COMMENCING with British Columbia, it may prove interesting to enumerate some of the main tourist routes now open to the motorist. There are, in the Pacific province, roughly, two systems of roads. One may be described as the island system; the other the inland system. Both contain much superb scenery; both are excellently constructed and both will shortly be linked up into a single provincial system.

As the name implies, the island system is to be found on Vancouver Island. It radiates from Victoria and comprises the main island highway, 175 miles in length, extending to Campbell River and including the famous Malahat Drive, with branch roads to Cowichan Lake and Alberni; and a number of fine roads on the Saanich Peninsula. The system has elicited unstinted praise from American tourists, who describe Vancouver Island, as viewed from its motor roads, as a scenic wonderland with an irresistible call to the motor enthusiast.

The first few miles along the route of the Island Highway takes the tourist through a beautiful country bordering on



the Gorge, an arm of the Pacific Ocean. Then the road swings northward through magnificent forests and finally begins the gradual ascent of Malahat Mountain, over the so-called Malahat Drive. This mountain driveway deserves the highest praise, not only because of its wonderful scenery, but by reason of its gentle gradients and wide well-built roadway.

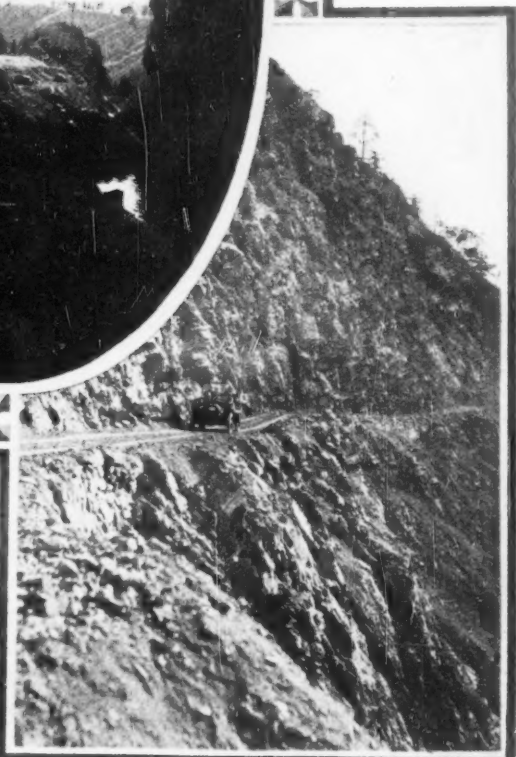
To reach the summit, at an elevation of 1,250 feet, is an easy accomplishment for any car, and the road is wide enough for the passenger.

to enjoy the scenery without fear of getting too close to the edge of the shelf on which it is built. From the top of the mountain a splendid view of the island-dotted stretches of Saanich Inlet is to be had, while far in the background towers the massive, snow-clad peak of Mount Baker on the American coast.

DESCENDING again into the valley, the road skirts the shores of Mill Bay, passes on through Cobble Hill and along Harrison Bay until the town of Duncan is reached. Near here a branch road turns inland to Cowichan Lake, a distance of some twenty miles. The latter route traverses a well-wooded territory and follows the Cowichan River Valley down to the Lake, a very beautiful stretch of water much frequented by holiday makers.

Top—Approaching Sinclair Hot Springs along the Banff-Windermere Road. Bottom—Five hundred feet above the Fraser River.

Meantime the Island Highway continues on up the east coast of the Island through Ladysmith and Nanaimo to Parksville, from which point a second branch road strikes across country to Port Alberni. Leaving Parksville, the main road hugs the island shore and proceeds through Quali-



—Photo by Spaulding, Fernie.

cum Beach, Union Bay and Courtenay to Campbell River. It is possible to travel still further by motor, though this is really the end of the highway. A road now extends up the River to Forbes Landing at the entrance to Strathcona Park, an immense reservation in the heart of Vancouver Island, destined to become one of Canada's most famous playgrounds.

The road system on the Saanich Peninsula, while not offering the same possibilities for extended tours as the Island Highway, yet provides the motorist with very tempting fare in the way of choice scenery. The favorite programme is to make a loop trip around the Peninsula. This includes the ascent of Little Saanich Mountain, on the summit of which the new Dominion Observatory with its record-breaking telescope, has just been



View on the main road through the famous Evangeline Country, N.S.



A typical Nova Scotia road, winding through the woods.



through the Vermilion Pass and thence from the Kootenay Valley to the Columbia Valley by the Sinclair Pass and Canyon. At Sinclair it joins the older road extending up the Columbia Valley from Golden to Fort Steele.

At Fort Steele the tourist comes into touch with the main southern highway of the province, which, starting at Creston passes eastward through Cranbrook, Fernie and the Crow's Nest Pass and so out into Southern Alberta. This road is said to surpass any other in the province in excellence and the scenery throughout its entire length is splendid. It will take the motorist to Macleod, whence a good road runs north to Calgary, completing the circuit.

THE prairie provinces are not without their attractions for the motorist on tour and those who enjoy the prospect of vast expanses of open country will find plenty of opportunities for indulging their fancy in the environs of almost any of the larger centres of population on the plains. However, of recognized motor routes extending for considerable distances, there are as yet few in this part of Western Canada, though several have been projected. One has to come east to the older portions of Ontario before encountering systems of roads, providing varied scenery and affording satisfactory facilities for the enjoyment of tours by motor.

The good roads movement had its inception in Ontario several years ago, with the result that many smooth, well-constructed highways are now to be found in various parts of the province. The only drawback to a thorough enjoyment of these roads is that, up to the present time, the work of improvement has been done by the counties individually and in consequence there has not been that co-ordination of effort necessary to combine the county systems into a connected provincial system. This defect is to be remedied forthwith. A bill has already been introduced into the legislature which will, when enacted, give the province power to take over main roads from the counties and establish a system of provincial highways, which will link up exist-

erected. The road to the observatory is blasted out of the rock and presents several interesting engineering features, while from the top of the mountain, the tourist obtains a glorious view of the surrounding country, a combination of forest, lake and mountain scenery of rare charm.

ON THE mainland of British Columbia, while in certain districts, notably the Okanagan Valley and the district around Kamloops, many fine roads have been built, the number of what may be described as tourist routes is as yet somewhat limited. The earliest constructed road in the province, the famous Cariboo Trail, which, starting at Hop, follows the Fraser River Valley up to Lillooet and thence northward to Quesnel, reputedly holds magnificent attractions for motorists, including fishing, hunting, good road, and road houses and superb and varied scenery. This road is reached from Vancouver by proceeding over the Westminster Yale Road, a connecting link, built soon after British Columbia entered Confederation.

The finest system of roads in the province, however, is not to be approached from the west, but from the east, and until some missing links are supplied, the coast cities will continue to be cut off from communication with it. The reference is to the Banff-Windermere, Cranbrook-

Golden and Creston-Macleod roads. Starting from Calgary, it is possible to make a grand circuit of all three roads, an experience which those who have attempted it describe as one of the finest trips imaginable.

The route from Calgary to Banff is now a familiar one to many motorists as it has long been a favorite run for Calgaryans. From Banff to Lake Windermere, however, the road is only just in process of completion and in consequence it is still a *terra incognita* to most people. That it will prove to be one of the most attractive scenic routes in the world, admitting the motorist as it will, to the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, may be taken for granted. It crosses from the Bow River Valley to the Kootenay Valley



A waterside stretch in Quebec.

ing good roads and make them easily accessible to motorists from all parts of the province.

As a first step in the evolution of the proposed provincial system, there will be the establishment of a highway from Windsor, on the Detroit River, to the Quebec boundary line at the eastern extremity of the province. This highway, to all intents and purposes, already exists and for the most part it is in excellent condition. All that the province will have to do will be to bring it up to a certain standard throughout its entire length. This done, it will form the backbone of all the road systems in the province and in itself will provide a most attractive tourist route from end to end of old Ontario.

The provincial highway, starting from Windsor, passes east through Chatham, London, Woodstock and Brantford to Hamilton, where it links up with the splendid new Hamilton-Toronto highway. From Toronto eastward it follows the Kingston Road through the lake-front towns of Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville and Napanee to Kingston and continues thence by the old Front Road through Brockville, Prescott and Cornwall to Montreal. It is already, in whole or in parts, a favorite run for motorists and will become more and more popular as the remaining defective sections are brought up to standard.

WITH the provincial highway as a base, it is possible to make various side and round trips through attractive sections of old Ontario. For instance, the run from Hamilton to Niagara Falls over the Stoney Creek Road in Wentworth County and the old Queenston and Grimsby Stone Road in Lincoln County, is one of the finest in the province. At Niagara Falls, the beautiful system of roads built by the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commission is encountered and the run may be continued along the famous Niagara Boulevard as far as Fort Erie.

An alternative route to that of the trunk line from Hamilton west is provided by the famous Talbot Road, which extends from Niagara Falls to Windsor through St. Thomas, paralleling the main road to the south. This road is reported to



A picturesque glimpse on one of Quebec's famous motor roads.

be in excellent shape west of St. Thomas, though not so good east of that point. Connection with the main road may be made by means of the St. Thomas-London road.

From a scenic standpoint, however, the best available territory in Western Ontario is to be found up around Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and thanks to the efforts of the counties in that locality, many first-class roads now exist in that section of the country. It is possible to start from Toronto, Hamilton, London or other points on the trunk line and make most enjoyable runs in a northerly or north-westerly direction.

Yonge Street, extending north from Toronto to the vicinity of Bradford, is

lake and river. Another picturesque route to the Bay is via Hurontario Street. This old highway starts from Port Credit and runs through Brampton to Orangeville. It is a route full of variety and the road itself is one of the best in the province. From Orangeville there is a good road to Shelburne and thence to Owen Sound. Yet another route that may be followed is to set out from Hamilton, cross to Guelph and then proceed through Fergus and Arthur to Owen Sound.

From Owen Sound one may motor across the Bruce Peninsula to Southampton and thus come out on the shore of Lake Huron. Or the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Guelph, Fergus,

Elora, Harriston and Walkerton. A very beautiful ride to Southampton is that from Guelph, through Berlin and Stratford, to Goderich and thence north along the shore of Lake Huron, through Kincardine, to one's destination. This same lake run may be made, start-



A typical New Brunswick scene — along the beautiful valley of the Kennebecasis River.



A Sylvan road traversing Wilmot Park in the provincial capital of New Brunswick.

ing from London and going to Goderich direct or via Sarnia.

EAST of Toronto the possibilities for side trips from the trunk line are not so numerous, but some of the available runs are very pretty. Except for the roads in Prince Edward County, all these routes run to the north. From Whitby the old main road to Lindsay, skirting Lake Scugog, is an attractive one. From Port Hope there is a good road to Peterboro round the west end of Rice Lake. From Cobourg a capital road runs north to Gore's Landing. There is a main road extending from Belleville to Madoc that has considerable claim to beauty, while all around the Bay of Quinte, especially in Prince Edward County there are numerous pretty roads. From Kingston one may motor, on a fairly good road, up through the Rideau Lake County to Perth, Smith's Falls, Carleton Place and Ottawa. A highway is projected from Prescott to Ottawa, but



A choice stretch on the Niagara Boulevard.

as yet the road is not in any too good shape for motoring. Finally there is the run from Ottawa to Montreal along the south shore of the Ottawa River, which will be very much improved in character in the near future.

If in the Province of Ontario, county systems of roads have preceded provincial

systems, in the Province of Quebec the reverse, speaking generally, is the case. Quebec already possesses four fine provincial highways, which are a delight to motorists, but outside of these, roads throughout the province as a rule do not measure up to the standard of Ontario roads. At the same time, scenic beauties are perhaps on a somewhat grander scale than those to be found along motor routes in the upper province, which partly compensates for the inferiority of some of the highways.

Since 1912 the Province of Quebec has constructed over 2,000 miles of first-class permanently-improved highways, the government contribution towards the building of which has been close to seventeen million dollars. More than that, at the last session of the legislature, another five million dollars was appropriated for the further extension of the provincial systems. *Continued on page 80.*

The Centre of Gravity

A Story of the Gold Boom Days in British Columbia

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "Face Up," "What the Gods Send," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Moorhouse presents herewith a new character—Andy Doolin, proprietor of the Silver Dollar, a typical publican of the gold boom days out West. Andy's recital of the exciting and curious events in the gold camps will be worked into a series of short stories, and we shall hear more of Dutch McGee and Jim Crotty and Joe Kerry. This will be the best series of typical Canadian stories that has appeared in years.

QUEER things bein' done by queer individuals was common enough in them days out there in the Slocan country. But lookin' back, I can't find nothin' to take the trick from Joe Kerry. So it was fittin' and proper that the biggest doin's Joe ever got mixed up in started in some burnin' hay. For if the hay hadn't caught fire on top of a load of giant powder, Kerry wouldn't have handed Andy Doolin his talk on the barrenness of life; and but for said talk, said Doolin, which same is yours truly, wouldn't have steered him up against that rattle-snake proposition. An' if the snake hadn't been quicker'n Joe, he'd merely have moseyed on up the trail to the next camp, kickin' himself for a discard, an' thereby missed meetin' Sally Lane.

Joe held the royal flush for recklessness in half a dozen camps along his route. When he pulled up in front of the "Silver Dollar" bar that day with a load of giant

an' hay, he just natcherally tossed his glowin' cigarette over his shoulder, climbed down, hitched the team an' made for the thirst emporium.

Meantime sundry citizens was hittin' sand for the timber an' hollerin' like a bunch of Siwashas. When Joe happens out casual to see what's movin' in the world of man he finds nothin' more excitin' than burnin' hay on a load of powder. So he just finished rollin' another smoke, gets up lazy on his wagon, kicks said blazin' hay off, follows it to the ground an' proceeds to smother same with a horse blanket.

"By Gander!" he swears, kind of interested. "I came darn near havin' to go back for more hay, Andy."

"Yes," I snorts, "an' you come mighty near sendin' this here booze bazaar, which includes myself, nearer Heaven than we're carded for!"

His jaw-hinge weakened at that an' I

could see by the way he held his mouth that he was some impressed.

"By Gander, that's right!" he admits. "Somethin' might've happened—but did it? No, Andy, it did not." And he starts shakin' his head and lookin' at me sorrowful. "No, Andy, it did NOT!" he repeats, solemn and sad. "Nothin' EVER does. It's gettin' tiresome—so tiresome, Andy, that there are times when I feel that I must crawl away into a lonely cave among the dead bones of the beasts an' lay me down and die."

HIS voice was hollow as said cave, an' he pulled a faded flower look on me that made me think of coffins an' a dreary rain-soaked grave on a bleak hill.

"Have a drink," I suggested, kind of hasty; for Joe Kerry had a funny-bone as was some abnormal an' enterprisin'. "Mebbe it'll help dispel the envelopin' gloom."

He shakes his head as he sits the glass down an' stares at it dejected.

"Here I am, Andy," he proceeds, "a full grown, healthy citizen of five and thirty summers an' a like number of winters, an' not a darn thing out of the ordinary ever happened to me. It's my hoodoo," he says. "When it comes to bein' recognized by self-respectin' and in-

terestin' Events, I've got the measles an' smallpox an' yellow fever all rolled into one.

"Andy," says he, mournful, "I'm only a bit of scum in a stagnant pool! I'm only the wooden post on the graveyard gate! I'm the centre of gravity, that's what I am! I'm the feather that dropped from the tail o' the Great Bird o' Progress!" says he, "An' the minute I flutter near anythin' that looks like somethin', it falls so flat I can't even find the edges of it. I've climbed onto some of the cussedest cayuses ever coralled an' the blame things have walked off with me just as if they enjoyed it. An' the next fellow that tried to saddle 'em, the critters would bite a square foot of hide off him, kick him in the face, an' then roll over on him! Fact, I tell you.

"I've sat in poker games in all the camps along this trail an' got plumb reckless tryin' to start somethin'. But I ain't never been able to quit loser mor'n a dollar an' never won more'n six bits in one sittin'!

"I've got a couple o' thousand in the bank that I ain't got no particular need of, an' I'm makin' a couple o' hundred every trip up the darn old trail. An' though I'm just pinin' to have things bust loose, I can't get no more excitement out o' life than a hearse-driver. Ain't it the limit? Now, honest, Andy, ain't it?"

"Well," says I, "it may be that I'm a queer sort, but I never could work up any kind of indignation over havin' things go 'long nice an' smooth like. But every man to his taste, Joe."

"What would you do, if you was me?" he says, lookin' earnest.

"If I was you?" I says, speculatin'. "Why, I don't know, Joe. Guess I'd go out, pick up a rattler by the tail an' snap his head off before he could get to me."

HE looked at me kind of queer, but the subject was dropped complete. After we'd talked about other things for awhile, Kerry mounted his seat an' drove off.

'Bout an hour later he come tearin' back into camp, astride one of his horses. He swung off at the "Silver Dollar," rushed in, grabbed a bottle of whiskey from the bar and emptied same without stoppin'. Next thing I knew he'd keeled over on the floor an' I got to him faster'n it takes to tell. His arm was swollen an' black from the wrist to a thong twisted tightly around it, just below the elbow. 'Bout half way up I could see the marks of the rattler's fangs plain enough. I slashes the wound with my pocket knife an' sends Jimmy on the run for Doc Bradley.

Of course, Kerry wasn't in condition to continue his trip, an' his partner, returnin' light from up trail next day, exchanged outfits and hauled the powder away. It was not till several days later that the blamed idiot took up his uneventful career and proceeded down to the railway. And on the next trip up Sally Lane was perched on the seat beside him. So you see how fate had worked it all out.

THE whole camp was out to greet the new school teacher. An' I tell you a prettier little schoolmarm than Miss Lane never come West. Every man in Clover Bar was kow-towin' to her before her first little boot sunk into the gumbo. An' inside a week every woman in the place was callin' her a "dear little girl," which

is chalkin' up some marks for aforementioned young lady.

It didn't take yours truly long to straddle the fact that he'd lost a good customer an' that Joe was some punctured. Miss Lane had decided views, it seemed, on the consumption of alcoholic beverages an' the regular stoppin' place of one trail freight wagon was now the little schoolhouse just above the camp. Sometimes, when Jimmy was relievin' an' I was out takin' the ozone, I used to meet Joe an' at such times he took to confidin' how he was gettin' along. An' though I had one ear always open for it, I wasn't hearin' any more talk 'bout lonely caves an' dead bones, an' life bein' tiresome.

'Stead of that he'd taken to nibblin' dainty lunches spread out on the schoolmarm's desk, him listenin' to her pretty prattle 'bout nothin' in particular, an' the two of 'em smilin' across at each other with nothin' to smile at. I didn't say nothin', but plucked a few flowers of thought that made me feel, somehow, that the "Silver Dollar" was plugged money compared to what was goin' on at the schoolhouse.

THERE was others that run to similar reflections, for these spreads was gettin' to be so regular that Clover Bar housewives took to rejoicin' at the way Joe had reneged on the Demon Rum. Everybody liked Joe a heap. But just when the afore-said skirt brigade was figgerin' as how Miss Lane would most likely not go back East, didn't Kerry himself waltz in an' spoil everythin'.

"It's my hoodoo again, Andy," he laments, some lugubrious.

"Hoodoo nothin'!" I makes change. "It's plumb foolishness. Some is born fools an' some make fools of themselves. You come in both classes," I says, layin' on the brandin' iron some hot.

For the blame idiot had been ravin' to Miss Lane 'bout the beauty and desirability of a certain girl back East. Her eyes were nearly the same blue as the schoolmarm's, he had said, an' her hair curled down over her forehead, in the same enticin' manner, an' a few more things of like an' similar refrain. The fact that there never had been no such girl an' that Kerry was only tryin' to tell her what he thought of her wasn't sufficient obtrusive for Sally Lane to follow his play. So the atmosphere just nacherally got so chilly Joe's enthusiasm froze solid an' sudden, an' he didn't notice Miss Lane transferrin' a diamond ring from her right hand to the third finger on her left.

"Really, Mr. Kerry, you must be excusin' me now," she warbles, extreme polite. "I promised Mr. Laughlin I'd go up and see the mine with him this afternoon."

Joe, he sits there a minute, gulpin' for his equilibrium an' finally observes as how he'll drop in to see her on his way back. Saturday. But she'd promised Mr. Laughlin that, there bein' no school on Saturday, she'd go ridin' with him an' they'd probably be gone most of the day. Then Joe got a flash of the diamond and left with his feelin's quiverin' an' his think-tank full of leaks.

HE was so numb that he mounts his load an' drives off without lookin' back once. Things was happenin' so fast that it made him dizzy. He didn't know,

of course, that Miss Lane had no intention of goin' up to the mine with Mr. Laughlin. What she really did when he left was to go out to a nook beside a little creek an' take to ponderin' long; result—diamond back on right hand, determination to show Joe Kerry a thing or two, also to really go ridin' with Laughlin on Saturday if said Laughlin could be made to ask her to go.

She lived near the school an' on her way back she was lucky enough to meet Jim Laughlin. Good enough feller, Jim was—he'd beat Joe out at a beauty show any day. His salary as timekeeper at the mines, though, wasn't high enough to reach the knee of Matrimonial Aspirations; but he was some pleased at the temperature of Sally Lane's greetin' and basked in same all the way to the school. It wasn't till he left her that he backed a few facts into a corner an' examined their teeth—discoverin' that they hadn't talked 'bout anythin' but horseback ridin' and the beautiful country to be seen surroundin', an' that he had actually asked her to go horseback ridin' with him on Saturday an' him never on a beast's back in his life an' scared cold at thought of said stunt.

That's how it come that Joe Kerry, on his way down trail that Saturday, found the stage-settin' complete for the worst foolishness of all. The Laughlin-Lane excursion was halted at the creek crossin'. Miss Lane had ridden her brone across the little bridge, but Laughlin's piebald critter had sudden come to the conclusion that he'd be darned if he was goin' to cross over. Joe Kerry's funny-bone, perceivin' that the clouds was gatherin', told him to whoa his team an' he done so, rollin' a pill an' settlin' back comfortable to take in the cirks.

"How do you do, Miss Lane?" he nods, complacent.

"Very well, thank you," she follers suit, icin' her voice.

"Mr. Laughlin appears to be havin' a little trouble," he leads back.

She passes—truth of statement requirin' no comment.

"Why don't you push on the reins?" says Joe, switchin' from the queen to the jack; but Laughlin was some busy an' anxious an' said nothin'.

"I'll tell you what to do," Kerry goes on. "Get the horse headed right an' then lean over an' prod him with your thumb, low down on the neck, just in front of the shoulder-blade."

Laughlin was some desperate an' he covered instructions prompt. The broncho arched sudden just under the saddle an' cleared the bridge in one bound, leavin' his rider performin' a graceful curve through the air an' comin' to rest, settlin' in the middle of the creek.

"Joe Kerry, you're no gentleman!" volunteered the girl, emphatic, thereby puttin' a fat, round period to roarin' amusement of party specified. She galloped back to the schoolhouse without lingerin' in the situation an' hitches her mount to the fence for Jim Laughlin to come an' get when it suited him.

That girl was so put out she couldn't spell "cat." She walks up an' down inside, clenchin' her hands, bitin' her lips, wipin' away scaldin' tears an' swearin' dictionary language, which meant she'd never speak to Joe Kerry again. She got

so worked up an' plumb mad 'bout it she sudden started laughin' an' the more she laughed the funnier the whole thing got.

"What a man! What a man!" she solitaires, and thereupon sits down at the desk with her eyes full of the far distant scene. She was so busy lookin' in the picture-book of dreams that she didn't pay no heed to the clatter Joe made, passin' the place. The fallin' shadows of the dyin' day woke her up final an' she started to get supper. There was enough shreds of the dreamin' clingin' to her thoughts to make her set two places at the desk, which all goes to show what tee-total fools some fellers is.

ALL this time Kerry's wagon was tied up in front of bad money, meanin' the "Silver Dollar," while he was tellin' yours truly his troubles. He did have sense enough not to take a drink an' there was some excuse comin' where he did for expert advice, me havin' been married three times.

"You wall-eyed son of Loiterin' Locosist!" I opens up gentle. "You spoon-fed infant! You doggone chump! Not content with makin' an ass of yourself, you have to go an' do the same for a young fellow she's out with. Didn't you know that your play there at the bridge was to act p'lite an' show Laughlin how to get across? 'Stead of that you get him to thumb the beast an' thereby humiliate the girl. I don't see nothin' for you to do; you can't be trusted to go an' explain without makin' matters worse. I reckon you'll just have to wait for somethin' to happen."

"But, Andy," he objects, "you know how darn few things happen to me." At which I ignores him completely.

ALL through fall and early winter the days kept on floatin' in one side of camp an' fadin' out the other, managin' to fill their pockets with the same old doins. Nothin' happened that anyone saw, nothin' except Jim Laughlin practisin' on a medicated old brone of Doc Bradley's. When he finally asked the school teacher to go out ridin' with him again, he got away with it. The girl was some lonesome, I reckon, an' Jim was company of a sort; so they went canterin' round the hills till the big snowfall begun.

But even a mule with the blind staggers could see she was some isolated an' every time the trail wagon went by, the girl was peekin' out 'tween the blind an' window-sash. I know, 'cause I seen her do it. There wasn't no talkin' to the boy, 'long 'bout then; his funny-bone was sure ossified an' he went round lookin' like Sorrow an' Pain tryin' to have a good time. Pale an' quiet an' off his feed an' touchy as a colt from the ranges—that was Joe.

MEN along the old trail still talk about that November. Snow started to come down early in the month. The sun was off on a bust somewhere an' didn't show up till the fifteenth. It was so exhausted that it couldn't thaw through to within fifty miles of the earth. The roads was blocked an' in the gulches the snow-drifts was hangin' over the rocks.

Kerry took the first load over the road. Just above Clover Bar the trail wound through a narrow gulch, not more'n wide enough for two teams to pass. Travelin' there was some desperate, the snow be-

in' so deep the horses could wallow along just a few yards at a time, restin' between whiles. Some big slides was hangin' like glistenin' fangs from the slopes at the top of the cliffs.

"Them's goin' to get someone when the sun gets warm an' makes 'em heavy with water," thinks Joe; but he got through without dislodgin' anything.

The mine operators up the line sure welcomed the boy when he got there. The storm had hung up every one of their teams in the mountains. The stamp-mills had been workin' steady an' each day's clearin's, which they usually sent down to the railroad in small amounts, was addin' to a supply of bullion which was gettin' altogether too large. They commissioned Kerry to take along over ten thousand dollars' worth on the down trip.

STEVENSON, boss of the Kelso group, calls Joe to one side an' looks him serious in the eye.

"Saunders an' Pete 'll go on down with you, Joe," he says solemn. "They's both quick on the draw an' accurate."

"Rabbits?" grins Kerry, disregardin'.

"Coyotes!" reparties Steve, some sharp. "Ain't you heerd the noos yet? Black Jim Crotty an' his gang has blowed into this here proximity once more. We happens to know he's been hangin' 'round, keepin' almighty quiet, which same aint no good sign," worries Steve. "You keep your eye everlastin' peeled, Joe; fer it's goin' to be a dangerous trip."

Kerry just grins again. But he aint sayin' no more 'bout rabbits an' when he pulls out o' camp Big Saunders an' Pete Hollister is ridin' behind the trail wagon, carryin' rifles.

This here party, named Crotty, aint no psalm-singin' salvationist, I rises to remark. He's plumb bad—a killer from the Panhandle country what drifted north with the stampee over the Old Cariboo Trail, lookin' fer pickin's, an' fell in with a gang o' outlaws what Dutch McGee got together. An' when Dutch was plugged final up near Sanderson, the gang got together again after them ructions an' chose Black Jim fer leader. This Crotty was wanted several wheres for train-robbery an' similar frivolities an' he was wanted so sincere that there was twenty thousand dollars waitin' fer the feller as could bring him in, whether Crotty was drawin' reg'lar on the ozone at the time or was corpsed stiff an' cold complete.

BUT Joe Kerry wasn't losin' any song fraw over Crotty, bein' too busy thinkin' 'bout Miss Sally Lane. If he did think 'bout the trip now bein' made, it was to wonder whether they'd beat out the big slowslides in the long gulch, the which he'd noted on his way up. When they got there things didn't look none too promisin'.

Three days had given the sun a chance to buck up an' it had been busy eatin' snow. The road was bare and the water was comin' down from the slopes on the north side in ripplin' rills. Big drifts was hangin' by their tails over the edge of the precipice, lookin' for a place to light. The water from up the slope was addin' to the weight an' bitin' holes in them drifts to make 'em let go an' get out of the way.

Joe didn't stand round long, admirin' the scenery. He knew it was risky, but the bullion had to go forward an' he played to take the trick before the bob-tailed

flush drew out an' slid down into the game. He hitched the lines an' walked behind the wagon, ready to hike for safety. Behind him again rode the guards. They hadn't more'n got into the gulch when the big drift got a kink in its pinney an' let out a groan. Guards wheeled mounts an' made for the open, with Kerry emulating. The horses never had a chance. When the boys looked back there was nothin' in sight but snow, packed into the gulch an' runnin' up the sides for fifty feet.

Travelin' acrost the hills, Clover Bar was only two miles away, though by the road it chalked up ten. The guards sat down on a rock an' let the sun warm 'em while Joe set out for help. There was a trail he knew of, up over the hill.

HE HADN'T much mor'n reached said trail than he heerd somebody talkin' up above him an' immediate thereafter comes four fellers sneakin' into sight, makin' way cautious down trail an' cursin' every time a foot slipped. They was so busy watchin' their feet that they aint noticed Joe, who drops flat behind the nearest rock most sudden an' anxious.

Fer it was that black devil, Crotty, sure 'nough—him an' three other members o' the gang—an' they was heeled proper fer trouble. They come slippin' an' slidin' down an' stopped direct beside the big rock where Kerry was indentin'.

"They won't be 'long fer a couple a hours yet. We'll get the two fellers with the rifles first shot; but I aint perposin' to do nothin' to Kerry 'less he shows fight," says Mr. Crotty, kind-hearted. "He's a harmless fool mule-skinner as don't count. We aint close enough yet, boys. Come on an' shut up."

With which Mr. Crotty an' his assistants moseys on down the trail aways. As soon's they was around the first turn, Joe was wrigglin' an' soon he was over the hill. He aint stoppin' fer anythin' at all. He's slinkin' fer Clover Bar as fast as he can make it.

From the time he breezed into the Silver Dollar till the place was deserted an' a bunch o' bronchos was blowin' acrost the white-faced landscape wasn't any longer'n necessary. Crotty alone was worth twenty thousand dollars to his captor.

"Laughlin an' the schoolmarm started up the road on horseback a little while ago," remarks someone as they was pullin' out.

"By Gander!" swears Kerry at that. "You boys follow the road," he yells back. "I'll get there quicker over the trail—to head 'em off before they run into that bunch."

He made straight for the sharp turn in the gulch where the hold-up men would be waitin' for the wagon that wouldn't arrive. He could see the road below the elbow of the gulch for nearly a mile. As he rode, he saw two figures come canterin' into sight. He knew his voice couldn't reach them from that distance. He knew also that the outlaws would shoot anythin' on a horse at sight.

Joe yanked his mount round an' made for the brink of the gulch.

ONE of the Crotty gang had climbed up the cliff in order to pick off the guards before they could give an alarm. He saw Joe comin' and opened fire. Joe unlimbered an' returned the greetin', but owin' to

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No matter how great the intellect people do not like to see it enter the Red Chamber in a wheeled chair. . . . We must have a younger Senate.

Shall We Slay the Senate?

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Peaches and Lemons," "Conserving the Conservatives," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

LET ME put the reader out of suspense at once by saying that we shall not slay the Senate. We shall not slay it for two good reasons—because we do not desire to do so, and because the Senate will not let us.

This has not always been my attitude toward the Senate. In my hot, rebellious youth when I would reform everything that I could not abolish and abolish everything that I could not reform, I sat in the seat of the scornful when anybody mentioned the Senate. At one time or another I have called it the Sleeping Porch, the Hen House, the Old Ladies Home, the Alms House, the Home for Incurables, the Valley of the Shadow, and other flippancies. Very well—*mea culpa*—*peccavi*—let it go at that. But there was a bit of legitimate criticism in each of these scoffing epithets. What we want is not a deader Senate but a better one.

Time was when I thought that the Lower Chamber could do all the work and that the Senate was a useless gloss on the voice of the people. But now that I am older I can see that the Senate is the sober second thought of democracy and that the voice of the people is mostly in great need of second thought, having in nine cases out of ten very little thought of its own. So seldom does the voice of the people know what it is howling about that we should give profound thanks to our cautious forefathers for providing constitutional means, like the Senate, to sift the vapors and arrive at sound opinion.

Moreover, in my short day I have seen the House of Commons turn down so many good suggestions and turn up so many bad ones that I have always felt safer for the presence of a Senate that would pass the sins of the Green Chamber in review. I say pass advisedly, for the Senate passes the Commons' mistakes oftener than it doesn't. That is one of the grudges against it. It ought to do more rejecting.

IN THE nature of things the quality of the Senate is conservative, which is another matter to be thankful for. Provided with a comfortable livelihood and free transportation for the remainder of his days your Senator settles down to a long vista of comfortable years. He will live long because he has an annuity. Senators are famous for their longevity. Senator Wark lived to be a hundred. Only last session Senator DeBoucherville died at the age of ninety-four. Senator Sir Mackenzie Bowell is alive and sprightly at ninety-three. There are at least four octogenarians on the pay roll right now. Senators of seventy are quite common.

A Senator lives long because his mind is at ease, because he has no voters to consider, because he owns no master save his conscience and his bank account, because he can do right if he likes even when it is not expedient and because he need not let the clamor of the times disturb him. If ever man was in a position to snap his fingers at public opinion it is your Senator. And yet he doesn't. On

the contrary he has a great respect for it — particularly for the solid opinion which is represented by wealth and social position.

Such is the mollifying influence of the Senate, such is the sweet serenity, the lasting peace it breathes, that the reddest Radicals, the fiercest assailants of frills at Rideau Hall, hot from the Green Chamber, soon come under its spell and roar thereafter like sucking doves. I have even heard them roaring for the Vested Interests which goes to show that an all-wise Providence knows what to do with the Senate. Obviously it is intended to take care of those who have a stake in the country. It will have its work cut out for it after the war when irresponsible philanthropists on both sides of politics will from time to time be rising on their hind legs to propose that your property and mine be handed over to the Weaker Brother because he can't get anything any other way.

AND THAT brings me to my first objection. If the Senate has work to do it must be strong enough to do the work. If the Senators outlive their strength the Senate will lack vigor. That is what the matter is with the Senate right now. It is so old that it has almost reached its second childhood. Once a man, twice a child—you know the saying. A pretty sentiment but not applicable to Senates. A Senate should always be able



If a Senator faints the practice is to wave his pay cheque under his nose. This invariably will bring him around.

to sit up and eat meat and think clearly. When a Senator arrives at the gruel stage it is time for him to quit.

The aggregate age of the Senate is 5900 years. This makes it coeval with the pyramid of Cheops. Is it asking too much to divide this great age by two, thus making the Senate contemporary with the beginnings of written literature? I think not. Three years ago—it is somewhat better now—the average Senator's age was seventy. In the interest of briskness, despatch and good government generally it should be thirty-five. At all events it should not be more than the average age of the House of Commons which is forty-five years.

This is a young country and it ought to have a young Senate. Put a young man in the Senate, with three meals a day assured for a long period of time, and tell him that he needn't give a rip for anything but the good of the state—and watch him make things hum. The Senate would then be just the corrective that a timid, time-serving, vote-catching House of Commons requires. According to law one must be thirty years old, a British subject and have a certain amount of real property before one qualifies as a Senator. But according to custom one must have grey hair around one's ears or present a certificate that he has had a paralytic stroke before the Government considers him ripe enough. Of course, this is an overstatement, but the point I am laboring is that we have a curious distrust of youth in this new land of Canada where youth should be at a premium in all walks of life, including the Senate.

So far as age and vigor are concerned the recent appointments to the Senate are

better than usual. Senators in the prime of life like Senator Lynch-Staunton and Senator Nichols must bring the average down considerably, but even at that the Senate is old enough yet to make a husky fellow like Rufus Pope hold his breath for fear of breaking the bric-a-brac. The Senate is old enough to impress visitors with its oldness. In their new surroundings at the Victoria Museum, where they occupy the room formerly allocated to fossil invertebrates, the Senators can be seen at close quarters, with no kindly dusk to veil their faults, and the net impression they convey is one of extreme fragility. Coarse persons have been known to allude to them as the "wax works."

OF COURSE that is overdrawing it, but the fact remains that the Senate must take great care of itself if it is to survive from day to day. The walls are done in red and the floor is carpeted in red, with a view to keeping the chill out of the dear old Senators' bones if the temperature falls at any time below eighty. When the red wall paper and the red carpet fail Senators are warmed back to life again by putting them on the Divorce Committee, which furnishes a fair amount of hot stuff each session. If a Senator faints the practice is to wave his pay cheque under his nose. This invariably brings him round unless he has gone for good.

The hygiene of the Red Chamber is as perfect as science can make it. The air is filtered, the water is filtered and often the opinions are filtered too. Pains are taken to keep the Senate, if not pure, at least sanitary. For many years a curious old snuff box held a place on the clerk's

table from which Senators of the old school took a pinch by way of starting a thought or two. But this was removed some four years ago because some of the more brittle Senators were showing a tendency to sneeze their heads off. Thank Heaven, that danger has passed!

The only jarring note in the stillness of the Red Chamber is the clock which ticks only once every five minutes, but atones for it by the noise it makes. Oh, cruel clock, to hurl the Senate into eternity in five minute jumps! Surely one second at a time would do just as well! Moreover, a soft voice is as sweet a thing in clocks as it is in woman. I have always wondered why the Senate didn't get up and kill the clock. If I had a clock with a tick like that I would not let it perform except in a barrel. However, the Senate is getting a little deaf. Besides it sleeps between the ticks.

The stillness of the Senate is second only to the silence of death. The stillness is punctuated by speeches which have a mournful, faraway sound, as if rising from the tomb. The Senate sometimes reads its speeches, but more often it intones them. This canorous monotone makes a sombre background for many little noises all signifying mortality—hair falling, teeth loosening, joints ankylosing, gums shrinking, and so on. Yes, old age is creeping over the Senate—creeping, creeping, creeping. But creep it ever so slowly it catches up with some Senator at last and the flag is at half mast again.

When the flag is half masted on Parliament Hill nobody in Ottawa asks "Is King George dead?" No, indeed, Ottawa squints casually at the sad banner, blows

its nose and remarks, "Ah, ha, Senator Snookum's cashed in." Ottawa always has its eye on some Senator with one leg in the grave. And as soon as he gets the other leg in a goodly part of the population makes application for the dead man's shoes.

Yes, the Senate is older than it ought to be. I never visit the Senate Chamber without reflecting on the disabilities of advanced age. I think of more crutches than were ever left at St. Anne de Beaupre, of third sets of teeth, and electric belts, and red flannel, and camomile tea and goose oil and graves and worms and epitaphs. I shouldn't feel that way about the Senate, but I can't help it.

BADINAGE aside, I am trying to say that we must have a younger Senate. We must start it younger and keep it that way. There must be no such thing as a creaky Senator. No matter how great the intellect, people do not like to see it enter the Red Chamber in a wheeled chair. It is not decent that any Senator should totter about with death in his face and cast a gloom over the community by acting as a *memento mori* to his healthy neighbors. It is not good for the Senator who should be with his trained nurse and his home comforts and it is not good for the Senate which incurs a reputation for harboring dotards.

This is no joke. I say it without prejudice to a considerable number of hale and hearty old men who are in the Senate now, men who are enjoying the reward of the clean lives they led in the days of their youth, veterans, some of them, of the Mackenzie administration. What I urge is that after a certain age men run to seed very rapidly.

Some men are twenty years younger than their arteries, but such are few and far between. The supply is not big enough to keep the Senate stocked with seventy-year-old statesmen, actuated by fifty-year-old arteries. In the course of nature we must judge a man's constitution chiefly by his age and there comes a time when age gets the better of him, numbing his mind, weakening his body. When old age has finally won the signs disclose it. If the victim is in the Senate it is his duty to quit and let a younger man take his place. He will not do it, however. Senators may die, but they never resign.

They would sooner die than resign any day. As a matter of fact they do. They have a gift for dying. Of the eighty Senators appointed by Laurier, forty-one are dead. In the five years the Laurier Government has been out of office the Liberal majority in the Senate, which was thirty-nine when Laurier went out, has entirely disappeared. This shows how quickly the old gentlemen drop off when they make up their minds to it.

Perhaps this is the way Providence has of solving the problem—the problem of ridding a new Government of a hostile Senate, left them by the party previously in power. But I do not think so. We mustn't saddle Providence with too much. The moral is that if we appoint younger Senators they will live longer and that if we appoint them on merit for a definite period covering their highest usefulness we won't care how long they live.

THIS brings me to my chief remedy for the ills the Senate is heir to—the Elixir of Youth. I would not make it elective. The commons debated this ques-

tion as far back as 1874 on the motion of the Hon. David Mills and decided in the negative. I would not make it elective thereby throwing it into the same fevers to which the House of Commons is subject. Nor would I make it appointive for life, as it is now. I would make it appointive for a fifteen-year period, which is long enough to give it stability and also long enough to harvest a man's best energies at their fullest perfection.

The Romans made thirty the minimum Senatorial age, but that appears a little callow. Mahomet made the ideal age thirty-seven. My choice would be the man of forty. At forty every man is either a fool or a physician. If he is a physician, that is to say, if he knows how to take care of himself, he should become wiser from day to day. Meanwhile his physical powers are in full bloom and his spirit is brisk and strong. He comes as near as ever he will in his life to that wistful thought—

If youth but knew,
And age could do.

Now is the time for the state to pluck him and enjoy his full essence—knowledge that youth did not have, experience which comes with the growing responsibilities of life, vision to look backward as well as forward, a judgment calm and brave to face ultimate conclusions; in short the exact combination of prudence and action which make for good counsel. Youth does not cloud his mind with passion and age has not chilled his blood. He is at the flood tide of his manhood for the next fifteen years and for that period he should be appointed—no second terms.

THAT in short is my theory—senators to be appointed at forty and to go out at fifty-five, or some similar arrangement by which the state might enjoy a

man's wisdom when all his faculties were at their keenest. Of course the matter of age is not absolute because some men are younger at sixty than others are at forty, but the point is that the Government in appointing Senators should make careful canvas of the soundness of their bodies, so that the soundness of their minds will not falter before their time is up.

You will observe that I have said nothing about an elective Senate. Among real ponderers of the constitution this idea is as dead as Queen Anne. To make the Senate elective is to defeat the very purpose for which it was formed. The sober second thought can not be very sober if it is to be fretted by the cries and rages of the hustings. It must be above this turbulence, and free of its penalties, if second thought is to avail. The Senate, as it stands to-day, is an expansion of the old Legislative Councils of the four federating provinces of 1867. Every one of these Legislative Councils had debated at one time or another whether the elective form would be better and every one had decided—very wisely as I think—that it would not. Where Upper Chambers are concerned the appointive is the only system that has its root in right reason.

But the appointive system, as it exists to-day is, in my humble opinion, quite wrong. The British North America Act, in allotting an equal number of Senators to each of four districts, aims to equalize the powers of the various provinces in the Federal Parliament. But this good intention can be defeated if the Federal Government has a grudge against any particular province or provinces either by leaving vacant Senatorships unfilled or by making appointments which disturb the just equilibrium. Moreover, there is always the danger that some ardent re-

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If ever man was in a position to snap his fingers at public opinion it is your Senator.

Jordan is a Hard Road

A Continued Story of the Earlier Days in the North-west

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," "The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS—Bill Minden, ex-train robber, comes to Askatoon and lives an exemplary life, reading his Bible on Sundays on the hotel porch in full view of everyone. Minden shows special interest in the school taught by Cora Finley, a pretty and popular young woman. He calls on Mrs. Finley one evening and in the course of the conversation it develops that Cora is Minden's daughter, given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Minden on his wife's death. Minden avows his intention of winning his way to power in Askatoon. Many successful revival meetings are held at Mayo, Nolan Doyle's ranch, and at one of these camp meetings Minden is converted, which fact causes much comment and criticism by the newspapers of the West. Minden longs to be under the same roof as his daughter, and yet does not dare risk letting the truth become known. One day, hearing of the impending bankruptcy of John Warner, a real estate agent, who had built a hotel and could not pay for it, he decides to buy the place. Minden then explains to Mrs. Finley and Cora that he intends to run it as a temperance hotel and persuades them to come and help him make the venture a success. One night, while working on his accounts in his office, Minden hears a cry for help and finds a stranger suffering from a wound in the arm. He learns that the stranger's name is Mark Sheldon and that he owns a gold mine, but hasn't the capital to work it. Three weeks previously he had joined up with the MacMahons, and only discovered at the last moment, that they were a band of horse thieves. He had been wounded in a raid by the police and had immediately started for Minden's hotel, where he felt sure he would be protected. Sheldon recovers and succeeds in interesting Minden in his mine. He, himself, becomes interested in Cora.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

A LITTLE while later, as they sat on the high bank of the river, a fishing-rod in her hand, his back against a tree with the bait by his side, he said to her as she gazed intently into the water: "So you think it's wonderful that Minden can be as good as he is with all he has had to fight against?"

She flicked her line into the water, then turned to him with shining steadfast eyes. "Yes, I think it is truly wonderful; but there must have been more good than bad in him at the start. I don't believe people become good that are bad at the start; but if they are good at the start, then I think that childhood and the memory and influence of it is the master of a man's or woman's fate. Everything in the world loses its hold on us except childhood. Mr. Minden must have been right just at the start. I've heard him speak about his wife—it was beautiful. He had a child and lost her. Isn't it a pity? But if he couldn't go straight, perhaps it was better the child died. If she had ever known what he became it might have killed her. A woman can't stand being shamed by a man she loves. She may hide it, but down, down, at the bottom of her heart it's an ache that goes on and on and on."

"How do you know?" he asked in a low voice.

"Why, just by instinct, and by watching. In a place like this with hundreds of

people, you can see and hear a good many stories."

"Minden is the most contradictory man I've ever known," he said after a moment. "I agree with you; he must have been right at the start; but what a wonderful thing when he has lived two-thirds of his time out that he can right-about face, and live as though he had never done any wrong. It needs enormous will-power. Think, too, of what that will-power might have meant, if it had been given to the straight things from the start."

There was a brief interlude in which the girl detached from her fish-hook a fine bass, which had made a gallant struggle, but after he had baited the hook again, and she had thrown her line, she said:

"It isn't will-power that has made Mr. Minden what he is now. Will-power couldn't do it. It was a power above that he reached for and got."

HE LOOKED at her with a curious searching intentness. He had never known anything like this. Here was simple Christian faith in a character sportive, cheerful, practical, even worldly-wise in its own way and a little coquettish, too. Surely it was contradictory, and yet she seemed completely real. If he had known the exact truth he would have realized that she was Bill Minden, but what a different Bill Minden! All his contradictions and paradoxes were here,

but native virtue and goodness had prevailed in her, while Minden's native instinct for virtue and goodness had been ruled by wilfulness, waywardness, the spirit of adventure, an intolerable laziness, and a loosely held moral sense.

"Do you know," she said dreamily, "I never met so kind a man as Mr. Minden. He thinks of a hundred little things to make you happy. Somehow, in spite of all he ever did, I can't bring myself to think hateful things about him. Mother did, though. At first she was his enemy, but I never was. I like being with him. He's so modest he makes you feel that if he had to choose between you and the angels, he would choose you!"

"Well, so would I, if it comes to that," was Sheldon's quick comment.

He saw a flush mount to her cheek, but she did not look at him, and he did not follow up his tender attack.

"Do you think he'll stick it out?" he asked. "Don't you believe he'll tire of being what he is now, and backslide? Won't there be a reaction when the charm of respectability has worn off?"

She flicked her line almost angrily out of the water and in again, and her eyes flashed as she turned to him.

"Haven't I said it isn't his will or anything that belongs to him that's doing it? He gets help from God."

How invincibly sincere she was! There was no cant, no sentimentality in her voice or words. In the circles he had frequented, that kind of religion had not existed—supreme philosophy rather, for it did not sound like religion. It made him feel tremendously secure where she was concerned.

"Well, perhaps you are right," Sheldon replied. "There's no sweetness like that of running straight. I was good once. Yes, I really think I was good at the start," he added, and then he paused.

He saw the fish-pole suddenly dip in her hands, as though they weakened; he noticed the sudden arrest of those indefinable motions of the body at ease, then her head turned slowly toward him, and with painful wonder, she said:

"Haven't you always been good?"

"I'm going to tell you," he answered. "I'm going to tell you all about it—all. I want you to know. No one knows all except you, that is, except you when I've told you. But Mr. Minden knows far more than you do. He has been good to me—I knew he would be; that's why I made for him when they shot me for horse-stealing."

He caught the fishing-rod which was dropping from her hands, as her face became white, and her eyes had a bewildered and shocked look. Yet she seemed not to shrink from him, but to hold herself steadily.

"Horse-stealing! . . . I do not be-

lieve you. But go on—tell me!" she said in a low, weak voice.

HE TOLD her all his past—of his few years in the household cavalry, of his getting into debt through baccarat and being obliged to leave the army; of his joining the gendarmerie in Macedonia; then of his final effort to reinstate himself, to make a home and a fortune. He told her of discounted expectations and the selling of reversionary rights in order to make this hunt for gold. Then at last he related the story of his abandonment of the mine, of his sojourn at the MacMahon's ranch, of the horse-raid, of the encounter with the Riders of the Plains, of the bullet in his side and his struggle to reach the Rest Awhile Hotel, and of what Minden had done for him this very day.

"Don't you loathe me for it all—for chucking my life away at the start like that? According to the law of the land, I'm a criminal, a horse-thief." He looked at her with intense inquiry.

"You weren't horse-stealing," she protested. "You didn't know the MacMahons were stealing the horses. You said so yourself just now."

"And you believe me?"

She looked him wonderingly in the eyes. "Why, of course, I believe you."

"Though I'm an Episcopalian—and never had religion, as you Methodists say."

"Well, I suppose some Episcopalians get to heaven," she answered demurely.

"Don't you think what Mr. Minden has done for me is one of the biggest things one man ever did for another?" he asked presently. "What do you suppose made him do it?"

A mist came into her eyes and a rapt expression to her face. "Perhaps he felt you ought to have your chance," she answered. "Perhaps if somebody sometime had done the same to him he mightn't have had so much to be sorry for. Don't you think that's it?"

"I thought so at first," he replied, "but I'm not so sure now. I can't understand it."

"He treats me almost as if I belonged to him," she added in a hushed sort of voice. "I keep wondering how he ever could have been bad at all."

Suddenly Sheldon seemed to pull himself together. "There is one more thing I ought to tell you," he said. "It's not a crime, but it was a bad business enough. I wasn't going steady when I did it. . . . At the time I came a cropper with baccarat I married."

Horror and apprehension seemed to take possession of the girl. She whipped the line out of the water, and laid the rod down upon the ground; then clasping her hands tightly in her lap she turned her face away from him towards the farther shore of the river.

"What is there to tell about that?" she asked in a cheerless voice.

"She was a chorus girl in a theatre. I was twenty-two, and I thought she was wonderfully clever and wonderfully good—she looked so good with her flaxen hair and wide brown eyes. The marriage was secret. Within a year she had run away with a millionaire from the Argentine, and within another year she was dead."

With his last words the rigidity of Cora's figure relaxed, and in a voice



"What is there to tell about that?" she asked in a cheerless voice.

scarce above a whisper, she said: "You did not divorce her?"

"No, somehow I couldn't do that," he replied heavily.

"Oh, but that was right!" she rejoined. "For she might have repented, and —"

She could get no further, her body swayed backwards and forwards slightly, and her face dropped into her hands.

He moved over quickly to her, leant down, and looked up to her hidden face.

"Cora! Cora!" he said passionately. She made no reply, but after an instant her hands dropped tenderly upon his head.

CHAPTER VIII. ENTER THE BRUTE.

FOR A time the world went well with those to whom the Rest Awhile Hotel was a home. No light illumines a face like that which comes from a happy sec-

ret, and Cora's face had that look of transfiguration which belongs to an exalted spirit or to a happy heart. She spiritualized her love and exalted the object, and all her work and all she did was touched with that grace, that phantom ease, which belongs to those whose inner being is as active as their outer life. She stepped with exceeding lightness; her head was held as high as though the world had never sinned; yet her joy did not make her selfish. Her interest in everything and everybody round her was increased, and to Mrs. Finley it seemed that as a foster-mother, she had done her duty well.

Minden certainly told her so with almost boisterous delight. There were times when he almost believed he was secure in his converted state and that he was truly and unalterably saved. He prayed with great eloquence; he occasionally preached with fire and wayward originality. Also

he did the work of Mayor with a cheerful energy which made him as popular as he was conspicuous, because of his unbragging past.

A two days' journey north, Sheldon was playing his part with an almost destructive cheerfulness, working night and day to make the twenty thousand dollars which Minden paid for a quarter of the mine meet current needs. In the end it proved impossible. He had been too optimistic, had left no margin for accident and the unforeseen; and both accident and the unforeseen occurred. A breakdown in the mine destroyed machinery; a sudden claim by the original owners proved a menace to its future. He struggled on under a load five times greater than even Minden thought it to be. Minden had never believed that the twenty thousand dollars would be enough. He was quite prepared to put in much more money when Sheldon had proved himself a "hustler from Hustlerville." He wanted to test the capacity of Cora's future husband, and the result was worth while.

H E LET Sheldon fight on, himself looking forward to the day when he would step to the rescue with much more money and say, "Halves, partner, halves!" That would mean in the long end that Cora would be a partner with her own husband in the mine about which the West was beginning to speculate seriously. Everything seemed clear; there were no clouds in the sky. As Minden said to himself: "There ain't no rails on the line." Yet on one of the happiest days he had ever known—that in which his daughter passed her matriculation and her first year's examination at the University in one—accident and penalty, twin sisters of Fate, came storming at his door.

Even while he walked with a swagger round the table in the dining-room where Cora sat in half-dreaming happiness with the Academic certificate in her hand, Brute Penalty was at work in Mrs. Finley's sitting-room. While Minden ejaculated praises at the girl, who had proved that her intellect was as healthy as her body and bloomed like her cheek, Brute Penalty spurted its venom into Mrs. Finley's shocked face. It had burst into her room as she was rising from her knees, where she had thanked God for the gift of her beloved child. She had never seen a man intoxicated at the Rest Awhile Hotel; and it was a shocking thing to her that the Brute Man, who now reeled into her room, was her brother.

She had to face a leering, degraded, drunken tramp whose grinning humor of the lips was denied by the malice of his eyes—the shrewd, malignant and unmerciful look of the blackmailer: for that was what Robert Simeon Struthers suddenly became on this day in the Rest Awhile Hotel.

"Lor-a-massy!" he exclaimed. "Lor-a-massy, 'Liza, what a joint this is! Heaven and hell arm in arm for sure. What price a hotel where you can't get a drink not for love or money! But it's all right, it's all right, it's the Rest Awhile Tavern. That's a goldarned good name. I've been travelin' for the last twenty-one years an' I'd like to rest awhile meself. Jerriekety, what a bunch you are here! Bill Minden, the boss train-buster, that'd hold up a coach just as you'd cut the top off an egg—Bill Minden doin' the prayer trick, playin' the sky-pilot, runnin' the town, lovin' the ladies, joinin' up with

'Liza Struthers that joined the church at ten—oh, what a surprise, two lovely black eyes!"

With a shocked gesture Mrs. Finley stopped him. "Robert, Robert, have you no shame!" she almost wailed.

"No shame! You talk to me like that! What 've I got to be ashamed of 'cept my bad luck for years an' years an' years. Everything's been out agen me. God and the Devil's been conspirin' at me. I ain't had no home. You've been the lucky one. Steve Finley left you five hundred dollars a year, and instid of makin' a home for your poor brother Robert, you've been spending your life and your money on the daughter of that damned thief, Bill Minden."

Mrs. Finley was now as white as the collar at her neck. "Oh, hush, brother Robert!" she said. "Nobody knows that she is William Minden's daughter. You know how he came to give her to me, and no one knows the truth here. She's right happy with me."

"You mean to say she don't know who her real father is?" A blackmailing look came into the brutish eyes. "Well, then, I guess I got a home," he added facetiously. "I guess I can rest awhile at the Rest Awhile. Mr. Bill Minden don't want the world to know that Cora Finley's his daughter, an' that's good enough for me. I got to be took care of, if I keep my mouth shut—see that? Say, why doesn't he want her to pass as his daughter?"

"Can't you see?" the agonized woman replied. "Don't you know—why you did know from the start, that he didn't want her to know he was her father. He didn't want to spoil her life."

"Shucks! Piffle!" replied the other truculently. "The town's damned well goin' to know she's his daughter. The town's goin' to be purified by the truth. This Rest Awhile Tavern is goin' to be made a happy, happy home if I know anything, an' I guess I do; but I'll have a swill first. Out with your bottle from the cupboard, 'Liza." He looked round the room. "I got to have a drink an' a good big drink, for I got a good big thirst, an' it's been a good big walk from where they put me off the train. An' after the drink I'll have a good big sleep on that good big sofa over there. Gimme that drink, 'Liza, on this instep, as the niggers say. I'm dry, and whiskey's the only thing that makes my throat wet. D'you hear, sis?"

F OR AN instant she hesitated; to give a drink to a drunken man was a terrible thing. Yet she must gain time; Cora must be spared a shock. She must see Minden, who might perhaps find a way to prevent catastrophe. She remembered that some brandy had been left from the occasion of Sheldon's illness.

"Wait a minute, Robert," she whispered, for her voice failed her in excitement. "I'll bring it."

She went into the next room, and presently returned quickly with a pitcher of water and a bottle in which there was about an eighth of a pint of brandy.

Struthers greedily snatched the bottle from her hand, uncorked it and smelt it. Then he said with a leer, "That's better than whiskey—good old Three Star!"

Raising it to his lips, he drank every drop of it, then caught the pitcher of water from her hand and took a gulp.

"Now for the good big sofa and a

sleep," he said; "and when I get up there'll only be rest in the Rest Awhile if I have a room to meself an' me board and lodgin'."

Then he threw himself sprawling on the sofa, and closed his eyes to sleep; but half a minute later they opened heavily. He saw his sister looking at him with an agony in her face which made him laugh in derision.

"'S all right, 'Lizt. Get that room ready for your lovin' brother," he mumbled, and instantly sank into a heavy sleep.

T HREE hours later the ne'er-do-well awoke from his drunken sleep with parched lips and a bad temper. As he came to a sitting posture and blinked his weasel eyes, he caught sight of Minden seated with arms resting on the table in front of him. Minden's eyes were fixed on his; he had sat for a half-hour in the same position waiting till Struthers should wake.

For a moment the two men gazed at each other in silence. Struthers anticipated trouble, and was in a mood to fight. It was nearly twenty years since they had seen each other, and both had lived hard lives, but Struthers' life had been degraded, besotted and poverty-stricken. He had only come to Askatoon to borrow money from his sister, but now his drunken mind saw but one thing—the price of silence as to Cora's relationship to Minden. He looked to find threatening in Minden's face, and was met by an almost friendly smile. Minden spoke first.

"Have a drink," he said pointing to a large glass pitcher of water with a tumbler beside it.

Struthers' lips were parched and dry. "I'll have lager," he said. "I'll have Milwaukee lager—a whole or two halves. I'm dry."

"This is a temperance hotel," Minden replied easily. "Try Adam's ale first, Bob, then you can step across the street for your beer."

A sullen, defiant look came into Struthers' face. "Temperance—shucks! Nice sort of joint this—two holy Christians with a Christian baby keeping a deception-house. What's a hotel for if it ain't for drink—good spiritual drink?"

"Well, that's all the drink you'll get here, Bob," was the dry reply. "Spiritual drink," is the word; it goes. But there ain't any spirituous drinks to be had here; so if you must have it, just toddle across the way. But if I had a thirst like yours, I'd make that pitcher of water look small in about two thirsty seconds. Sip it up, man. There'll be room for the lager after. What you want now is coolin'."

"I want money for the lager," was the stubborn reply. "I'm dead broke; but if I wasn't I'd still want money for the lager. I ain't here for nothin'—I ain't here for nothin', I tell you that." He stumbled forward to the table. "I'm here for my own good—that's why I'm here; and I'm here for good and all, and ever, d'you understand?"

The complacent smile did not leave Minden's face, yet there was a savage look creeping into his eyes, which his strong will kept calling back into obscurity.

"All right, Bob, you can have the money for the lager," he replied, "but I'd really like you to have a drink of the wine of the country first. I'd like you to show your

Continued on page 73.

What is Wrong With the Railroads?

By E. J. Chamberlin

President of the Grand Trunk Railway System

EDITOR'S NOTE—*There is a disposition to blame the railroads for all the national ills that the community is suffering from. Delayed transportation has been advanced as the cause of the scarcity of coal, the high cost of foodstuffs, and even the curtailment of manufacturing. The railroads have failed, according to the critics, in the hour of greatest need. At the request of the Editor of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, President E. J. Chamberlin, of the Grand Trunk System, sets forth in the following message the underlying causes of the present railway difficulties and also suggests how ultimately relief may be found. The conditions arising out of the war must necessarily continue until peace is declared.*

YOU ASK, "What is wrong with the railroads?" The reply in one word is "WAR." Although we are removed from the scene of actual hostilities by thousands of miles, war conditions prevail on this continent as they do in Europe. The conflict has wrought great changes in our industrial life. A strain has been placed upon the whole fabric of business that has tested it to the breaking point. The conditions that obtain to-day in our great industries were undreamt of before the war and the railroads cannot be blamed if they failed to see the coming of the conflict. It fell like a thunder clap upon the civilized world and each month has brought an increase in the severity of its effects.

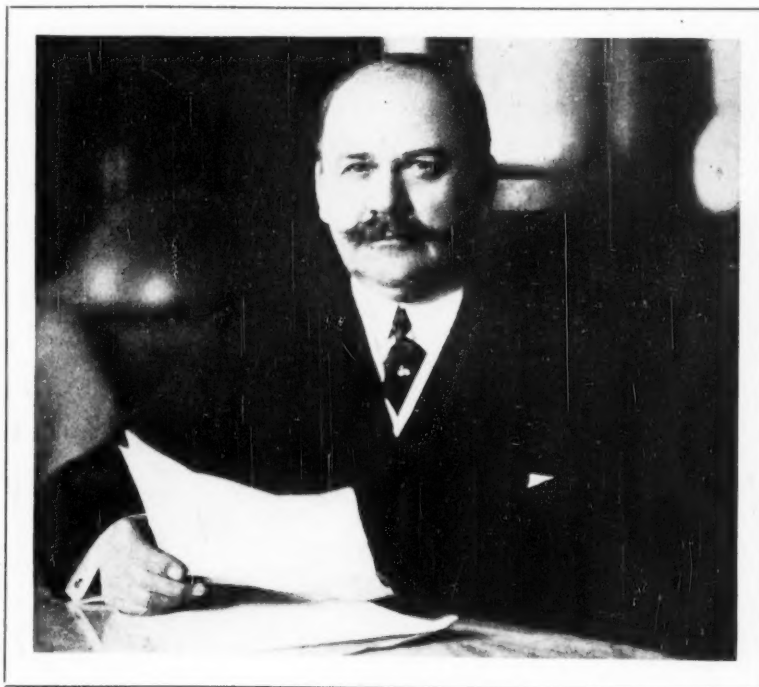
The period immediately before the opening of hostilities was marked by a tremendous decline in railroad traffic. Net revenues fell to the vanishing point. There were tens of thousands of idle freight

cars and hundreds of idle locomotives. The confidence of investors in railroad securities had been so shaken by the persistent and successful efforts of various bodies to prevent the roads from earning a fair payment for the transportation service rendered that new capital was well nigh impossible to obtain. Without the necessary capital it was impossible for the railroads to proceed with plans for developing facilities and improving the transportation mechanism to meet uncertain future needs. The railroads were

geared to handle efficiently the business offering. They have been called upon, however, during the past two years, to carry a burden of a magnitude that would previously have been considered outside the realms of possibility.

When the time comes to measure up what our railroads have done during this time of abnormal stress, it will be freely admitted that our transportation systems have accomplished wonderful work in the face of appalling difficulties.

Complaint is made that the railroads have from time to time, in commercial parlance, got behind with their orders. Is there any branch of productive activity, engaged in war work, that has been able to meet the full demands made upon it? Every possible agency of production is being used, calling for masses of material of all descriptions to be gathered together at every centre of population. The railroads have carried in greater volume than ever before the raw materials for manufacture and have then faced the task of moving the immense



E. J. Chamberlin,
President of the Grand Trunk Railway System.





This illustrates why railway traffic has become congested—a terminal wharf crowded with loaded cars and no ships to take the freight off. Millions have been lost because the cars must wait for ships to take their loads.

tonnage of finished products in a steady stream towards the seaboard. The pressure from the manufacturing centres for supplies has been without any let-up, and Imperial needs have demanded that all munitions, etc., consigned overseas be moved immediately. The efficiency of the railroads in handling this great east-bound export traffic has been controlled by ocean shipping conditions. These have naturally been irregular owing to the shortage of ships. The result has been that every railway terminal has become congested with export freight awaiting the clearing up of the situation at the ocean point of loading. Days have passed at many of the greatest ports on the Atlantic seaboard when there has not been a single vessel on hand to receive cargo. Such a situation ties up thousands of cars and prevents the free use of the terminals for internal movement. Railway terminals, unfortunately, are not elastic and with such conditions prevailing delays to traffic were unavoidable. It must also be considered that the bulk of the traffic has been eastward without an equivalent movement west.

THE remarkable increase in Canada's business may be gathered by a glance at these export and import reports.

CANADA'S EXPORTS.

1916...\$1,091,706,403
1915... 614,129,846

\$ 477,577,557 Increase in 1916.

CANADA'S IMPORTS.

1916...\$766,757,491
1915... 452,761,111

\$313,996,380 Increase in 1916.



This increased national business has meant an addition to the freight tonnage of the railways of more than fifty per cent. While the demands upon the roads have been ever increasing, the amount of



labor available for the railways has been away under normal and has steadily declined. Thousands of our skilled employees have answered the Empire's call and gone overseas and the reserve has not been able to fill the gaps in the railroad ranks.

At Ruhleben

In an early number will appear the experiences of a young Canadian who was imprisoned for almost two years in the detention camp at Ruhleben, just outside Berlin. It is an intensely interesting narrative, telling of the real conditions and actual experiences of interned English civilians.

THE interests of the railroads and the public are identical, and the present situation should serve to emphasize the necessity of allowing the railroads to carry on their business in a manner that will allow of continuous development in order to keep up with the increasing needs of transportation. The railroads need:

- Greater terminal facilities.
- More side tracks.
- More double tracks.
- More equipment.

Under a burden of increased expenses the railroads are continuing to give service at the rates that were too low even when all classes of supplies and labor could be obtained at much lower prices than is possible to-day. The assumption that, because of the abnormal volume of traffic offering, the railroads are not entitled to a revision of their tariffs will lead to a continuance of the conditions which are now complained of. The railroads must be allowed to earn a net income sufficient to pay fair dividends if they are to obtain the new capital necessary to create greater facilities and give the service that the public demands. Investors will in the future look for larger returns upon their capital and just so long as railroads are restricted to earnings which are lower than those obtained by the generality of industrial enterprises the railroads will continue to find grave difficulties in providing necessary new works to keep abreast of industrial expansion and the business life of the community will be menaced by a return of these periods of acute congestion.

The welfare of the railroads is of national importance and the selfish interests of no one section or class should be allowed to interfere with their proper development along sound lines.



George Lane—Millionaire Rancher

By
NORMAN LAMBERT

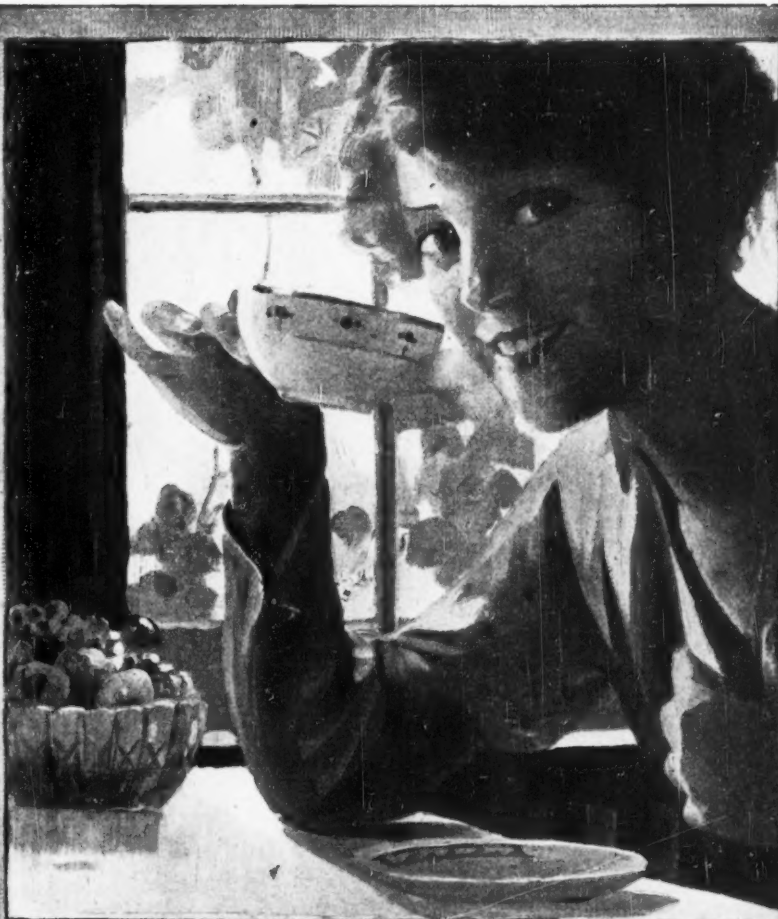
ANY YEAR, just after the first of January, when the banks begin to hold their annual meeting, go down to a certain comfortable old-fashioned hotel on Front Street, Toronto, and upon one of the fresh pages of a newly opened register, you will find the name of George Lane, Calgary, Alberta, written in a big scrawling hand. From that autograph you might turn around, and pick out the man who wrote it, if he happened to be sitting or standing about the rotunda of the hotel. In all probability he would be wearing an old, faded, broad-brimmed Stetson which has been a constant mark of identification for many years, and incidentally suggests wide expanses of wind-blown prairie. If his hat were not with him, one could not



miss the mass of sand-colored hair which fancy might blend perfectly with the dun shades of the western plains in hot midsummer. Tall, huge of frame and with the ambling stride of the cowboy which he has never quite lost despite the present age of motors. George Lane has the

West written all over him. Talk to him, and the expressive vernacular of the rangeland, the heartiness and open quality of the laugh, and the twinkle in a shrewd-looking pair of deepest blue eyes, heighten the impression of the West. You begin unconsciously to stir with that indescribable restlessness which a memory of the far-reaching prairie and rolling foothills produces in the soul of any normal man. As you hear about boundless acres and thousands of livestock feeding upon them, you are looking out yonder to the horizon line "where the strange roads go down." It all sounds like the opening of the first chapter of Job, except that Job was supposed to have resided in the far East. In short, nothing in human form suggests quite so much the spirit, the possibilities, the achievements of the West as George Lane of Alberta.

When Lane comes to Toronto on his regular annual visit, it is not through any consideration of the bank meetings, many of which happen to be held here each year about the time he arrives. He invariably has a little banking business to do, being under the necessity of operating each season a plant of some thirty thousand acres. If a "line of credit" is necessary he doesn't bother very much with the branch at Calgary. He makes a visit to the Head Office in Toronto, an incident of his annual trip to the East. Chicago, New York, Montreal and Ottawa are also included in the tour which is really one of study. George Lane is a student of markets, and the whole world is his friend. Single-handed he has constructed a wonderful agricultural business which is operated from his splendid lands in the foothills of the Rockies. Some people say that the farmer has been the last of the industrial interests to organize, and in his



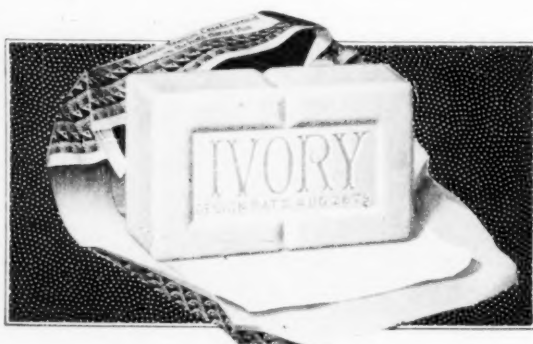
A bright sunny day started in a sensible way with a cup of **Instant Postum**. Of course she is cheery and winsome.

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If you work with your hands—

you may think that, to remove the dirt and grime, it is necessary to put up with strong, harsh soap.

Try Ivory Soap and you will find that it cleans the hands without cutting away the dirt through friction and without eating away the dirt through the action of free alkali. It does not irritate the skin in any way and yet—it cleans.

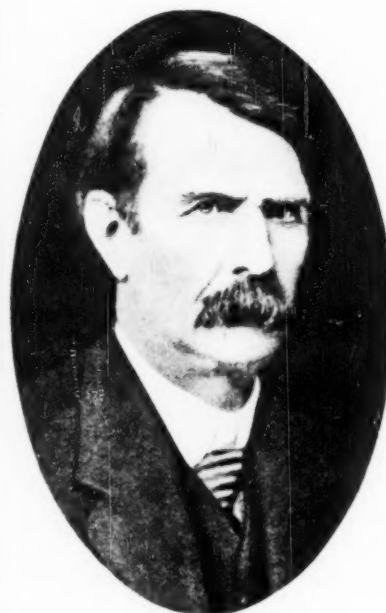
Ivory Soap removes the dirt by softening, loosening and dissolving it. Ivory is able to do this because its lather is so copious, rich, thick, lasting, and because it is so pure and so high in quality.

Ivory Soap is unusual in its combination of mildness and efficiency. It is a delightful surprise to all who have been keeping clean at the expense of the comfort and appearance of the skin.

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isolated condition has been made the victim of the railways, the banks and the manufacturers. If such be the case, the credit reflected upon men like Lane for their success, is indeed great. By sheer ability, unaided by any other power than his own wits, this man has planned, conducted and developed a ranching business which has made him a millionaire almost twice over. He has reached his present position through close applica-



George Lane.

tion to the science of producing things from the soil. He has not sought advice in this from outside interests, many of which are only too ready to give it. He has made outside interests serve him in working out his own ideas, and in that way has raised agriculture in one instance at least to the place where it belongs.

THE STORY of George Lane's success reaches back forty-five years to the day when as a sixteen-year old lad he struck out for himself across the plains from Oklahoma to Montana, driving horses and cattle. He was born at Booneville, near Des Moines, Iowa, in 1856, and as a child went with his parents into southern Kansas, or Oklahoma as it is known to-day. The trek to Montana when he was sixteen marked his beginning as a cowboy. It was a long, weary trip, that first venture across the plains

of the Western States. The trek occupied the entire summer. When he got to Montana, he joined a ranching outfit, and spent the next twenty years as a cowboy, learning all he could about cattle and horses. In 1884 Lane crossed the line into Canada, and became foreman for the North-West Cattle Company. Those were the days in Alberta when the rancher held undisputed sway over the fertile lands of the West. There were no fences or railways to hinder or restrict the cowboy riders in rounding up their herds. Lane soon became known as one of the best cattle men on the range.

An interesting story is told by the old-timers about the first time that George Lane became a prominent figure in Alberta. It was at Pincher Creek in 'eighty-four, not long after Lane had come to Canada, John Herron, a well-remembered figure in the Pincher Creek district, and a famous wrestler, had arranged a match with a renowned athlete from the States. A big crowd assembled at Pincher Creek on the day of the contest, cattle men riding in from all parts of the foothill country. A board platform had been erected for the two wrestlers, and as the two contestants finally appeared ready for their trial of strength and skill, a tall, lanky cowboy leaped up beside them, and shaking a fist full of money over the head of Herron who was the smaller of the two gladiators, shouted, "Here's odds on the little feller." The "little feller" won in two falls. The lanky backer was George Lane, whose judgment since that day has grown to be proverbial amongst the people of the foothills.

In 1892, the foreman of the North-West Cattle Company became an independent rancher. He began by purchasing several bands of grade Percheron horses in Montana. He had made up his mind that the Percheron was the best kind of heavy horse for use in Western Canada, and immediately set forth to cultivate that breed of animal. Although Lane's ranches now turn out every year thousands of cattle, horses and pigs, the prize feature of the stock is the band of pure bred Percheron horses. For twenty years George Lane has been specializing in Percheron horses, and has built up what is generally conceded amongst horsemen to be, the finest and most extensive Percheron breeding establishment in the world. It is indeed a far cry between La Perche district in old France where the first of the Percheron breed were raised, and the rich valleys and benches of the Alberta foothills where the old seed is bearing fruit. He has on his beautiful ranch of 23,000 acres west of High River, some 350 pure bred Percheron fillies and mares, and between fifty and sixty pure bred stallions. In addition he keeps upwards of 600 work horses. His other holdings of live stock include from 7,000 to 8,000 head of cattle, 1,500 hogs and 300 sheep. Some 2,000 calves are raised annually. Fifteen hundred to two thousand head of fat cattle and fifteen hundred hogs are marketed every year. In addition to this extensive live stock business, Lane has had a grain crop these past two years amounting each year to more than a quarter of a million bushels.

LANE'S one set rule is, "do not waste anything." He is not a grain grower, and he is not a speculator. Grain is grown first on his ranches for its feed value; the surplus he sells. Lane is the biggest in-



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Start easy in coldest weather
More power and one-half more mileage

Air Friction Carburetors use cheapest grade gasoline or even half gasoline and half coal oil with excellent results. 250,000 enthusiastic users!

Start your car instantly and move off at once, while motor is cold, even zero weather with no "spitting," "popping," or "missing," by other words, end your carburetor troubles.

AIR-FRICTION CARBURETORS

Newly perfected model for 1917.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us at once, sending his name and the name and model of your car. 30 per cent. off list price where no representative is already appointed.

Ask us about our 30-day trial offer. Dealers, garages, and repair shops make greater profits and give more satisfaction supplying AIR FRICTION CARBURETORS, and spark plugs, than on any other accessory they can handle.

The Air Friction Carburetor Company
124 Madison Street
DAYTON, OHIO

Motors, of carburetors for pleasure cars, trucks, tractors, and motor boats.



DEALERS
Write or wire for our proposition

"AQUOL" TYRE PAINT

"AQUOL" TYRE PAINT

Made in England

Improve the appearance of your car by keeping your Tyres white. "AQUOL" Tyre paint preserves tyres. It is easily applied and dries quickly. "AQUOL" does not wash off nor rub off, and remains dazzling white. Non-inflammable and superior to any tyre paint on the market. British Quality. Can be had in other colors. Made by Griffiths Bros. & Co., London.

Sole Canadian Agents,
SPIELMANN AGENCIES
Regd.
45 St. Alexander St.,
MONTREAL, P.Q.



dividual farmer and rancher in Canada, possibly in America. During the excitement of the real estate orgy in the West five and six years ago, he did not waste a dollar or any of his time in the prevailing practice of that day. Later when feverish prospectors were boring for oil all about his property, he was not attracted. He was too busy producing cattle and horses and grain. These products have taken him abroad. He has raised his products from the land on the one hand, and on the other he has studied world markets. In the early days he exported many cattle to Britain. In late years, he has shipped to Chicago and Seattle as well as to the other markets of his own country. This has given him a very broad outlook

in matters of trade. To him there should be no restrictions between nations in the form of tariffs. He is a Simon Pure free trader; which explains the striking air of cosmopolitanism surrounding him.

Lane has been elected to Parliament once. In 1913, he was returned to the Alberta Legislature, but later resigned in order that a defeated minister should be given a seat. He is again a candidate for parliament. This time, he is standing for election to the House of Commons. At Ottawa, this big shrewd constructive mind which has battled its way through many an obstacle during the thirty-three years of a rancher's life in the West, should have much to give to the country which has treated him so well.

A Moulder of Infant Minds

By MADGE MACBETH

I DOUBT that I am the only woman whose children say: "Oh, but Mother, we don't do it *that* way in our schools, now!"

And perhaps I am not the only one impelled by sensitiveness to subside into the early Victorian atmosphere in which the children have placed me, feeling a strange unfamiliarity with the educational paths now trodden by precocious off-spring.

Certainly no mothers could have viewed "schooling methods" with more stark amazement than those of Fort William's Ghetto—if we stretch the term made famous by Zangwill to include that section of the city known as the coal docks. Here reside the non-English population and here taught Mrs. Florence N. Sherk, Fort William, that great shipping point, the distribution centre for the North-Western wheat belt, has a large foreign population, and I can fancy children from the Ogden School racing home to be catechised by their parents in polyglot tongues something after this manner.

"Did you learn to write, Yulska? Can you write your name? And can you spell big words like 'teacher'?"

"No."

"Can you read out of a book—or can you count?"

"No."

"Well, what under the great sun *can* you do, Yulska?"

"I can tell you the picture of the Hon. George Ross!"

No one is surprised to-day at the teaching of subjects by means of moving pictures and lantern slides, but people were astonished in Fort William, when, about nine years ago, Mrs. Sherk proposed the teaching of civics by means of photographs. I fancy that patriotism, and love of country and Empire prompted the wish to make the "strangers within our gates" good citizens first, and scholars afterward. Anyway, she thinks that for a preliminary acquaintance with the principles of government, the study of civics is of the utmost value. The only reason that boys and girls show no interest in any but the drum and trumpet side of history, is because they are studying the evolution of something of which they have no comprehension. The word *federation* has no meaning to them; the word *Canada* no personal interest. The instruction in such matters, is, according to

Mrs. Sherk, not commenced early enough. Lessons in Government should be given every class—every boy and girl should know something of the source of public authority; how it is divided, delegated and administered. Whether this subject be made the topic for morning talks, or given otherwise, is of little consequence; it should be taught! And it can be made intensely interesting, instructing at the same time, to the pupil, the teacher and the parent.

After a few months' trial of her theory Mrs. Sherk said:

"The interest in political geography and in the history of not only the present day, but of the past, awakened in the minds of the pupils, can hardly be realized. Newspapers and magazines were eagerly scanned for the appearance of names of persons represented in the various groups and enquiry stimulated and encouraged."

Continued on page 42



Mrs. Florence Sherk.

McLAUGHLIN

Surpassing in Power ~ Superb in Appointments



Power, or the lack of it, makes or mars an automobile.

Power gives satisfaction, the lack of it, annoyance.

Canadian hills and highways are easily negotiated on high gear with the reserve power of the McLaughlin valve-in-head motor. This is due to the Valve-in-head principle of the McLaughlin motor construction, which develops from 15 to 25% more power than motors of other type of the same bore and stroke.

In all the essential qualities of a good motor car—body construction, mechanical efficiency and appointments—the McLaughlin is equal to the best. In power it stands alone.

The New Series McLaughlin cars include 4 and 6 cylinder models in Touring, Roadster and Sedan types, at prices ranging from \$895 to \$2350; a new 60 H.P. 6 cylinder 7 passenger McLaughlin at \$1900.

Send for our new catalogue "B" describing our complete line to

THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Branches in Leading Cities---Dealers Everywhere

Canada's Standard Car

"Various groups" refers to the original method instituted by Mrs. Sherk and approved by no less a person than Her Majesty Queen Mary, who has taken a great interest in the method.

To begin at the beginning. The late Sir George Ross was the first influential person approached in regard to this innovation. He was the Hon. George then, and visited Fort William as Minister of Education for Ontario. He also visited Mrs. Sherk's "experimental school" and was struck by the success of her method, even in its infancy. Upon his return to Toronto, he sent her a large photograph of himself, which was exhibited in a shop window for some days, and which one might almost say formed the nucleus of what is the most valuable collection of pictures from an educational standpoint, in the Dominion—perhaps in the Empire. Encouraged by this approval, Mrs. Sherk got her ideas into shape, and submitted them to the Department of Education. The result was that in 1907 "civics" was introduced as part of the public school curriculum. The mode of teaching was as follows:

Photographs of the Mayor, his council, and the various boards of administration, even public-spirited citizens, represent Municipal Government. Photographs of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Provincial Ministers and so on—the government of the Province; federal administration is similarly taught by photos of the Governor-General, Prime Minister, his Cabinet and so on. Having learned something of the governing of Canada, the children

are not unprepared to tackle the intricacies of Imperial politics. This is represented by groups of our reigning sovereign and family.

If the reader gives a moment's thought to the subject, it will be readily understood how far-reaching this grouping of photos, is. Beginning with the municipality, one swiftly merges into the Provincial. From that to the Federal is but a step, and from Dominion to Empire—linked, of course, by the Governor-General, is only a small jump.

With rarest exception, Mrs. Sherk was encouraged in the furtherance of her plans, which, of course, depended largely upon response to her request for photos. She says (in many reports and speeches) that she is indebted not only to Sir George Ross, Sir John Bourinot, the Hon. Sidney Fisher, Dr. Smellie, and Lord Minto, but through the kindness and interest of the Duke of Argyll, many notable statesmen and dignitaries were added to the fast-growing collection.

By far the most interesting collection of Royal photos was sent Mrs. Sherk at the command of Queen Mary after she and King George had made their Canadian tour. It will be remembered that they were the Duke and Duchess of York at the same time.

To the intense disappointment of the citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur, it was learned that no stop-over had been arranged; but no group of persons in all the city felt so utterly distressed as did the little people of the Ogden School. To them "our Prince and Princess" were not

strangers, but familiar friends, whose lives had been watched with eager interest from the radius of the school-room wall, and it was well-nigh impossible for them to believe that the Royal tourists should pass through their city without even stopping to look at them, be looked at by them. In despair they appealed to Mrs. Sherk, who had taught them to love the Royal family, but who had neglected to teach them how intricate are the observance, the decrees which govern an apparently free sovereign. In Canada relationships are more familiar, social observances are more or less a matter of inclination. The children could not understand.

Their distress was more than Mrs. Sherk could bear. She telegraphed Lord Minto asking whether something could not be done. The days passed and hope—so hard to blight in the child mind—began to fade, until the morning of the great day dawned. Then darkness was turned into radiance; the Royal train would stop twenty minutes in Fort William and Their Royal Highnesses would receive Mrs. Sherk and twenty of her pupils.

But the supreme pleasure of the work, has been Queen Mary's appreciation of Mrs. Sherk's picture method of teaching the history of civil law. In a letter to the *Times* she even recommended that it be taught in British schools, and she backed her request by a gift of fifty pounds—a foundation fund, in a way, with which to buy pictures for the London schools.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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Developments in the 1917 Car

The Story of the Magic Achieved by Automobile Makers.

AUTOMOBILE progress has been rapid during the past year and the 1917 car is a remarkable engineering triumph in many important respects. Changes have been made in the bodies ensuring lightness, more room and comfort and a big advance in appearance. The chief advance, however, has been in the matter of comfort provided for both driver and passengers; the 1917 is almost like a luxurious apartment, so complete are its appointments.

This increase in comfort is reflected in all grades and makes of cars, from the highest-priced limousine, to the small roadster.

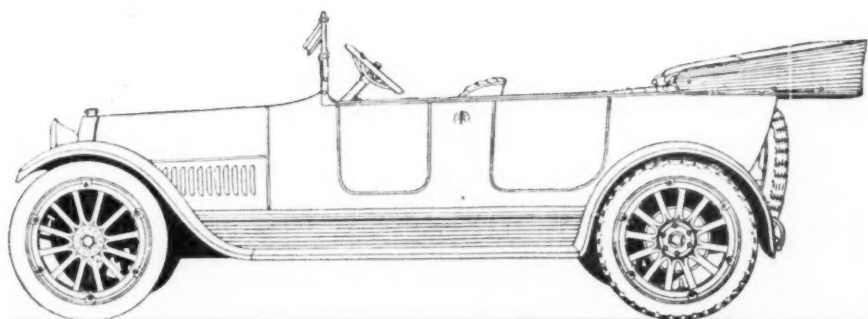
The whole story of automobile magic shown in the 1917 models is told by Joseph Brinker in *Colliers' Weekly*. He says in part:

The Rue de la Paix dominates Fifth Avenue's gowns. Just so does New York lead the way in the latest and most fastidious automobile creations. During the past year one of Gotham's most prominent automobile dealers had a gown designer of world renown employ her wide experience and good taste to design the interior fitting of an inclosed car to match one of his wife's frocks. This car created such a sensation that scores gathered around it every time it stopped at the curb. Many wanted to buy it. As a result the ultra-fashionable motorist may now purchase chameleonlike interior fittings and drapings to match her every gown. These drapings are interchangeable. Those to match the color tones of one fabric may be quickly and easily fitted in place by simply snapping them over small, permanent buttons such as those on ladies' gloves. When madam changes her gown, James has but to unhook one set of interior decorations and substitute another in its place.

The 1917 automobile is the acme of comfort. Continued on page 47.

Studebaker

Established 1852



ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THIS FOREMOST "MADE-IN-CANADA" CAR

THE Military Hospitals Commission of Canada, with headquarters at Ottawa, Ont., has purchased SIX new four-cylinder, forty-horse power Studebaker Touring Cars.

These Studebaker cars are now in constant service throughout Eastern Canada in connection with the efficient work of the commission. Invalid soldiers, returning from the trenches on furlough or for hospital treatment, are being transported from place to place in these silent, smooth-running, powerful Studebakers.

In war and peace alike, Studebaker is always at the forefront. On the fields of France and Flanders, Studebaker Ambulances have hastened relief under conditions of roads and weather which demonstrated that the **QUALITY** and **SERVICE** which once called forth such enthusiastic praise from the late Lord Roberts, in his report to the British Parliament following the Boer War, is still being built into vehicles which bear the name **STUDEBAKER**.

The deep, restful comfort of the Studebaker's

luxurious upholstery, the smooth, vibrationless power and perfect balance of the chassis, the long resilient springs, the silence of moving parts, the safety of the full-floating rear axle and over-size brakes—the all around dependability of Studebaker cars—make them especially adapted for work of this nature.

Every Studebaker car sold in the Dominion and overseas is built in the great Studebaker factories at Walkerville. In these modern plants every detail of manufacture is given the exhaustive attention characteristic of Canadian manufacturers. Careful, individual attention is given to each separate car, and the buyer of a Studebaker car in Canada may purchase with the knowledge that he is getting a real "Made-in-Canada" product—a motor car designed and built to meet all the emergencies and difficulties of driving which motorists in Canada encounter.

See the new Series 18 Studebaker cars now. Ride in them—drive them yourself. Know why they are the ultimate choice of discriminating motor car purchasers everywhere.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Roadster	\$1375
FOUR Touring Car	1375
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1675
FOUR Landau Roadster	1635

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville

STUDEBAKER

Walkerville, Ont.

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Roadster	\$1685
SIX Touring Car	1685
SIX Landau Roadster	1900
SIX Every-Weather Car	1995
SIX Touring Sedan	2245
SIX Coupe	2310
SIX Limousine	3430

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville

FAIR LIST PRICES FAIR TREATMENT

GOODRICH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES

Strong and True to the Heart

LOOK into the heart of a tire, as you would look into the heart of a man, to know the truth about it.

Before you, its thick, tough hide of Goodrich Black Tread rubber stripped back, the heart of a Goodrich Silvertown Cord tire is laid bare.

Mark the giant size of its CABLE-CORD, and its cross-wrapped, two-ply structure.

The Inside on Tires

If you could thus look into the heart of ALL tires, you would find them of three types:

COTTON FABRIC, swathed in five to seven plies;

THREAD CORD, or **WEB**, (strings the size of a trout line, held parallel the circumference of the tire by interspaced cross-threads) gummed together in five to seven plies—meaning internal heat;

CABLE-CORD, the unique, patent-protected, two-ply structure found ONLY in Silvertown, the original cord tire—meaning the conquest of internal heat.

Where You See This Sign
Goodrich Tires are Stocked



Ask Your Dealer for Them

10 Silvertown Cord X-cels

1. Increased engine power.
2. Smoother riding.
3. Fuel saving.
4. Speedier.
5. Coast farther.
6. Start quicker.
7. Easier to guide.
8. Give greater mileage.
9. More resistive against puncture.
10. Repaired easily and permanently.

Out of this two-ply, cable-cord construction, saturated with rubber, come Silvertown's unrivaled resilience and durability.

Though Silvertown Cords cost more than fabric tires, you can not afford to be without their economy and comfort.

Know them by their RED DOUBLE DIAMOND trade mark and their generous extra-size.

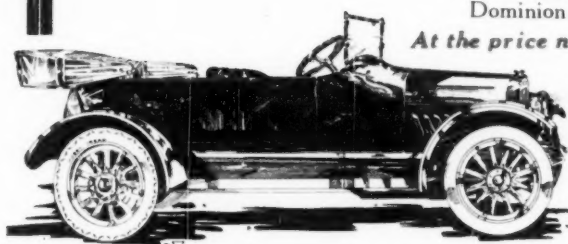
THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., Akron, Ohio

Also maker of the famous fabric Tires—
Goodrich Black Safety Treads

"Silvertowns Make All Cars High Grade"

You Cannot Get Much More at Any Price—Nor as Much at the Same Price—in Other Cars

"The Quality Goes
Clear Through"



The Car—Mechanically

MOTOR—Gray-Dort, 4 cylinder, cast en bloc, L-head type, bore 3¼ in., stroke 5 in., speed 2000 R.P.M., horsepower 28. Cast iron removable heads. Timing gears—cast iron helical. Carter carburetor. Thermo-syphon cooling, 3 gallon tube and fin radiator. 4 quart oil pump and splash lubrication. Westinghouse two unit starting and lighting system. Connecticut battery ignition. 12 inch cone clutch with six compensating springs. Three speed and reverse selective transmission, with double row New Departure bearings. Universal joint. Gasoline tank under cowl. 1 beam heavy duty front axle. 3 floating rear axle, with forked tube torsion and Hyatt High Duty bearings. 10 inch internal expanding, and external contracting brakes. Pressed steel frame. Springs—front 37 in. elliptic, rear 50 in. full cantilever. Left-hand drive. 16 in. irreversible worm and nut type steering wheel. Centre gear shift lever. Emergency brake, right pedal. Service brake, clutch pedal. Accelerator. Spark and throttle control on steering wheel. Artillery type wood wheels. Detroit demountable rims: 30 x 3½ Dominion Tires; Nobby Tread rear. Westinghouse electric lighting. Linoleum covered running board. Lock ignition switch. Dashlight, ammeter, roborail, footrail, clear-vision windshield, one-man top, tools, equipment complete.

5 passenger touring model \$910
3 passenger roadster model \$910

Gray-Dort Motors Limited

CHATHAM, ONT.
American Factory at Flint, Mich.

The Gray-Dort is a complete car. It offers you all that any motor car can offer. You can pay a much higher price and secure very little more. You cannot secure anywhere near as much in other cars under one thousand dollars. Just note what the Gray-Dort offers:

POWER Etienne Planche built the Gray-Dort motor. And the skill that made his Peugeot the greatest of all French motors, has put his greater achievement, the Gray-Dort, in a class by itself. For here is a powerful motor that is economical. A powerful motor that is light, silent and speedy.

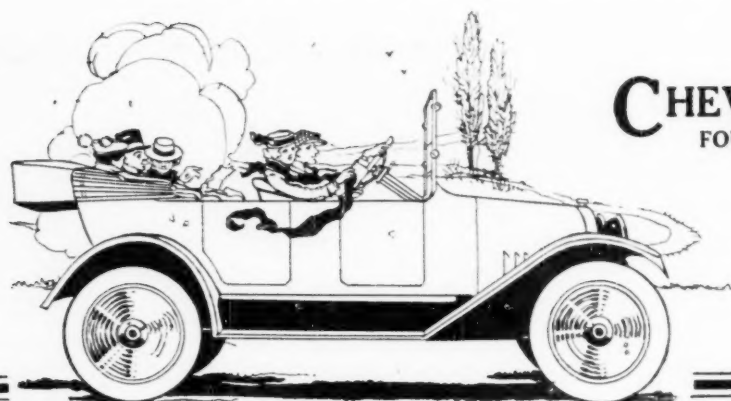
EASE There's luxury in the Gray-Dort—the luxury of roominess, of deep upholstery, of long springs. Rough roads are smoothed out. Touring is made a real pleasure, without fatigue. And there is ease of driving. Westinghouse electric starting and lighting. One-man top. Demountable rims, clear-vision windshield. Safe, sure steering gear. Strong brakes. Easy gear-shift. Comfort has become luxury in the Gray-Dort.

BEAUTY Nothing you own will give so great artistic pride as your Gray-Dort. Its lines are as free and smooth as the flight of a swallow. Only a coach-builder of the standard of Robert Gray could produce such beauty of design and finish. Your friends will envy you this coach-built car.

RELIABILITY The Grays are the largest carriage builders in Canada. Their business is built on honest value, outstanding quality, absolute integrity. This standard has been applied to the Gray-Dort. You can depend on this car—depend on it in any emergency—depend on it for years. It will not fail you. The care that has been taken in building the Gray-Dort is shown in some of the parts used. Westinghouse electric starting and lighting. Carter carburetor. Hyatt and New Departure bearings. Dominion Nobby Tread tires.

At the price no other car begins to offer you so much

\$910
GRAY
DORT



CHEVROLET
FOUR-NINETY

The New Series
CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY

THE best steel, and genuine highest grade materials forged, cast or welded into shape by modern machines of scientific accuracy insure the high efficiency of the

CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY

The resiliency of the chassis, the pliancy of the supporting springs and fine upholstery insure comfort.

Our mammoth production and efficiency methods make possible the low price of

\$695
f.o.b. Oshawa



Including
Electric Lights
and Starter

**CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, Limited**

OSHAWA

CANADA

Western Service and Distributing Branch, Regina, Saskatchewan.

Continued from page 42.

fort in which the driver plays the role of a modern Aladdin. He steps from the running board to his position behind the steering wheel and reclines on a cushion seat far more comfortable than even the best of our grandfathers' parlor settees. Even the steering wheel may be hinged on its post and swung up out of the way to enable him too reach his seat without the least exertion.

Seated, he simply exerts the pressure of his smallest finger on a button which he can reach without even so much as leaning over in his seat. This calls the *genii* of a hidden mechanism into life, and behold the motor starts purring of its own accord like a cat just well fed! Perhaps he wishes to enjoy one of his rare Havanas while on his after-supper motor run through the countryside on a spring evening. If he desires to light the weed before starting, he simply extends his arm, pushes another magic button, and before him stands ready and waiting an electric lighter with a flame equivalent to a whole box of matches and one which cannot blow out no matter how strong the wind.

Ready to start, he simply presses down a pedal which connects the waiting engine with the remainder of the driving mechanism. Then he may press one of several small push buttons extending from an inconspicuous black box on the steering post below the wheel. This magic button calls forth that particular kind of *genii* which bids the car go fast or slow just as he orders them. These faithful little workers enable him to make the car go from any one of its speeds to any other by no more exertion than an amount of finger pressure which would hardly dent a rubber eraser.

Nor is this the last word in the almost perfect comfort and convenience provided for the automobile driver. If he so desires, he can fit another magic lever on his steering wheel within easy reach of his crooked arm. A half-inch movement of this lever calls into being still another class of *genii* of the electrical family that form themselves into a tug-of-war team and pull on the brake rods with such strength that the car brakes can be set more quickly and smoothly than by the foot or hand of the driver.

If the driver should happen to be overtaken by darkness while on his ride, he simply presses another magic button on the dashboard of the car within his arm's length. This awakens another family of electrical wonder workers which light all the headlights, side lights and tail lights in one operation. If the driver wants to be sure to get home at the correct time, he simply presses still another inconspicuous button, which lights a tiny electric bulb inside of the shield, which enables it to illuminate the clock on the dash board but does not permit it to shine into his face.

Again, if on the way home he should desire to visit a friend whose house address he knows better than the house itself, he simply pushes another button, this time in the handle of a small pivotal searchlight on the edge of the wind shield or side of the cab. Then, by turning the handle, he is able to throw a small beam of light on the house numbers as he passes them.

If the driver is one of those automobile enthusiasts who fit their cars with a closed body in winter or with demountable top and side windows, he may also call into play the *genii* of lighting for illuminating the interior for himself or guests. He may be even more exacting still and demand that his hands be kept warm while driving. Even this wish can be gratified, for by rubbing the magic lamp he can call out the ever-ready workers of the electrically heated steering wheel. Nor is this all he can do, for his feet or those of his passengers can be kept toast warm by small electric heaters.

The 1917 car to-day stands at one of the low points of the chart in engineering development for the reason that most of the makers have continued their 1916 models with but few changes. Perhaps the two most important achievements made during the last year which manifest themselves in the 1917 cars are the manufacture of really comfortable and finely finished bodies and experimental work seeking to develop carburetors

Continued on page 51.

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic REVOLVER

FOR years I have carried insurance on my life and home. I tucked away a nest egg in the bank. I thought this was *all* the protection that any father *could* throw around his family.

Defending the lives of my loved ones against the attacks of prowling burglars—this never occurred to me.

When I saw the loophole in my scheme of home defence I felt guilty. I went to the nearest hardware store and bought this trusty Iver Johnson Revolver you see lying here on the table.

My trusty, friendly Iver Johnson.

I never think of my Iver Johnson as a brutal, terrible weapon. I look upon it as a *friend*. The

very fact that I have it gives me a sense of *security*. Have you thought of a revolver as a friend before? Will you give your family protection that is one jot short of *complete* protection?

When you buy a revolver buy a *good* one. The Iver Johnson is the safest small firearm made, because its patented *safety device* makes it absolutely harmless. Hammer model with regular grip, \$6.75; Hammerless model, \$7.50. Both models also made with "Perfect" Rubber or "Western" Walnut grip.

Iver Johnson Bicycles can't be beat for speed, strength, easy riding and long wearing qualities. Racing, Cushion Frame, Truss Frame Roadsters and Mobicycle models, \$35 to \$55. Juveniles, \$20 to \$25.

Three Books FREE

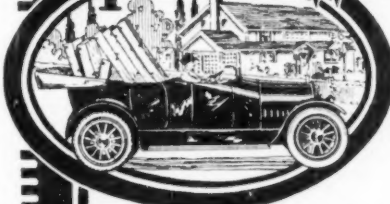
Indicate which books you want: A—"Arms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
296 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco



Take it Wherever You Move!



Off to the new home, or the cottage by the beach? No matter how often you change your address your garage goes where you go if it's one of

PEDLAR'S "PERFECT" GARAGES

They're portable. Made in sections of sheet metal. Easily taken apart, packed in the cases and off you go. Sections lock together again tight and leakproof. Artistic and durable. Nothing to burn. Whether you own your home or not, you'll be proud to give your car the protection of a Pedlar Garage. As low in price as will buy a good garage.

Write for the Perfect Garage Booklet M.M.


THE PEDLAR PEOPLE, LIMITED

(Established 1861)


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Branches: Montreal - Ottawa - Toronto - London - Winnipeg





**Genuine Diamonds
CASH OR CREDIT**
TERMS—20% Down
and \$1-\$2-\$3 Weekly
We trust any honest person
Write for catalogue to-day.
Jacobs Bros., Diamond
Dept. A. 15 Toronto Arcade
Toronto, Ontario.



Your Soldier Boy's Picture
Fasten it securely in the most conspicuous place
with
Moore Push-Pins
Their dainty glass heads and fine needle points
are easy to handle and will not injure the finest
walls. Booklet and samples Free.
Moore Push-Pins, Made in 2 sizes | 13c pkts.
Glass Heads, Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers, 4 sizes | 2 pkts. for
The Banner with the Pusher 25c.
MOORE PUSH-PIN COMPANY, Dept. C
Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.



**Your Washing Done for 2c.
a Week**
**Electric or Water Power Will
Do the Work**

I have built a new "1900" power washing machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built entirely of high quality sheet copper, it is the strongest and most durable machine made. It is constructed on a brand new principle, and I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons, or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from the heavy blankets to the finest lace without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" washing machine can be connected with any electric socket instantly, and is started and stopped by a "little twist of the wrist," and it will do your washing for 2 cents a week.

If you would consider fitting up your laundry room in the most complete and approved manner, let us tell you also about our thoroughly practical motor-driven, self-heated Ironing Machines.

I also make a lighter power machine which can be run by water or electric power. On all of these machines the motor will run the wringer too. Just feed in the clothes and this power wringer will squeeze the water out so quickly and easily you will be astonished. It will save 50 per cent. time, money and labor every week! The outfit consists of washer and wringer, and either electric or water motor, as you prefer, and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write today for illustrated catalogue.

Let us tell you how you can do your churning with this same highly efficient electric motor.

Address me personally.

S. M. MORRIS, Manager,
NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER CO.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto.

NOTE: State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet.

**The System of Selling Bonds Covering the
Estimated Life of the Road is the
Most Equitable Way of Paying**

HOW TO finance our road improvements in Canada is one of the first things every municipality ought to solve in the problem of better roads for Canada, writes F. M. Chapman in *The Farmer's Magazine*. Heretofore we have never financed our roads as we ought to. What we have done has been a mere floundering between a theory of wished for things, and a battered-up clash of county roads and statute labor nonsense.

We have no federal co-ordination of highways. Our provincial organizations are working largely in the dark, a hotch-potch of systems prevails. And perhaps the educational value of this indecisive work will bring the matter to a head. Indeed, the need is becoming emphasized. With the use of autos and motors by the rural population more interested and thoughtful eyes are being turned towards the question. The future is beginning to assume a new hopefulness.

Nearly all the provinces now have Highways Departments. Definite systems of road construction and maintenance are being worked out. Ontario has a good roads system introduced into the counties wherein the government furnished \$40 for every \$60 furnished by the county, and the province contributes 20% of the maintenance.

Financing a road is a simple problem if we will keep in mind that it is an investment which ought to be paid for by the people who receive its benefits and in accordance with the benefits which they receive from it.

Where roads are financed by bond issues so as to distribute the first costs equitably over the generations of taxpayers who are going to use the roads, we have certainly the real solution. If a road is going to last for 20 years, and we raise our funds on bonds running for 20 years, it meets the case. Where a road is built and paid for in one year or so, the taxpayers simply make a present of the road to posterity. It is the same in much of our township permanent bridge construction work. If a large expenditure is necessary now to lay the proper foundations for a good road, the taxpayer of to-morrow must bear his fair share of that burden. That is why the bond system carries the principle of equity in it.

Anticipating the future public revenues by means of bond issues is, therefore, the only equitable method of distributing the cost of such long-lived improvements on our highways. The farmer is demanding current rates of interest on his money. From 5 to 8 per cent. is secured on mortgage security. The banks charge him 7% and 8% for loans. Often his county and school debentures have been selling for 4½%, although they are bringing slightly better prices now. It is easy to see then, if the bonds for road improvement are sold in equally as good a market, the farmer will be saving fully one per cent., and often more on his money.

Let us look into this. The pay-as-you-go policy in building a barn, does not apply here at all. If he builds a stretch of 10 miles of good roads in his township this year at a cost of \$20,000 and pays for it out of the current taxes, the money is gone forever from him. If he had kept that \$20,000 at home in use on the farms at 6 or 7 per cent., and borrowed the money from some of the insurance or trust companies he would have got it for 5 per cent. and saved the balance. Thus the money kept at home in productive use would pay not only the 4½ or 5 per cent. interest on the \$20,000, but reduce the principal yearly so that the whole thing would be wiped out in thirty or forty years, according to his shrewdness in dealing. He would then have both the good road, the added efficiency and the use of the money besides.

Such a plan, whereby the government could borrow the money at a low rate of 4½ or 5 per cent., and loan the money to the counties

Financing Good Roads

or municipalities at a low rate and compound the profit on the amortization plan, whereby the debt would be wiped out, principal and interest, in a stated number of years, would be an ideal one.

There may be some difficulties in the minds of many as to the estimated life of any road being at all accurately gauged. Yet this is a difficulty easily overcome. Already we have so much data about permanent roads, about subsoils, frost action, freshets, unusual conditions and disintegration, both from modern experiments and from the old Roman roads in Great Britain and in Italy. We know that drainage made right stays right, hills cut down are cut down forever, macadam road properly maintained, concrete and asphalt properly laid and kept up give us roads about which we can be tolerably sure in our estimates.

The incidence of taxation is another problem. Our general theory of the benefited paying the tax is all right. Its working out is where injustice sometimes comes in. A road of a permanent nature running across a country near the front, such as is the case of Ontario county where ten miles of road paralleling the lake has to be built in the good roads scheme works some injustice to the rear residents. The county goes back probably 60 miles and the major portion lies beyond the Laurentian hills almost effectually barring traffic at all locally. How shall we assess equitably? The case is not without a working solution. The fact that the solution has not been made, only evidences our pioneering youthfulness in road financing?

In the first place, the value of the road as a through artery for the province must be estimated. The province should build what it uses. Then again the men who live near the road must bear a fair share. He gets a special benefit and must pay a special tax. In some of the U. S. states this special claim is assessed at one-fourth and one-third. The neighbors next removed receive lesser benefits and the variable of assessment diminishes as his farm recedes from the road in question.

In Toronto when a new street was widened, as was Danforth Avenue, the residents on each side for 100 feet were assessed a special tax. The principle holds good in rural road improvement to a limited extent. While bond issues are necessary to equalize the taxes on successive generations, so special assessments are necessary to equalize as between locally benefited taxpayers.

Thus the plan, on a larger scale, of insisting upon a county appropriation in excess of the government or federal grants, is done with the same equity in view.



Bernard Partridge, in *Punch*.

Winged Victory.

To the Honor of Our Air Services



The Road
of the Past

The Road
of the Future



Let's Make it "The Road of To-day"

Why wait? Why delay the righting of this great wrong? Every poor road in Canada directly affects the welfare of our Country—and every individual Canadian.

Every rock and rut in the old-style road is a menace—an obstacle to progress. Every uneven surface in it represents waste of taxpayers' road money. Every bit of "rough going" in it is a source of so much needless wear and tear upon motor cars and trucks and vehicles in general.

Consider in contrast

Permanent Highways of Concrete

Our photographs show a typical, old-style road—the road of the Past—and alongside it, a typical Concrete Highway—the Road of the Future.

We say: "Let's have those Concrete Highways to-day—in the immediate present—not in the dim and distant future."

"But," you say: "What have I to do with it? How can I help?"

Listen. The surest way for us to have the right kind of roads—not just here and there, but all over Canada—is for everyone to "boost" for them.

And you cannot intelligently "boost" for Concrete unless you have

the facts. They are contained in our Concrete Road Books, copies of which will be sent to you free of all charge if you'll send a post card to us, asking for them.

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Every indication points to a demand very much in excess of the possible supply of automobiles this year.

We are prepared.

This year we apply the economies of vast production for the first time to a comprehensive line of automobiles—an end toward which we have been working for eight years.

Light Fours, Big Fours, Light Sixes and Willys-Knights, including the marvelous Willys-Knight Eight, are built and sold with

—one executive organization,
 —one factory management
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 —one group of dealers.

There is now an Overland or a Willys-Knight for every class of buyer.

Every one of these beautiful cars is a better car—better in appearance, in performance and in riding comfort.

One of them is the car of your dream under the evening lamp.

See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring.

Willys-Overland, Limited, Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada

Continued from page 47.

which will give better results with the low-grade gasoline now being bought by the public generally.

1917 bodies are larger, as a rule, than those of 1916. They are also so proportioned and sprung on the springs that they make for easy riding both when only partly filled and when the capacity number of passengers is carried.

In many instances the roomier 1917 bodies have been secured by increasing the wheel-base lengths of the vehicles and keeping the spaces taken up by the motors the same. Others have accomplished the same results by a redesign of the body shape—its floor plan, as it were. This has been made wider or longer, as the case may be, to give the driver or passenger the impression of a sense of ease that is comparable with that enjoyed when seated in one's Morris chair before the open fireplace at home.

Each passenger must have sufficient leg room and elbow space if he is to enjoy several hours' ride. Both of these requisites have been secured by making the bodies longer and wider between the sides. To add to this comfort obtained by eliminating any chance for cramping, most of the designers have paid especial attention this year to the cushioning of the seats. They tend to give the impression of riding on air. This has been accomplished by more detailed attention to the design of the spring element of the seat and its ability to aid in the vehicle springs in absorbing the road shocks.

The clover-leaf seating plan, with divided front seats and another at the rear for one or two passengers, gives those in the rear seat plenty of leg and elbow room. At the same time they are in sufficiently close proximity to those on the front seats to carry on a conversation without having to lean forward, while those on the front seats need do no more than slightly turn their heads.

This design has developed into one of the most distinctive of the season, the four-passenger roadster. This new style has a body somewhat along the lines of a boat with an open cockpit, and the divided seats in front and the wide seat in the rear. Some of the twenty-five types of this style already offered have folding rear decks behind the divided seats. These decks fold down flush and cover the rear seats when the latter are not needed.

Another comfort-giving feature included in many of the 1917 cars is the winter-summer body. While this idea is not new it is worked out in a new and more practical way. Former winter-summer bodies consisted of some forms of demountable tops and sides which could be fitted in place of the roadster or touring tops as used during the warm weather. The new creation, however, is made up of a permanent non-folding top with glass sides which drop down out of sight within the body panels. In warm weather these are kept in their hiding places, but on the approach of a storm they may be raised in a jiffy to provide a body with as much protection against the elements as a conventional limousine. In the winter time the sides may be kept up permanently, thus giving the owner the same convenience as if he had two cars, one open and the other closed, or two bodies, one taken off when the other is fitted.

Other smaller items include storm curtains which open with the doors on touring and roadster bodies. These make for easy entrance and exit and should prove a great boon to those who desire to motor in the fall and early spring in open cars. Even the doors themselves have been made wider and the seats arranged so as not to obstruct the clear way. Still other small items which make for the individual comfort of the driver are seats adjustable for height and a slight longitudinal movement; steering columns adjustable in their height, and emergency brake and gear-shift levers so positioned as to be easily operated without bending over.

Not to be outdone by the many conveniences, the bodies of the new cars are much more pleasing to the eye. They are the work of artists rather than engineers. They are as if draped over the chassis in graceful curves with no abrupt rasping angles or corners.

The most important engineering development of the past year was the introduction

Continued on page 55.

PURE as its whiteness suggests — refreshing in its cleansing qualities — there is more than ordinary satisfaction in the use of

FAIRY SOAP

for toilet and bath

Skillfully made of the choicest materials, Fairy Soap offers *quality* which cannot be excelled at any price.

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"Pure and White -
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159



If a Strong Man Were Bound

he'd be in the same fix as a sulphated battery — full muscled, strong, willing yet helpless. A sulphated battery cannot deliver its power. Slowly but surely it deteriorates and finally dies.

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Definite Guarantee;
Starting Type: 1½ years;
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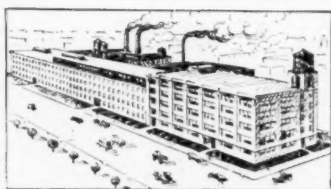
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IT'S A BAROMETER OF BODILY HEALTH
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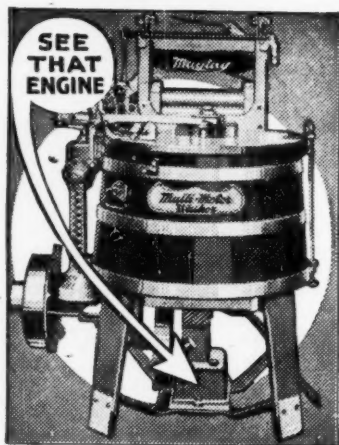
17 PERFECT DEGREES
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It operates the washer and wringer. It will operate the sewing machine, churn, cream separator or any other small machine that does not require more than 1/2 H.P. Wash-Day, and that is Work-Day, changed into Play-Day. Good-bye back-ache, headache, nerve wreck! No woman need bend over the wash tub, as her grandmother did, nor turn the old-style washer, as her mother did, if she has a Maytag Multi-Motor.

The
Maytag
Power
Washer

In general construction is the same as the Multi-Motor. It has a pulley so it can be driven by a separate engine. The above "cut" shows the Wringer in a position to be used while the second batch is being washed. Wringer and Washing being done at the same time. There is a Maytag Washer of every type—Hand, Power-Driven, Electric—all built to the enviable Maytag standard. We furnish an Electric Motor on the Maytag Electric Washer, so that it runs perfectly when a "Direct Current" is used, such as the Delco, or other similar outfits. Drop us a card and we will mail you a copy of The Maytag Laundry Manual (48 pages). Even if you do not buy a washer, it will be a great help to you, as it contains many valuable formulas and recipes that can be used to advantage in any home. It is Free.

MORE THAN 500

Dealers in Western Canada sell our Washers. If the store you trade at does not, write us.

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of the twelve-cylinder motor as a commercial unit in a stock car. While such motors of the V type had been used previously in racing cars and in aeroplane work, they had never before been applied to automobiles made in any quantity. The twelve-cylinder V type was developed to answer the demand for greater power and for a smoother-running motor. As time progressed and the cylinders increased from one to two in the older cars and then to four and finally to six, the method of placing the cylinders in a line one after another kept making the engines longer and longer. If this method had been continued to its logical conclusion in the eight and twelve-cylinder types, the motors would have taken up more of the wheel-base length of the average vehicle than that for the driver and passengers.

Still, a certain class of automobile buyers demanded more power as exemplified by the ability to climb hills, to pull through heavy roads, and to travel under adverse conditions on high gear; more comfort, as determined by the absence of vibration and jolting due to the motor or to road inequality; more flexibility, as shown in the ability to operate at from five to fifty miles per hour on high gear without choking the motor and with a smooth application of power; more acceleration, as judged by the ability to make a quick getaway from a standing start or to change speed rapidly from one rate to another on all gears. Added to these mechanical requirements was the necessity for economy, to be easy on tires and to consume relatively small quantities of fuel and oil.

The 1917 car is somewhat lighter than its predecessor of 1916 and much lighter than that of 1915. This lightness has been secured by the use of better and stronger materials and by a grouping of parts in units, thus rendering unnecessary many brackets and fixtures heretofore thought essential. A car which is light and yet sufficiently strong to carry the load for which it was designed without excessive repairs may be compared to a heavier car, just as a lightweight boxer may be compared to a heavyweight. The big, heavy men must expend a considerably larger part of their energy in moving themselves through space than do the lighter men. The latter are more active and use up more of their muscular energy in performing actual work rather than moving their own bulk from place to place.

So it is with the lighter car as compared with the heavier one of the same motor horsepower. The latter is less efficient than the former because it must carry around its additional weight. This means more wear on the car itself, more wear on the tires, and a greater relative consumption of fuel for the work performed, all of which means a higher operating cost.

Economies which have been effected in weight reduction in the 1917 car and the savings made by the continued use of the machinery by which last year's car were turned out would have probably resulted in a reduction of price had it not been for the increased cost of materials. As a result the prices of the 1917 car are slightly higher than those of last year.



—Cesare

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are regarded as the last word in luxurious lingerie. They have the style, beauty and elegance so essential in these garments.

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Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets.

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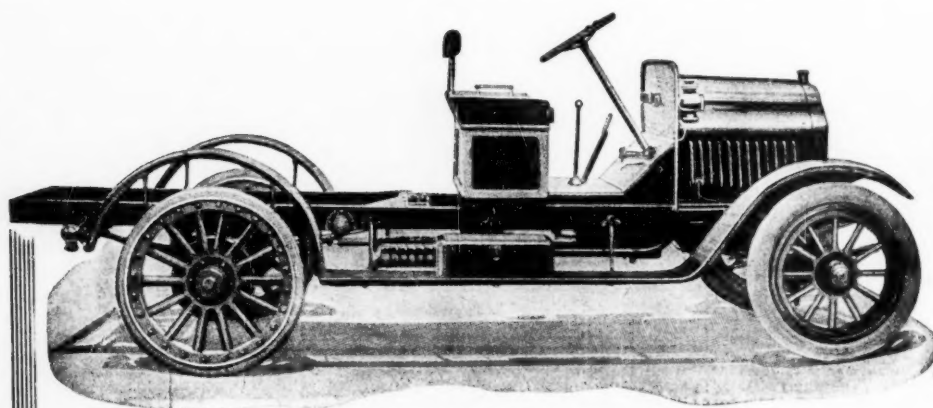
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Building a Home By Desmond and Frohne

These two men are editors of The Architectural Record, the leading paper in its field on this continent. The book is full of sound sense, and is inspiring and educational. Many fine illustrations assist the text.

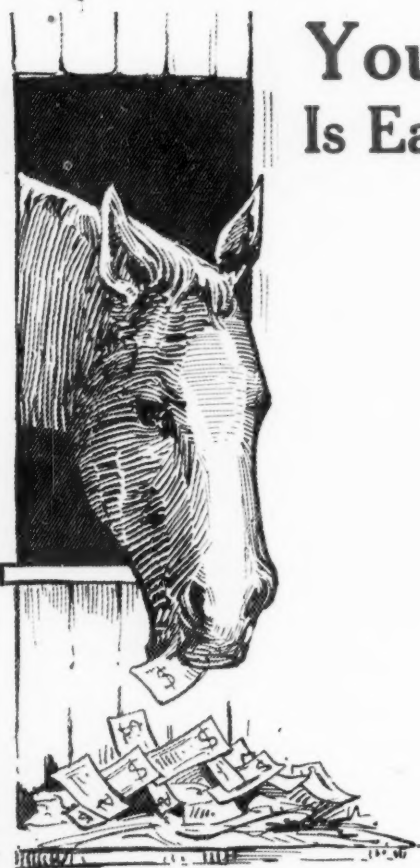
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There is a "**Little Giant**" for every requirement. We have a model that will just suit your business and result in the elimination of a big leak in your profits.

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Your painter may charge a dollar extra if you make him use the right kind of paint. But

Isn't it worth a dollar to be sure of a finish that lasts?

If you were to paint your own house you would not consider the paint an unimportant detail. Why, then, slur over the paint question when you give a painter the job?

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Give your tires all the air they need.
The only way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

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How Motor Trucks Cut Cost

An Article on the Problems of Delivery and Service.

THERE was a time when business men seriously discussed the relative merits of motor trucks and horses for delivery purposes. Nowadays all doubt has vanished; for the motor truck has demonstrated its remarkable powers. Any discussion on the subject now extends to the reduction of costs and the further speeding up of service. On these phases A. V. Norton writes a splendid article in *System*, saying, in part:

The effectiveness of the motor truck is rightly expressed by the formula $\text{speed} \times \text{load} = \text{work}$.

Given a motor truck which develops four times the speed of a horse and carrier four times the load, the resulting effectiveness is sixteen times that of a single horse. This figure correctly represents the possible effectiveness of the average five-ton truck. Where such a truck is used day and night this figure is multiplied by two, and cases have been reported where one truck has done the work of thirty-five and even forty horses.

It is seldom, however, that conditions are found where a truck can make use of its maximum speed and carry its maximum load without interruption. Most trucks operate at less than half their possible effectiveness. The problem of the business man, therefore, is: "How can I keep the factors of speed and load as near to capacity as possible?" He may in fact, fall far short of the possible effectiveness, and still declare a profit from the operation of his trucks.

An enterprising contracting concern in Chicago recently made a striking demonstration of the effective use of motor trucks, properly handled, under supposedly unfavorable conditions.

A contract for hauling sand and gravel to be used in paving Western Avenue was held by a teaming company. This company had never used motor trucks, but the manager was nevertheless eager to find out whether or not they would prove economical for work of that nature. The test took the form of a sub-contract to the contracting concern already mentioned. The sub-contract was signed at forty cents a yard, the prevailing rate paid to team owners for hauls of a mile or under. This figure needs an explanation.

Loose material, such as sand and gravel, is generally brought into the city by rail. The cars in which it is carried vary in type. Some have hopper bottoms, some have tight bottoms, and some have drop doors extending the length of the car.

With a pair of horses hauling two-yard dump wagons, loaded by the driver and two shovelers, the cost, figuring a speed of three miles an hour, is as follows:

Working hours, 10.
Round trip, 1 mile.
Loading time, 15 minutes.
Traveling time, 20 minutes.
Unloading time, 5 minutes.
Number of trips, 15.
Number of miles, 15.
Number of yards, 30.
Rate per yard, \$0.40.
Daily gross income, \$12.

The income of twelve dollars a day for a two-horse team, one driver and two shovelers is by no means excessive. For teams forty cents a yard is a fair price.

In view of the possibility of cutting costs, the contracting company attacked this problem with considerable relish. The proprietor of the concern was a student of transportation questions. He saw at once that the delay in loading must be greatly reduced.

The problem of unloading loose material from freight cars had resisted the adoption of special devices on account of the fact already mentioned — namely, that these cars vary greatly in design. Moreover, none but a port-

Continued on page 63.

You Want More Money

**WE NEED YOUR SPARE TIME
—LET'S GET TOGETHER**

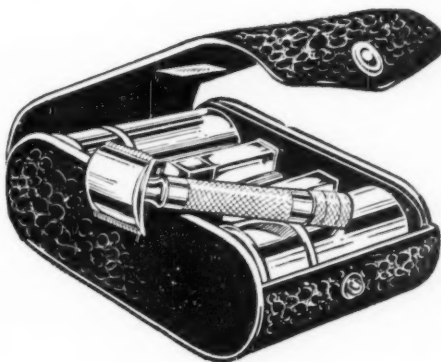
Let us show you the way to increase your income to any extent you desire. If your present salary isn't quite sufficient to take care of "extra summer needs," our plan will provide the money for them. It will also furnish the funds for vacation expenses.

The best part of our money-making plan is, no time is needed, only, what you can spare from your regular employment. It interferes in no way with business or pleasure, but fits in as a "money maker" into spare-time moments. Work it an hour now and then and the cash results will surprise you.

Now is just the time to start—the days are long—and are getting longer. Turn your evenings and spare time into cash by becoming our district representative.

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GILLETTE Safety Razor

He is independent of barber shops, and undisturbed by primitive shaving conveniences, or even none at all. For the clean, smooth comfort of the Gillette shave is due to the razor itself—not to surroundings or trimmings. The Gillette is always ready for action—wherever there is soap and water—and it never disappoints.

Make it a part of your touring equipment, either in the form of the Standard Gillette Set—the stocky "Bulldog"—the compact Pocket Edition—or the handy Combination Set. Every good Hardware, Drug or Jewelry Store along the route is a Gillette "Service Station", where you can get Gillette Blades if you need them.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
OFFICE AND FACTORY — GILLETTE BUILDING, MONTREAL

The Retail Merchant---A Wonderful National Asset

THERE are more than 50,000 retail merchants in Canada. They employ more than 250,000 people. Half a million more people are directly dependent on the retail business for a living.

Each year goods pass across their counters worth more than a billion and a half dollars.

A vast army of distributors—no less important in the Nation's work to-day than the great army of producers.

These 50,000 merchants and their quarter of a million employees are a most vital factor in the existence of Canada—but they could become a still greater factor if they worked at 100% efficiency.

At this very hour the Nation is asking the utmost efficiency in every line of business. This means that all of us must change our gait and do more than an ordinary day's work.

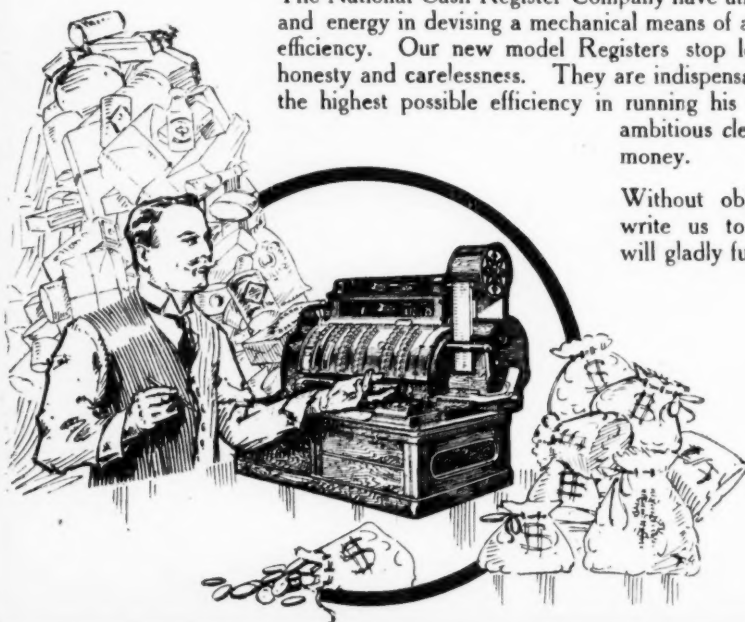
This applies to the merchant who distributes as well as to the farmer and manufacturer who produces.

In order to become thoroughly efficient, there must be no waste motion, no lost energy, no needless labor, no careless use of money.

What a wonderful opportunity there is for the 50,000 retail merchants in Canada, to become personally efficient, and enable their quarter of a million employees to become more efficient—to work better, faster and more accurately.

The National Cash Register Company have utilized years of experience, brains and energy in devising a mechanical means of accomplishing this most necessary efficiency. Our new model Registers stop losses, mistakes, temptation, dishonesty and carelessness. They are indispensable to the merchant who desires the highest possible efficiency in running his store, and are helpful to every ambitious clerk. They save time, worry and money.

Without obligating yourself in any way, write us to-day for full particulars. We will gladly furnish these.



**The National Cash
Register Company
of Canada, Limited**
TORONTO - CANADA



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— Getting the Unusual —

More tread than usual, more mileage than usual, more satisfaction than usual, only go with unusual tires like the Dunlop--- "Traction" or "Special."


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Makers of High-Grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Bicycles, Motorcycles, and Carriages; and High-Grade Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose, and General Hose, Dredge Sleeves, Military Equipment, Mats, Tiling, Heels and Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Cements and General Rubber Specialties.



A Continual Source of Revenue

Always has an appeal to a thirsty customer.

Keeps all Beverages cool and refreshing, adds beauty and gives an attractive appearance to your counter.



A "Perfection" Cooler is Different

It is so constructed as to insure a cool, healthful drink free from all impure ice matter.

Two Glass Compartments

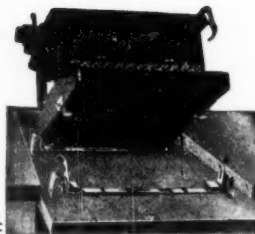
This adds to its efficiency by holding two flavors at once and gives it an ever welcome appearance.

Install a "Perfection" Cooler in your store and reap the benefits.

Write for facts direct to Department "A".

Perfection Cooler Co.
Limited

21 Alice Street, TORONTO



A Quiet Office

No more jarring racket
from your typewriters

Think what it means to your efficiency to have that jar and racket eliminated from your typewriters. It means clearer thinking, easier nerves and less fatigue. This condition alone would be well worth while, but there are other practical features that go with the use of

The Universal SOUND ABSORBER

It saves typewriter ribbon, carbon paper, platen and repairs. Reduces typewriter cleaning 50%. Enables better work, softens the touches, reduces typists' fatigue, and improves her work—all these advantages for \$400—and if it fails to do any of these things your money will be refunded.

Send your order now—with the option of 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Return it after ten days at our expense if you are not entirely and absolutely satisfied. Where else will you get such good returns for the investment.

Write to-day. Enquiries gladly answered

**CANADIAN
OFFICE APPLIANCE
AND SUPPLY CO. E**
66 BOND ST. TORONTO

To Tell Canadian Housewives the Advantages of Electrical Appliances

Early in the spring we will open a tremendous advertising campaign to acquaint the thousands of housewives in Canada with Canadian Beauty goods. Electrical dealers everywhere in the Dominion should make a note of this. It will be the largest advertising campaign ever attempted by any electrical heating manufacturers.

CANADIAN BEAUTY Electric Appliances

The big campaign will embrace about every medium that will assure profitable results to dealers. We are preparing attractive Window Trims, Display Cards, Price Cardlets, Pedestals, etc., that will centre attention on your store and bring customers inside. There will be Lantern Slides which you can use in the theatres of your city. Folders, advertisements in Street Cars, Magazines and Newspapers. All these things will make "Canadian Beauty" Electrical Appliances better known than ever. You, as Canadian Beauty dealers, will have unusual opportunity to sell your goods. If you are not at present a "Canadian Beauty" dealer, write us to-day and get in on this.



THE
**Canadian
Beauty
Weeks**

May 1st to May 12th

Reap the full benefit of the campaign. Co-operate with us during the two weeks of special selling—the "Canadian Beauty" weeks, May 1st to May 12th. Put in a good window of "Canadian Beauty" articles. Use the window trims we supply you. It will make your store better known. Remember the time — "CANADIAN BEAUTY" WEEKS, May 1st to May 12th.

**Renfrew Electric
Mfg. Co., Limited**
RENFREW CANADA

Continued from page 58.

able device would do, because of the trouble and expense of moving heavy apparatus from one car to another. Objections from the railroad companies might also be expected.

The contracting concern devised a portable unloader, in the form of a tip bucket mounted on struts so constructed that the whole frame could be raised or depressed according to the height of the material being unloaded. These buckets were of two-yard capacity, and the frames were mounted on wheels. One of these devices was stationed at each end of the car, the buckets being tipped toward the car while it was being loaded. Two good shovelers could fill one of these buckets in about sixteen minutes. Four or five shovelers were used in each car, and as the capacity of each of these buckets was two yards, or only half the capacity of the average five-ton dump truck, both buckets were filled before the truck came to be loaded. The truck would then drive up alongside, the first bucket would be tipped and the load deposited in the body. The truck would then move ahead a few yards under the second bucket, where the operation would be repeated. The whole process of loading the truck—exclusive of shoveling into the buckets, which, of course, was done while the truck was busy on the road—consumed thirty seconds. The time gained, therefore, was 30 minutes minus 30 seconds, or 29½ minutes.

By the use of two five-ton trucks with dump bodies operated by the motor, and with the loading device described above, the table of average operating time and income began to look far different from that which recorded the returns of teams hauling and loading by shovel.

Working hours, 10.
Round trip, 1 mile.
Loading time, ½ minute.
Traveling time, 6 minutes.
Unloading time, 5 minutes.
Number of trips, 52.1.
Number of miles, 52.1.
Number of yards, 208.4.
Rate per yard, 40 cents.
Daily gross income, \$83.36.

This remarkable work was not accomplished, however, except by vigilant planning. Or, put it rather the other way: diligent planning was used to gain this exceptional result. The fact is, with such enormous quantities of material handled daily, minutes were golden.

Earning a gross income of \$83.36 a day of ten hours, the income per minute was 13.89 cents. For five minutes, it was 69.45 for ten minutes \$1.389.

In order to show the cost of lost minutes this concern kept a record of the various delays and their causes. The following table shows the delays met with in one hour of an average day's run:

ONE HOUR.

Held up by traffic (2 minutes).....	\$.278
Held up by trolley car (2 minutes)....	.278
Driver dismounted to loosen tail-gate (1½ minutes)208
Loaded by shovel at another yard on special trip, yard not equipped with loading device (9 minutes)	1.250
Blocked at dumping point (2 minutes)278

Total lost time 16½ minutes.... \$2.292

The income of the average two-horse team hauling loose material from the car-side, a round trip distance of one mile at 40 cents a yard, was \$12, \$1.20 an hour. The motor truck, effectively used, became so productive and made time so valuable that the average time it lost every hour from slight and unavoidable delays amounted to \$2.29 per hour, nearly twice the hourly income of the horse team!

The cost of handling and moving express in a terminal railroad station forms no small part of the total budget of an express company. While the traveller gains the impression of mammoth size as he surveys the enormous terminals in a big city, the fact is that the space allotted for handling merchandise is often none too large. In most cases the express company must make use of every expedient for handling its business in its re-



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One operator at an Office Specialty Card Record Desk has perfect control of from 12 to 18 thousand Ledger Accounts, Purchasing Records, Stock Records, or any other records essentially important in the conduct of your business, are at finger's ends all the time—no lost motion, decreased operating expense—naturally more economical and efficient.

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Tucker Alarm Till **\$4⁰⁰**
Will Save You Dollars

Combination under drawer rings
gong if wrong keys are used.

Money refunded if not satisfactory

any
point
in
Ontario

THE BENSON-JOHNSTON CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON
EXPERT OFFICE OUTFITTERS.

CANADA'S GARDENS GROWN WITH

TRADE MARK **PAKRO** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **SEEDTAPE**

THIS year, now, everyone is planning a garden; every piece of ground is to be tilled so it may "do its bit."

And this year, when everything counts, you will be interested in Pakro Seedtape, the better, easier and more economical way of growing a garden.

Pakro Seedtape consists of seeds selected with the utmost care by experts from the very best of prize-winning strains; they are put in a thin paper tape, spaced exactly the correct distance apart. No thinning out is necessary. Stunted, slow-growing plants, due to over-crowding in planting the seeds, are avoided. The paper absorbs and holds the moisture, and thus produces a quicker and higher percentage of germination. It is more economical, because only a sufficient number of seeds are planted—with loose seeds there is a great deal of waste. Since you can plant a whole row at once, there is a great saving of time and labor.

You have the assurance of thousands who have tried it that you will have a more successful garden this year than ever before if you use Pakro Seedtape.

"Pakro Seedtape affords earlier germination, stronger plant life and better results than seeds planted in the old way."—D. Finlayson, F.L.S., Director Seed Testing Laboratory, London, England.

"The idea is ingenious and appear to possess many advantages over the ordinary methods adopted in planting."—Dr. Francis Watts, Commissioner of Agriculture for the British West Indies.

Pakro Seedtape comes in 30 varieties of vegetables, and 18 varieties of flowers.

Price in Canada, 12½¢ per package.

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THE AMERICAN SEEDTAPE CO.

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Canadian Distributors, Wm. Rennie Co., Ltd., Toronto



latively cramped quarters. If the trucks used are compact, room can be saved; if speedy, goods can be handled and got out of the way, without being stacked up in the aisles and passage-ways.

Express companies rent their space, generally, from the terminal companies. This rent is high, and any means that enable a company to reduce its rented floor area or carry on an increased business without increasing this area, make possible an important economy. In addition, there is, of course, the economy to be derived from operating the device itself, if it is more effective than former methods.

The American Express Company in Boston has its headquarters at the North Union Station. The floor space at the company's disposal is large, but the business which comes in over the nineteen tracks is also large. Moreover, this business has increased, while the floor area has not.

Beginning in January, 1912, up to April of that year, this concern bought twelve industrial trucks. In June, of the same year, it bought two, and during the balance of 1912 it added eight more. In 1913 it added sixteen more, and at the present time it has on order and in course of delivery still twelve more. This will make a fleet of fifty trucks operating under one roof.

These trucks have been equipped with drop-platform bodies. This design permits of the maximum carrying capacity in compact form. The lowered base of the body clears the floor by only a few inches. Thus heavy articles can be slid on or off without much lifting. The two raised ends are just the height of the baggage car floors, so that articles can be slid from the car without being lifted. Side boards are provided, which can be attached whenever the load is bulky.

As a result of this installation great economies have been effected. It has been found that one of these trucks, requiring only one man to operate, does the work of two and one-half hand trucks, each of which required two men to handle on the level, and often four or five on inclines. With the considerable increase in express business, the labor charge has remained practically the same, while the merchandising has been handled more satisfactorily. The trucks carry greater loads than men could handle. They take up less room per ton carried. They are safer because of the automatic brakes with which they are equipped. Because of solid rubber tires, little damage is done to fragile merchandise. As the labor is not so hard, the operator can give more of his energy to handling the freight properly and thus a higher grade of men can be obtained for the week.

The trucks operate at six miles an hour. They steer on all four wheels, and are able to maneuver in compact places. For instance, they have a turning radius of sixteen feet, but they can twine in and out between posts set only seven feet apart.

Recharging is effectively handled, by keeping four or five spare batteries constantly on hand. An overhead rail extends from the battery station to a distance out in the centre of the charging room. From this rail is suspended a chain, at the lower end of which is a U-shaped shovel, the two arms of which point in a horizontal direction.

The battery of one of these trucks, constructed as it is largely of lead and other weighty material, is very heavy. To handle it by man power would be dangerous. With this device, however, a battery may be removed and a fresh one put in its place in about two minutes. As these trucks average about 25 miles every 48 hours, which is just about the capacity of a battery charge, they can operate 47 hours and 58 minutes out of every 48.

A certain amount of express has to be hauled daily to the South Station—a distance of some two and one-half miles across the city. Instead of removing this merchandise from the industrial trucks and packing it into a regular street truck, it has been found practicable to run one of these industrial trucks, already loaded, directly on to the body of the street truck, and transport both truck and load across the city. The wheels of the industrial trucks are locked by chains to prevent

DREADNAUGHT Tire Chains

STRENGTH and SERVICE

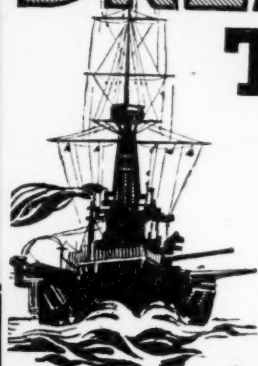
Your best line of defence against auto accidents. The most careful driving and scrupulous care are not alone sufficient on slippery roads. The Dreadnaught Tire Chain is the acme of "Preparedness." It makes care and skill effective.

MADE IN CANADA

None better at any price

30" X 31½"	\$4.10	34" X 4"	\$5.00
32" X 4"	4.70	35" X 4½"	5.40

None so good at the "DREADNAUGHT" price



McKINNON CHAIN COMPANY

ST. CATHARINES

any possibility of their breaking loose and rolling off.

A double economy is gained by this procedure. Time is saved at the North Station by eliminating the transfer of goods from the industrial to the street truck. The same is true in reverse order at the South Station, where otherwise it would be necessary to unload the street truck and pack the goods a second time, this time on a second industrial truck which would have to be requisitioned at that point.

While the economy of the motor truck as an effective carrier under certain conditions is to-day more or less taken for granted, the problem of applying it in specific instances is often perplexing. From the point of view of expert accounting there are many things to figure before the merchant can conclude whether trucks will cut his delivery costs, and how much. Using horses and wagons, he has to consider such expense items as feed, stable rent, horse-shoeing, harness repair, driver's pay, wagon repair, veterinary service, insurance, interest, depreciation. Against the motor truck must be charged gasoline, oil, grease, storage, repairs, tires, interest, depreciation, driver's pay and the like.

"I have a simple way of deciding," says a successful wholesale and retail provision merchant in a Massachusetts city of about eighty thousand. "Feed and rent vary in different places. I have seen several tables in which horse and motor expense have been compared, and each of these tables tells a different story. I am convinced at the start that the motor truck can cut delivery costs if it can be kept busy. The question that I am most interested in, therefore, is this: *Can I keep trucks busy in my business?* After I have decided that question there will be time to go into the accounting side of it.

"So I have devised what I call my 'yardstick,'" adds the merchant—who, for convenience, we may call Henderson. "This yardstick is equipped with slides, of five different color: I suppose tacks would do just as well—and each slide represents five minutes. Each brown slide represents five minutes spent in loading, each white slide five minutes in traveling at full speed, each gray slide five minutes at half or reduced speed, each green slide five minutes in unloading, each black slide any other delay. Notice these slides represent time and not distance. This is for simplicity. Where distance is involved I can calculate it, because I know the speed of the truck.

"I drew out each delivery route in a straight line. Laying my yardstick beside it, I measured it in units of time consumed. I got some mighty interesting results.

"Route A, for instance, caused me a lot of disappointment. Here was a trip involving a fairly long haul, and yet the white spaces, the 'open running,' showed only a bare 25 per cent. of the trip. Because of the character of this load an excessive amount of time was spent unloading. Only four stops were made, yet they consumed 65 per cent. of the time. Several possibilities suggested themselves to me. First, by the use of a demountable body I could cut the loading time down to one per cent. This would have been a saving of only nine per cent., and might not have warranted the investment in the extra body. Moreover, the saving of nine per cent. might be represented by an increase of only three or four per cent. in the actual running time.

"A second possibility was the use of a trailer. With the trailer I could hitch up after the loading was all completed and speed out to my first stopping place. What should I do then? If I sent the truck back, how should I move my load to the second stopping place? The distance between stops was very short, but, however short, the vehicle could not be moved by hand. I would either have to make a second trip with the truck—in fact, three or four trips, which would be out of the question—or else leave the truck there, in which case I would be in the same position as if I used a truck alone.

"A third possibility suggested itself. Why not station a horse at the first delivery point, to take up the work of moving the load on to the three remaining stops? I found this would not pay, as, in addition to the motor service, it would be tying up a horse all day, and it would have been expensive to maintain a horse so far away from my stable base.



The Guardian of the Oat Dish

None But the Big, Rich, Flavoury Grains Go Into Quaker Oats

Why is Quaker Oats, the world around, the dish of the connoisseurs?

Because it is flaked from the queen oats.

Because all the little oats—starved and insipid—are barred from this premier brand.

Because every flake is luscious. The flavor and aroma give it vast distinction.

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If it is, be sure you get it. It costs no extra price. Any grocer will supply it if you specify Quaker Oats.

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Oats contain over 16 per cent. of nitrogenous protein—the most costly element in food.

They are rich in phosphorus and lecithin, which are brain and nerve constituents.

They are energizing, spirit-giving, and a perfect food for growth. That is why oats stand foremost as a child's food. But older people never cease to need the vitalizing oat.

Large Round Package, 25c

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Located at Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park, in the heart of Ontario Highlands. Unsurpassed for fishing, canoeing, observation of nature and wild animal photography. Just the camp you have been looking for. Wholesome moral atmosphere. Highest references. Reasonable terms. Write for booklet X.
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Leading aviators and flying organizations have endorsed this course as a quick and reliable means of training for the business and practice of Aviation.

Special Offer Send the Coupon

Those who write at once will still be able to take advantage of the special limited offer which is now to force by which they may secure a large tuition reduction. Write now while this offer lasts for full particulars. Send coupon—no obligation.

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Gentlemen—Please send me, free and without obligation, full particulars of your course in Aeronautical Engineering and details of your special limited offer.

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Address.....

"A fourth possibility was to add another helper to the crew of the truck, and thus cut down the delivery time. However, that would add an extra item of labor, the expenses of which would very nearly equal the saving in time. How I solved the problem will appear later.

"Route B showed up like a winner from the start. My partner had always told me this route would not do for a truck, because there were so many stops on it. My analysis, however, showed that these stops, although numerous, were of short duration, averaging two and one-half minutes each, and the distance between was considerable, giving the truck plenty of opportunity to show its heels. The white spaces, representing open running, showed up strong. In fact, 75 per cent. of the time the truck was making its twelve miles an hour. I put this route down for a truck at once.

"Route C was of quite another character. Although the time spent in loading was not excessive, and the stops were of as short duration as in Route A, these stops were very close together. Thus, the total time spent at stops bore a high proportion to the time spent running. Moreover, the actual running time showed up a muddy gray on my yardstick. The truck, when running, was averaging only five or six miles an hour. This was due to two factors: first, the route lay through a congested part of the city; and second, the distance between stops was so short that the truck hardly had time to get up speed before it had to slow down again. Old Dobbin has his route to this day, and I do not see any way of ever making profitable use of a truck on it.

"Route D is one of my pets. When I first laid my yardstick on this route the 'white spaces' showed only a scant 32 per cent. The indication, of course, was that here was another good place to stick to the horse. This route was peculiar in that the first stop consumed nearly 25 per cent. of the time. This stop was at a large apartment block and was about half a mile out from the store. Following this stop the route took on the general character of Route B—that is, there were several stops but they were short and separated by a lot of open running.

"A happy thought came to me: I would eliminate the first stop altogether from the route. As this stop was such a short distance from the store, a horse could make it economically, and certainly could much better afford to stand around half the morning than my high-priced motor truck. Route D, as altered, is now as huge a success by motor truck as Route B—which it now resembles—and the time gained by eliminating this big first stop has been used to good advantage by extending the radius several miles and bringing in new business.

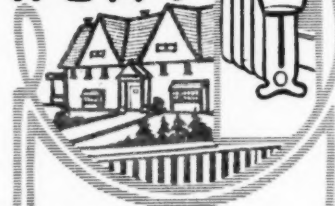
"Route E is another disappointment. It is very much like Route D which I have just discussed; it is ruined by one long delay. You will probably say at once, 'Why not eliminate this delay and turn it over to the horse, as in D?' There happens to be a very good reason why this cannot be done. This delay occurs near the end of the route, and is a long way from the store. In other words, to turn it over to the horse would involve a long haul, a condition which is practically always unfavorable to the horse. In D it was just the other way. The big delay occurred only five blocks from the store. A horse was able to reach it in ten minutes.

"I have, however, speeded up the work of loading and have cut down the time of delivery so that the white spaces show an even fifty per cent. Under such conditions I find a truck profitable, although not so profitable as in Routes B and D.

"Route F is another one of my favorites. The yardstick at first showed this trip to be one of the worst of the lot. While there was a clear haul of several miles, a large amount of time was spent in loading and still more time in delivering. The delivery was made to two places, one taking seven-eighths of the load and a dealer half a mile farther on the balance.

"There were two delays to be eliminated. The first was the one of loading. This could be reduced to almost nothing by using a demountable body or a trailer. The second delay, that of delivering, could be solved only by a trailer.

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Where Germany Lost Her Victory

A New Teutonic View of the "Strategic Retreat at the Marne."

FROM a brilliant essay by Prof. Dr. Friedrich Meinecke, which escaped the censors and found its way into the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Literary Digest* quotes the following extract. The professor advances the unusual Teutonic view that the "strategic retreat" at the Marne, and the failure to take Verdun must be counted as German defeats. He writes:

"Our first object was to overthrow France rapidly, and to compel her to make peace. As it was our interest rapidly to reduce the number of our enemies, this peace would probably have been very lenient for France. If we succeeded, we could then turn quickly, carry out the same military idea against Russia also, with the best prospect of success, and then, under favorable conditions, conclude the final peace with England, who would have been disarmed on the continent. This peace, also, like the first peace concluded with France, would have had to assume in high degree the character of a compromise, since we could not hope to overthrow England's naval supremacy."

"This whole programme, brilliantly begun, collapsed at the gates of Paris in the Battle of the Marne. This battle was not a tactical victory, but it was a great strategical success for the French. Perhaps our programme would not have collapsed if we had carried through our original strategical idea with perfect strictness, keeping our main forces firmly together, and, for the time, abandoning East Prussia."

Professor Meinecke says that the Battle of the Somme has led to the conviction in Germany that it is no longer possible for either side to arrive at a military decision "in the full peace-compelling sense," and that Germany's offer of peace arises from "the idea that the sacrifices demanded by the continuation of the war no longer bear any relation to the military results which can still be expected, and that it is statesmanlike, intelligent, and wise to abandon the intention of destruction, which after all does not lead to destruction, and to seek a reasonable compromise."

THE TWO VON MOLTKE.

In the December issue of MacLean's an article, from *The Literary Digest*, appeared in the Review of Reviews Department, in which the statement was made that Lieut.-Gen. Helmuth von Moltke, of the German army, was a Christian Scientist. In reference to this, G. R. Lowe, Ottawa, writes as follows:

"This has come presumably from some press reports in which he was mistaken for Count Helmuth von Moltke, who is a Christian Scientist. The former of these gentlemen was an uncle of the latter, and both of them were given the same name as their famous relative, the Field Marshal who gained renown in the Franco-Prussian War."

"It is true that the Germanic 'mysticism of the State' is opposed to the spiritual freedom and individuality which Christian Science inculcates, but notwithstanding the disadvantages of Government regulations barring all but members of the State Church or of the Roman Catholic Church from positions in the Civil Service, Christian Science has a foothold."

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Roosevelt's Plan for a Peace League

Suggests Outline of Rules and Rights To Be Established by a Tribunal of Civilized Powers.

IN SUBMITTING through the *Outlook* a plan for a world league for peace, Theodore Roosevelt admits that no man can venture to state the exact details that should be followed, but he believes that the following system would prove entirely workable if nations entered into it, with good faith, and if they treated their obligations under it in the spirit in which the United States treated its obligations as regards the independence of Cuba, giving good government to the Philippines, and building the Panama Canal; the same spirit in which England acted when the neutrality of Belgium was violated:

All the civilized Powers which are able and willing to furnish and to use force when force is required to back up righteousness—and only the civilized Powers who possess virile manliness of character and the willingness to accept risk and labor when necessary to the performance of duty are entitled to be considered in this matter—should join to create an international tribunal and to provide rules in accordance with which that tribunal should act. These rules would have to accept the *status quo* at some given period; for the endeavor to redress all historical wrongs would throw us back into chaos. They would lay down the rule that the territorial integrity of each nation was inviolate; that it was to be guaranteed absolutely its sovereign rights in certain particulars, including, for instance, the right to decide the terms on which immigrants should be admitted to its borders for purposes of residence, citizenship, or business; in short, all its rights in matters affecting its honor and vital interest. Each nation should be guaranteed against having any of these specified rights infringed upon. They would not be made arbitrable, any more than an individual's right to life and limb is made arbitrable; they would be mutually guaranteed. All other matters that could arise between these nations should be settled by the international court. The judges should act, not as national representatives, but purely as judges, and in any given case it would probably be well to choose them by lot, excluding, of course, the representatives of the Powers whose interests were concerned. Then, and most important, the nations should severally guarantee to use their entire military force, if necessary, against any nation which violated the decrees of the tribunal or which defied any of the rights which in the rules it was expressly stipulated should be reserved to the several nations, the rights to their territorial integrity and the like. Under such conditions—to make matters concrete—Belgium would be safe from any attack such as that made by Germany, and Germany would be relieved from the haunting fear its people now have lest the Russians and the French, backed by other nations, smash the Empire and its people.

In addition to the contracting Powers a certain number of outside nations should be named as entitled to the benefits of the court. These nations should be chosen from those which are as civilized and well behaved as the great contracting nations, but which, for some reason or other, are unwilling or unable to guarantee to help execute the decrees of the court by force. They would have no right to take part in the nomination of judges, for no other people are entitled to do anything toward establishing a court unless they are able and willing to face the risk, labor, and self-sacrifice necessary in order to put police power behind the court. But they would be treated with exact justice, and in the event of any one of the great contracting Powers

having trouble with one of them they would be entitled to go into court, have a decision rendered, and see the decision supported, precisely as in the case of a dispute between any two of the great contracting Powers themselves.

No Power should be admitted into the first circle, that of the contracting Powers, unless it is civilized, well behaved, and able to do its part in enforcing the decrees of the court. China, for instance, could not be admitted, nor could Turkey, although for different reasons; whereas such nations as Germany, France, England, Italy, Russia, the United States, Japan, Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, Uruguay, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Belgium would all be entitled to go in. If China continues to behave as well as it has during the last few years, it might soon go into the second line of Powers, which would be entitled to the benefits of the court, although not entitled to send judges to it. Mexico would, of course, not be entitled to admission at present into either circle. At present every European Power, with the exception of Turkey, would be so entitled; but sixty years ago the Kingdom of Naples, for instance, would not have been entitled to come in, and there are various South American communities which at the present time would not be entitled to come in; and, of course, this would at present be true of most independent Asiatic states and of all independent African states. The council should have power to exclude any nation which completely fell from civilization, as Mexico, partly with the able assistance of President Wilson's administration, has fallen during the past few years. There are various South and Central American states which have never been entitled to the consideration as civilized, orderly, self-respecting powers which would entitle them to be treated on terms of equality in the fashion indicated. As regards these disorderly and weak outsiders, it might well be that after a while some method would be devised to deal with them by common agreement of the civilized Powers; but until this was devised and put into execution, they would have to be left as at present.

Germany and South America

A Brazilian View of the Pangermanist Dream of Conquest.

EVEN after two years and six months of war, we find ourselves still but poorly acquainted with the German designs for universal conquest. Her plans for conquest in South America, and her scheme for settlement in that continent at the expense of South American Republics is another evidence of Pangermanism which is the real cause of the war. In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* we have an interesting glimpse of the Brazilian view of the situation.

"The conquest of South America by Germany," says the writer, "was certainly a most ambitious dream of William the Second. After having annihilated France and Russia, and established German hegemony over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Egypt, and Persia; after having seized in the West, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the North of France, starting from a line drawn from Belfort to Calais; and, in the East, the Baltic Provinces, Russian Poland, the Governments of Kovno, Grodno, and Vilna, the German Empire would indicate within her frontiers 4,015,000 square kilometres, and 204,000,000 inhabitants, so that she could raise an army of twenty millions or twenty-eight millions according to whether she raised soldiers at the rate of 10 per cent. or 14 per cent. of the whole population. Who would be able under these conditions to resist her? On the other hand, having confiscated the French Fleet and disposed of all the resources of the conquered countries, she could quickly



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build a powerful fleet superior to that of the British Empire. Who could then resist her on the sea? The world would then be at her mercy. Germany would only have to stretch out her hand to take possession of that which she coveted. She would then proceed to found in South America a German Colony destined to rival the great Anglo-Saxon power of the North."

Quoting from Prof. Tannenber, the article states that German South America will procure for Germany in the temperate zone a territory for colonisation where emigrants will be able to settle as agriculturists. Chili and Argentina will keep their language and autonomy, but the teaching of German as a second language should be enforced in the schools. Southern Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay would be the countries for German culture, and German should be there the national language.

Of all the South American countries, that which has the greatest number of Germans is Brazil. Their number is estimated at 450,000. This number is relatively small; however, it should not by any means serve as an argument to those who deny the German danger. The peril, as I have shown with abundant and explicit quotations, arises from the ambitions of the German Government more than from the German colonists, whose numbers are small compared with the 27,000,000 inhabitants of the Brazilian nation.

However, if the Brazilian Government is not more active in the future than it has been in the past in the work of nationalization, this refractory population may form in a few years, by its rapid increase, a State with aspirations for independence. This peril can only be averted by the vigilance of the Brazilian Government.

To allow the Germans to colonize in great numbers in the South, where the Brazilian population is scarce, and to form groups where the German element predominates, was grave negligence. The evil is not irreparable. If energetic steps are taken to mitigate it forthwith.

Since the beginning of the war says the correspondent, I have often happened to meet people who believed that the feeling of the South American was in sympathy with the Germans, and that because they had vaguely heard of the influence of Germans in South America. The contrary is the truth. It is certain that there are still some Germanophiles in South America, but their numbers, already very small, diminish from day to day. The behaviour of the Germans in this war has caused great indignation in all the Republics of South America. This is natural when one thinks that South America is Spanish and Portuguese by origin and tradition, and has become French by culture. French writers have had a considerable influence at all times. The writers from the "Encyclopédie," Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Condorcet, conveyed political thought to South American politicians. *L'Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu is, in certain of the American Republics, a species of political Bible. The contemporary French writers are immensely appreciated. Most of the scientific books for the universities and for private circulation come from France. It has been said that Paris is the intellectual capital of South Americans, and that is very true. To the influence of French thought is added the influence of North American politics; the first Constitutions of South America show this double influence. As for England, although less known than France, whose literature and ideas are more easily assimilated, she has in South America great financial and commercial prestige. Everywhere to-day South Americans practise English sports. English is taught in most of the schools, and more than one Brazilian writer has asked that education should be organized on the principle of English schools, whose principal aim is to make men. The English race is admired for its qualities of enterprise and energy, although several traits of English character are not generally understood in South America.

German influence is more recent, but latterly her prestige had much increased. Referring to the United States of America, M. Chéradame has written: "Before the war, for different reasons, the Allied countries were

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not held in such high esteem in the United States of America as Germany, whose intense commercial and industrial activity had won for her a very great prestige." This could be applied to South America in a certain measure. "However, since the commencement of hostilities, opinion is shown to be growing against Germany. Peru and Chili avoid more and more the German Empire. In Argentina the pro-Allies movement is also growing rapidly. But it is especially in Brazil, whose southern part is coveted by the Germans, that the evolution of ideas is particularly interesting to trace."

At Rio de Janeiro, since the beginning of hostilities, there has been formed an influential pro-Allies League, organized by the most distinguished literary men in Brazil. This League is particularly active.

In a recent conference, Senhor R. Barbosa expressed the unanimous feeling of the league when he declared that the United States had given a fatal blow to their glory and to their destiny, in not protesting against the invasion of Belgium and the methodical and radical 'laceration' of the Hague Convention. "They have lost a unique opportunity," he said, "of securing the first rank among nations, and of being arbiters for restoration of peace." We shall regret one day having given to the word "neutrality" such an absurd interpretation. The smallest State could give the example. It was not the want of being great, like the United States, that prevented us taking such an initiative. Brazil should have been able to take it without presumption or risk. I should like to see our well-loved country assume this honor, which has been declined by other stronger Governments.

Woman in the Industries

How Far Can She Go and What Does Her Presence There Mean?

SINCE labor conditions have forced employers to put women and girls to work at tasks formerly closed to them, and which it would never have been suggested in ordinary times they were capable of performing, new facts have come to light regarding the efficiency of women's work in the industries. A leading automobile manufacturer who has entrusted to women the task of assembling, of all wiring, primer systems and switch apparatus, the inspection of pistons and all other small parts, and the operation of drill presses and other light metal working machines, declares with practically all other manufacturers who have been obliged to employ women for men's work, that he would not willingly return to the old regime.

This is not due to direct financial considerations, as is so often the case where women replace men in clerical work, for in this instance, at least, the women are paid the same wages or piece rates as were the men. The statement is made without reserve, that for all manner of skilled labor requiring close application, great accuracy and considerable manual ability, but no extreme physical strength, women are superior to men. They turn out more work and better work, in a given time. Following up this case the *Scientific American* says:

We are not psychologists, and do not pretend to be able to account for this. We do not know to what extent the claim is justified that labor unionism makes for deterioration of individual work. We believe that the labor union, under ordinary conditions, affords the worker who is naturally inclined to "soldiering" more scope for the exercise of his talents in that direction than he would have under the

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old system of stricter individual accountability to the employer. But the importance of this factor would depend upon the proportion of such workers, and consideration of this point would promptly lead us back to the initial statement of this paragraph.

It may be, of course, that the observed difference in favor of woman is due to the novelty of her new employments, and that in time she will wear down to the level of the men. Time alone can tell this. It is suggested, on the other hand, that woman is actually an inherently better worker than man. An even stronger probability is that she is a more conscientious one. We know of an errand girl, hired because boys were not to be had, who covers regularly in less than an hour a route from which her boy predecessors seldom if ever returned in less than two hours. In this particular case, if the novelty element were to enter at all it would seem that it should make for reduced efficiency through greater interest in the sight-seeing aspect of the job.

Another suggestion which we have heard is that the trend of modern industrial development is such as to remove from most operations the strength factor in which the male excels, substituting therefor the skill factor in which, according to the hypothesis, the female has the advantage. If this view be actually justified, it is plain that we are moving toward an unparalleled economic upheaval. In any event, if woman shall ultimately be able only to compete with man on an equal basis in a large number of occupations formerly closed to her, the effect will be fundamental. The working out of the entire situation both here and abroad will be well worth watching.

Canadian Club in San Francisco

ORGANIZED a year and a half ago, the Canadian Club of San Francisco has prospered and grown to a membership of two hundred and fifty active men engaged in various lines of business in the city.

The club idea among members of the local Canadian colony is traced back to 1902. At that time a number of young Canadians organized a lacrosse association for the purpose of introducing Canada's national game into California in the hope of having various athletic clubs and colleges of the State take up the pastime and develop expert players.

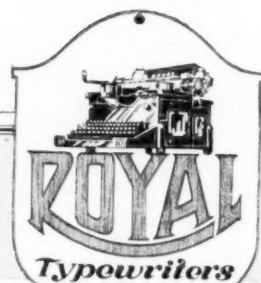
The efforts of the leaders were rewarded by the organization of several teams, and for several years a regular schedule was maintained. Two premier teams of Canada, the Shamrocks of Montreal and a Vancouver team visited San Francisco at the invitation of the local colony and a series of games was played with the California teams.

Eventually, however, the teams disbanded, but the relationships created were maintained and it was in this need for a medium of bringing local Canadians together that the club idea had its inception. This was particularly manifested in July, 1915, when Canadian newspapers were starting funds to provide tobacco for Canadian soldiers fighting in France.

There were a number of local Canadians who felt a desire to participate in this movement, but the lack of a medium of communication with other members of the colony around the bay prevented any concerted movement until several of the more ambitious began a well-defined campaign for the organization of a social club.

The rooms are furnished in the best of club taste and breathe a distinctive Canadian atmosphere. Among other things to remind one of the home of yesterday are Canadian flags and the flags of the Canadian provinces, lacrosse sticks and portraits of the King and Queen.

Membership to the club is restricted to men of Canadian birth only living in San Francisco and vicinity. The purpose of the club is to afford a common meeting place for Canadians, where they may get together for social affairs and keep alive the memories of the land of the maple leaf. The club also expects to assist young Canadians coming here



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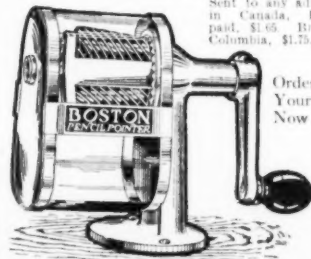
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with the intention of making this their home. That the social propaganda of the club will be a success, is assured from the popularity which marked the first annual banquet given by the club on the anniversary of the Confederation of the Canadian provinces into what is known as the Dominion of Canada. This affair was held at the Commercial Club in this city and was attended by some of the most prominent members of the local colony.

The following telegram was sent to Premier Borden on the night of the banquet: "The Canadian Club of San Francisco at its first annual banquet on Dominion Day extends its heartiest greetings to our fellow Canadians in Canada, and especially to those who are fighting so valiantly for the principles dear to the people of the empire and civilization at large."

The clubrooms are open at all times and J. J. Turner, assistant secretary, is on hand to welcome visitors. Strangers within the city drop in from time to time, and by means of a big roster of members on view in this office these visitors are frequently reunited with old friends and acquaintances. It is estimated that there are approximately 10,000 Canadians in this section of California, and it is the hope of the club to make itself a living influence in this colony of 10,000.

Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 36.

friendliness by having a swig of Adam's ale out of that pitcher. Hospitality has its rules, and the rule for a visitor is that he's got to drink what his host shoves him."

"But he ain't got to drink what his landlord shoves him," was the snarling reply.

"Oh, shut up, guzzler," rapped out Minden. "This is my tavern, an' because 'Liza Finley is your sister, and because she's part of this concern, I'm for treating you like a bidden guest. So drink the water, Bob, then'll come the lager, if you got to have it."

THE HALF-SOBERED man was in a perverse mood. He had a feeling that Minden was afraid of him. Therefore, he would turn the screw. He had tortured many an animal just to see it helplessly resisting his malice, and he had tortured some men; but never had he had a chance to torture as big a man-animal as this, and one of the notorieties of the country.

"You'll give me what I want when I want it, or you'll get what you don't want when you don't want it," he snarled. "You want nothin' said about your being the father of Cora Finley, eh! Well, I can spoil her just for the price of one bottle of lager. I can take the pride out of the silly, stuck-up daughter of a burglar."

He had gone too far. With the flat of his hand Minden struck him in the face, and he fell back on the sofa with a bleeding mouth.

Minden's impulse had been too swift and overpowering to check, and he had given way to it with every dormant passion of his life storming his senses. In a swift reaction, however, he controlled himself, and muttered a broken prayer, incongruous as it was.

As Struthers raised himself again, with a bleeding mouth, Minden caught a big handkerchief from his pocket and tossed it over, saying quietly:

"Keep my girl out of it, you swab. P'raps she got out of your way as you

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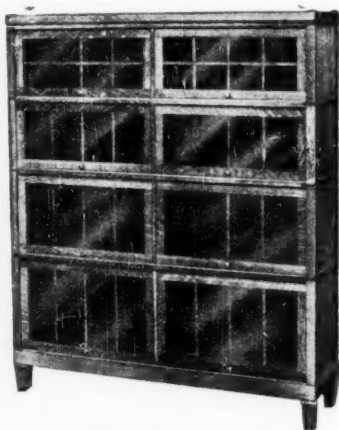


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passed; p'raps she looked down on you, eh? Well, a drunken hog in his wallow is apt to turn the stomach. Go on, use that handkerchief. Don't think because I'm converted and jined the church that I ain't a man any longer. Bob Struthers, I'm a Christian, but I certainly will have to kill you if you mention my girl's name in any way except respectful. You've surely got off your head. Here, you drink this water"—he got the pitcher and glass from the table — "here, you drink this water, and don't try to bluff me, because I've got just as much man in me as I ever had, an' there's a point where I'm not going to check it. Drink now—drink, I tell you! It'll do you good."

IN THEIR boyhood days Minden had always been the master and Struthers had knuckled down to him. His tractability, however, had ever been measured by the amount of physical punishment he received.

"That swat in the gob was like old times, wasn't it?" continued Minden with the smile which had been on his face when Struthers waked.

"Christian! You!" responded the now quite sobered man. "Christian! You've got as much devil in you as you allus had. It's bred in the bone — the rest's only make-believe. Your grandfather was a local preacher, an' the strain of it's in you; but it's only your grandfather haunting you; it ain't real. Shucks! You ain't goin' to stick it out. You'll go back to the old game, all right. Why, I might as well try to drink that swash every day"—he pointed to the almost empty pitcher of water—"instead of whiskey or lager. I keep goin' back to it, an' you'll go back. Talk about bein' saved, when every day you live's a lie! You're only figurin' to be good, 'cause you want your daughter to think a lot of you. Can't I see! I didn't know you when you was ten years old for nothin', old non-such."

Minden was now back again in his chair at the table, master of himself, with a friendly look in his face, and his mind well-controlled.

"I guess there's some truth in what you say, Robert Simeon Struthers," he conceded. "I may backslide; but all the more reason I shouldn't let my girl know who I am. I've been running straight quite a while, and I've had a lot of comfort out of gettin' religion. I haven't wanted to do what I used to do. I been happy and respected, I been of use—yes, I been of use. I been workin' for other people, doin' somethin' for them, and—"

STRUTHERS was a mongrel cur naturally, and his life had made him a ruthless brute. If anybody could handle him it was Minden, who had lorded it over him in days long gone, but in his weasel eyes now the Brute was alive, the under-world, the jungle thing.

"Well, you can do something for me if you're out for doing good," he said. "I ain't had any luck any time. Nothing I ever done come out right. The world owed me a living, an' hasn't ever paid it. So, you got to pay it now. You got a lot of money that don't belong to you; an' I got a hold on you. I got a loose tongue; an' I can't control it without a gold bridle an' bit. I got to be paid."

Minden nodded contemptuously. "Yes, I know, I know all that, man alive. You're a dirty dog, of course; you always was. I used to thrash you, way back; but I

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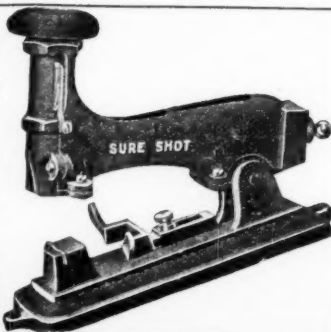
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oughter have killed you. Well, I've swatted your mouth to-day, an' I don't mind paying you now to keep your dirty mouth shut. What's your price, skunk?"

Struthers was taken aback. He had thought there would be storm and trouble, but that in the end Minden would see there was nothing else to do but to grunt and pay.

He made his shot at once, however. "What I want—what I want—is a home; bed and board an' enough cash to get my drink across the street, if I can't have it here. 'Liza Finley's my sister. She's in clover, an' she ought to let me be in grass."

"Get down to business," said Minden sharply. "You want your bed, your board and some cash. How much cash do you think would buy your beer?"

"I want five dollars a week and bed and board—that's my offer."

Minden shook his head. "You couldn't live here. This is a temperance tavern run on Christian lines, an' you'd go on getting' drunk. I'm not proposing to keep you here, though it'd be cheaper. You could have the money to board and lodge somewhere else, an' you could have the five dollars a week, but you'd have to keep out of this place when you was drunk. I'd like to put it to you though, whether you could settle in Askatoon an' be satisfied? You've been travelin' a long time—d'you think the one long street of this place is enough for you? There's a heap of prejudice in this town. What would you think of goin' somewhere else? Did you never think you'd like to try Australia? There's a lot of toughs like you over there."

THE WEASEL eyes almost closed with avarice, but they caught sight of Minden's face, and the light in them flickered. This Bill Minden was different from the Bill Minden he used to know; this Bill Minden appeared to have a farther reach. There was something uncanny about him, in spite of his smile; something that made Struthers afraid. His head twitched; it was as though something had taken possession of his nerves.

"Travelin' costs money," he stammered. "You want to get rid of me; you don't want me here, and so you begin to—"

"Of course I don't want you here. I never could tell what you mightn't do when you got drunk. Then, if you split, I might forget I was saved, an' kill you. That's why I'd like to see you hunch away to Australia. They drink kerosene in the back-blocks there 'stead of whiskey. You've got strange tastes, an' that'd suit you. What do you think you'd take an' go? There's a boat leavin' Vancouver day after to-morrow. I'll take you over to Vancouver. I'll see you off."

The cunning eyes widened a little now. "How much are you givin' me for that, if I go? I got a lot of rheumatism these days. I can't work like I used to."

Minden waved a hand of scorn. "Work! You never done any work at all. Somebody else always worked for you—chiefly women. That's all the more reason why you should get out among the aborigines an' live in a black-fellow's camp. You could live a long time on three thousand dollars an' your passage-money. Does that look all right to you?"

The weasel eyes opened wider in spite of themselves. The vision of innumerable bottles of lager beer and many

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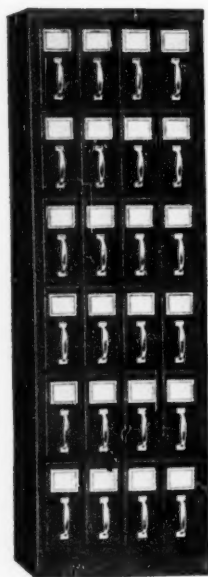
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a drunken and lascivious day passed before the vision of the brute.

He got on his feet. "I guess I could about do it for that," he conceded.

"Well, as you can do it for that," responded Minden, "then you'll see how fair I am when I tell you that I'm goin' to give you three thousand five hundred dollars an' your passage-money."

"You can afford it," returned the other, with sudden swagger in his bearing. "I'll tell you in a week or so what I'll do. I want to rest awhile first."

Minden's voice hardened. "I guess not. I can afford it this week, but I mightn't be able to afford it in a week or so," was the dry answer.

"You're goin' to leave to-night at eleven, by the express," he continued, "an' I'm going with you. On the steamer 'Mopoke' I'll hand you the cash."

"I got to get some beer right away," answered the other in acquiescence, "an' I'm hungry too."

Minden barred his way to the door. "You can't have a drop of beer in this house, an' you've got to stay here till the train starts. You've got to do without your beer till eleven o'clock; then you can have a full bottle on the train. If what I propose ain't worth while, you can light out now, an' you'll get nothin'; an' then if I happen to forget myself, I'll spoil you. If you hurt my girl I'd find you—religion or no religion—I'd find you if you was in Patagonia. Which are you taking on—to do without your beer, or to have the other? Put it up to me now or never."

With a muttered oath Struthers turned to the table, and seized a water-bottle.

"Gimme something to eat," he said.

To be continued.

Centre of Gravity

Continued from page 28.

the plunjin' of his horse, he couldn't seem to shoot straight.

Just as he was cussin' the beast, said piebald fell into a hole and threw him clean over his head. He got snow up his sleeves an' down his neck an' connected with a Crotty bullet at junction of his left arm an' the main line, said bullet shatterin' said shoulder pretty bad. With his arm dangle an' floppin' about foolish, Kerry stumbled on through the snow, pumpin' lead with his good hand, his teeth set tight an' his eyes glitterin' some determined. Final the outlaw gets tired dodgin' the bullets an' absorbs one for a change, said absorption knockin' him clean down the hill.

By this time Joe was out on the drift, bein' too busy talkin' to his friend to note minor details. It doesn't take much to start a slide sometimes, an' down she went, fillin' gulch some more, burying the Crotty gang complete an' givin' Kerry a ride that was some swift an' cool.

Posse found him against the rocks, lookin' as if he was through with this mundane sphere. They lifted him onto a saddle blanket an' carried him down to the road where Sally Lane was as bust up mentally as he was physically. She'd have flung her arms around him an' sat rockin' him back and forth till he was a sure 'nough goner, if we'd let her, an' she had sobs all over her only she kep' 'em concealed as well as she could.

CONSIDERIN' as I liked the boy a heap an' him lyin' there hob-nobbin' with Old Cold-Deck, it was queer the feelin' o' gladness that came over me. An' when they took the boy into Sally Lane's own little room off the schoolhouse, even though Doc. only give him one chance in a hundred, I figgered this was one time when a long-shot was due to win.

I was sure right. Nobody could have died under the lovin' care that girl bestowed on that sick boy. When Joe Kerry come out o' the fever an' found out where he was an' who was holdin' his hand and so forth, he thought at first he had taken again to the Demon Rum, an' that his upper stoep was some haunted by sad echoes o' the Past. But when he finally come to —

Well, this not bein' no moonlight-on-the-river effect an' me not havin' kissed a girl for some years an' the whole blame thing bein' nobody's business anyway, this is where self-respectin' words just nacherally clogs up, an' sits right down, fagged out complete.

All I know is that Joe Kerry's three thousand in the bank had changed to twenty-three thousand, him gettin' the reward for Jim Crotty, which same didn't upset his stand-in with the boys so's you'd notice it. I closed up the old "Silver Dollar" in honor o' the weddin', which went off faster an' louder'n the biggest funeral in the history of Clover Bar.

"Andy," says the boy, callin' me aside just before he mounts the trail wagon. "Andy," he says, "you're right an' I'm sure converted. Yours truly ain't pinin' for anythin' but sunshine an' flowers from now on. I ain't got no more use for a hoodoo, an' I'm handin' you that just when said hoodoo is busted an' canterin' along peaceful."

"For you know, Andy," he says, "come to think of it, there's been a lot o' things happenin' round here recent."

Shall We Slay the Senate?

Continued from page 31.

former will do to the Senate as they did to the House of Lords when the Reform Bill had to be carried—namely, create enough Senators to get over a deadlock. In fact Alexander Mackenzie once proposed that very thing, but he did not get his way. The Borden Government holds the Senate more sacred. Although it has at this moment six Senators up its sleeve, so to speak—being the extra six that the West is entitled to owing to the growth of that part of the country—it refuses to make the appointments until after the next general election when the House of Commons will also receive an addition of a dozen members as awarded by law and the last decennial census.

AN APPOINTIVE system I contend, which leaves the Senate open to fears and tremblings, to inequities of distribution and to party guile which loads it up with a hostile majority that must embarrass the next government in power for years to come—such a system, I repeat, is thoroughly wrong. It is so wrong that the House of Commons has debated it several times with a view to changing it

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either by making the Senate elective or abolishing it altogether. The House of Commons, by the way, is always willing to divert attention from itself by reforming the Senate. Such discussions are purely academic and generally take place when Satan can find no other mischief for an idle House of Commons to do.

Looking up the records I find that statesmen on both sides of the House have been deeply interested in this matter. In 1874 David Mills, M.P., moved that the Senate be made elective—lost on division. In 1906 McIntyre, M.P., moved that it be made appointive for fifteen years—debate adjourned. In 1908 McIntyre, M.P., moved that the Senate be abolished. So did Lancaster, M.P., in 1909, 1910 and 1911. Debate adjourned in each case—so far, no farther.

In the session of 1909 was witnessed the curious spectacle of the Senate discussing its own possible metamorphosis on the motion of Senator Sir Robert Scott to make the Upper Chamber elective. The Senate debated the question with its usual candor and disregard of results—the Senate for reasons inherent in its nature discusses nearly every public question with more frankness than the Commons—but no vote was taken. At no stage of the game did the Senate view the subject with alarm—it knows too well where it stands.

THE appointive system, it will be seen, has stood up against argument pretty well and the appointive system is the right one if the proper authority makes the appointments. To my mind the Federal Government is not the proper authority. As the present system works out each administration leaves a Senate majority to act as a stumbling block to its successor. It is the existence of hostile Senates which leads Governments to ask why the spirit of mortals should be proud. It can't be proud with pins like that sticking in it. When Alexander Mackenzie became Premier the Senate was fifteen against him. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier came in in 1896 there were only thirteen Liberals in the Senate. In the course of fifteen years Sir Wilfrid appointed eighty-one Senators and when he went out in 1911 he left a Liberal majority of thirty-nine in the Upper Chamber to keep Premier Borden from feeling too gay. Just to show how Father Time does his gleaming let me state that the thirty-nine Liberal majority has disappeared in five years and now Premier Borden has three Senators on the credit side.

If the Senate is ever to be more than a thorn in the flesh for successive Governments the appointing power must be taken away from Ottawa and handed over to the various Legislatures to whom it properly belongs. Anybody with half an eye can see that this is the fair and reasonable way to do it. Not only would it tend to confirm the power of the provinces and establish a juster balance between provincial and federal rights, but it would more nearly reflect shades of public opinion as they exist from time to time in the various parts of Canada. As things stand the Government at Ottawa may be, let us say, Conservative and be persistently coloring the Senate to that hue while two-thirds of the provincial governments are Liberal. Or it may be the other way about. In either case the Senate is not doing what the B.N.A. Act intended—namely, holding the scales even as between province and dominion.

CONSIDERING its handicaps the Senate has come out of the struggle fairly well. It is not a bad Senate as Senates go. It has not developed caste, as some Fathers of Confederation feared it would. It has remained common clay like the rest of us. It is not a copy of the House of Lords—if it were it would display more ability. Neither is it an imitator of the United States Senate—if it were it would be more a slave to capital than it is now. As Touchstone says, it is a poor thing but our own. It is as good a Senate as circumstances permit and it can be as much better as we want it to be. It is not a snobbish Senate, nor a corrupt one, nor a servile one. In fact it has a lot of neutral virtues on which we can begin work.

In its fifty years' existence the Senate has deteriorated somewhat in quality. The first batch of Senators included the members of the old Legislative Councils in the four federated provinces and provided a high class of men. Since then the standard has slipped a little—which was to be expected when Senatorships are given not for merit but for party service. The ideal Senate would be a moral and intellectual oligarchy, but I cannot remember any Senatorships that were awarded on that basis. Money is honored often enough, but intellect gets the cold shoulder. I can recall only one Senator who got a look in because he was a follower of the muses—and he was a personal friend of Sir Wilfrid's and could not be overlooked. The Senate would be all the better for a strong leaven of doctrinaires and literary men.

HAVING appointed our new Senate on the fifteen-year-full-bodily health-with-plenty-of-brains plan, what is the next thing that ought to be done to it? Give it more work. The Senate spends most of its time now adjourning. It works two days and adjourns ten. Life is thus one long series of hiatuses. In the intervals the Senate has time to grow soft. The seeds of decay are sown. One rusts out so much quicker than one wears out. It is a great pity. It is not the Senate's fault. It is the fault of the system.

Under the Act of Union there was a Legislative Council for Upper and Lower Canada and in eight years prior to 1857 that Legislative Council rejected 325 bills from the Lower House—forty bills a session. Some Senate that! It gave itself some work to do. Not so our present Senate. It gets no chance. It cannot initiate money or revenue bills and it doesn't seem to care to initiate anything else. How could it have under the present conditions? It has a high duty to perform as a check on hasty legislation, but when it performs it there is always a tremendous outcry followed by threats on the part of the populace to cut its heart out. The Senate has no encouragement. It stops perhaps one bill a year and gets nothing but abuse for it.

Rude persons make a mock of the Senate's trances and to wake it up suggest quelling bees, spelling matches and Friday afternoon debates on subjects like this: "Resolved that Sir Sam Hughes is a greater general than the Duke of Wellington." But it is not the Senate that is to blame if gossip, tobacco and a little mild conspiracy of a somewhat toothless sort, are its sole occupation. It is up to the British North America Act to give the Senate something more to do than to tell

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smoking room stories and compare asthmas. The British North America Act cannot be amended too soon. There should be a special clause providing that the Senate shall never have less than two Cabinet Ministers in its midst and both of them with portfolios.

With these changes I am persuaded that we would soon have a brisk up-to-date, cheerful, industrious and efficient Senate of which any country might be proud. There is, I take it, no immediate danger that the Senate will be either elected or abolished. To make any changes in the Senate not only must the Senate agree, but also the House of Commons, the nine provincial legislatures, and the British Parliament. The Senate may consent to revive itself by adopting a reasonable appointive system, but it will never commit suicide. That is a safe bet.

The Motor Roads of Canada

Continued from page 26.

tem. The net result is that Quebec is far in the van of other Canadian provinces, having as a matter of fact more permanently-improved highways than all the other provinces put together.

The longest and most notable highway in the province is that extending along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River from Montreal to Quebec City, known as the Montreal-Quebec road. It was completed only last year, but already it has been traversed by thousands of motorists, who are loud in their praises of its beauties. The route is particularly attractive below Quebec, where the country becomes rougher and the road, in consequence, more winding in character.

The King Edward VII. Highway running south from Montreal to the International boundary at Rouse's Point, affords a means of access to Quebec for American tourists and an outlet for Quebec motorists on tour to the United States. It was the first of Quebec's improved highways and its popularity is attested by the fact that during the touring season an average of between six and seven hundred cars a day pass over it. The road is excellent but, from the scenic standpoint, it is not to be compared with the Montreal-Quebec highway, the country traversed being flat and rather uninteresting.

THERE was practically completed last fall a road running south from Levis, opposite the City of Quebec, to the boundary of Maine, known as the Levis-Jackman road. It is ninety miles in length and in its course it traverses a wild and broken country, strikingly picturesque in character. With the completion of this road and the Montreal-Quebec road, the province possesses a single stretch of continuous highway, 25 miles in length, starting at Rouse's Point, passing through Montreal and Quebec, and ending at Jackman in the State of Maine.

The fourth Quebec highway, which to some minds is even more beautiful than any of the other three, extends from Sherbrooke, the chief city of the Eastern Townships, to the international boundary at Derby, Vermont, where it connects with a road to Newport at the southern ex-



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tremity of Lake Memphremagog. It passes in its course, Lake Massawippi, one of the most beautiful lakes in the Townships and a famous resort for summer tourists. That road, which is 32 miles in length, was completed in 1915 and has proved immensely popular.

Apart from the four provincial highways, the province has several other roads, of more or less satisfactory quality, which can be followed by motorists with pleasure. In the environs of Montreal itself, there are now numerous excellent highways with fine scenic possibilities. One of them, known as the Point Fortune-Montreal Road, extends as far as Point Fortune on the Ottawa River at the inter-provincial boundary and there forms a connection with the Ontario system of roads.

An alternative route from Montreal to Rouse's Point is provided by the old International Highway, which many motorists prefer to the King Edward Highway. Instead of striking direct across country, it runs over to St. John's and thence continues up the valley of the Richelieu River to the boundary. The scenery is much finer than along the King Edward Highway, while the road is very little inferior in quality to the new road. The two routes combined make possible an interesting round trip.

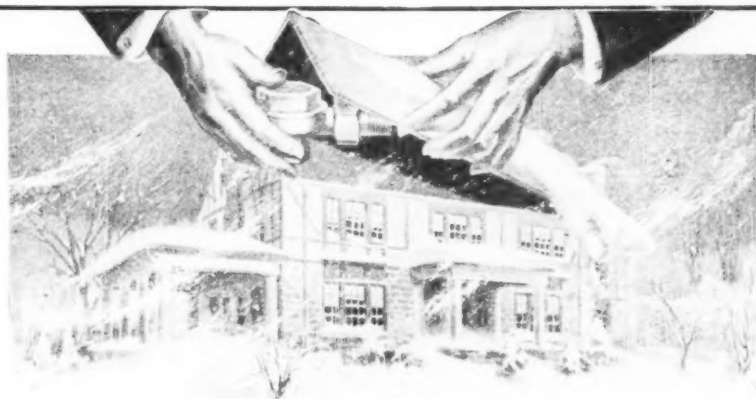
There is much charming scenery to be found in the Eastern Townships and a trip from Montreal to Sherbrooke, with side jaunts to picturesque corners in the district, is one of the choicest attractions that the province can offer. The run to Sherbrooke is just a trifle under a hundred miles in length. Leaving Montreal, the main route runs via St. Lambert and Longueuil to Chambly on the Richelieu River, thence across to Rougemont and on through Granby, Waterloo, Eastman and Magog to Sherbrooke, passing Lake Orford, Lake Memphremagog and Lake Magog on the way.

From Granby a beautiful trip can be made to Brome Lake, around to Knowlton and on to Sutton through a thickly wooded country, with idyllic glimpses of water from time to time. Or one may turn aside at Magog and cross country to North Hatley on Lake Massawippi, connecting there with the main highway from Sherbrooke to Newport.

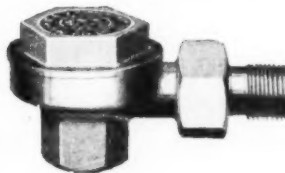
BUT OF all trips out of Montreal that North to Ste. Agathe in the Laurentian Mountains is the grandest. It involves a run of about 64 miles. The road is fairly good and the scenery is magnificent, being mountainous, with a wealth of wild, romantic views.

There are several good roads in the district around Quebec, both on the north and south sides of the St. Lawrence. On the north an attractive run is possible through Charlesbourg to Lake Beauport, while on the south a good road extends eastward through Beaumont, Berthier, St. Thomas and L'Islet to the settlements lower down the River.

The trip has been made by motor, both down the south shore of the St. Lawrence and across the State of Maine, to New Brunswick, but the experience of those who have attempted it has not been encouraging. For general purposes, the Maritime Provinces are pretty well cut off from Upper Canada, unless the motorist makes a long detour through New England or else takes his car across the Bay of Fundy by boat. Yet once landed



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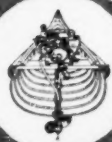
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within the borders of the Atlantic provinces, the possibilities for touring are good and, while there are as yet no permanent provincial highways, such as those in Quebec, road improvement is being very generally carried on, with the result that there are now many miles of very fair roads in this part of the Dominion.

There are two Canadian routes to New Brunswick. One is east from Rivière du Loup, Que., to Campbelltown, N.B., following the course of the Intercolonial Railway pretty closely. The other is south from Rivière du Loup to Edmundston, following the route of the Temiscouata Railway. At Campbellton, the former connects with the main road along the south shore of the Bay of Chaleur to Bathurst, thence across to Chatham and so down the Gulf shore to Shediac and Moncton. The latter crosses the St. John River at Edmundston and follows its west bank south through Grand Falls, Woodstock and Fredericton to St. John. This valley road is one of the finest in New Brunswick, particularly south of Woodstock, and the scenery is most attractive.

From St. John a popular run is to St. Andrew's and thence to St. Stephen's, where connection with the road system of the State of Maine is made. The section from St. George to St. Andrew's around Passamaquoddy Bay is particularly fine, the shore being girt with towering granite hills and the Bay itself dotted with beautiful islands. From St. Andrew's to St. Stephen's the drive is along the picturesque banks of the St. Croix River.

TO REACH Nova Scotia, the motorist will have to follow the beautiful valley of the Kennebecasis River, passing through such charming towns as Rothesay, Hampton and Sussex; then cross to and descend the valley of the Petitcodiac River as far as Moncton. From this point the main road continues east through Sackville and Amherst, thence along the shore of the Straits of Northumberland to Truro and so into Halifax.

The most attractive tour in Nova Scotia and one that is being taken yearly by increasing numbers of tourists is that through the famous Evangeline county. Starting, say, from Halifax, the road follows the general course of the Dominion Atlantic Railway to Windsor. It then proceeds through Hantsport, to Wolfville and Kentville, in the heart of the Land of Evangeline, and on down the Annapolis Valley, through Annapolis Royal to Digby. From Digby to Yarmouth there is a splendid road skirting the shore of the Bay of Fundy, while, with Yarmouth as a centre, there are many attractive tours possible through the western counties. The run back to Halifax via the beautiful South Shore Route through Shelburne, Liverpool and Chester is one rich in scenic attractions.

There are tours that may be taken from Truro to New Glasgow and Pictou and on to Antigonish and from Halifax east along the south shore to Musquodoboit, Sheet Harbor and Sherbrooke, both of which bring the motorist in touch with scenes peculiar to the sea shore and the life of the hardy inhabitants of the blue-nose province. Owing to its variety of scenery and climate, Nova Scotia will make a strong appeal to the motorist. It already boasts many miles of excellent roads and the number of these will soon be largely augmented.

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The Gun Brand

Continued from page 21.

through her veins fumed the ferine blood of her paleolithic forbears. What is life but proof of the fitness to live? Death, but defeat?

ON RUSHED the scow, leaping, crashing from wave to wave, into the northern night. And, as it rushed, and leaped, and crashed it bore two women, their garments touching, but between whom interposed a whole world of creeds and fabrics.

Suddenly, Chloe sensed a change. The scow no longer leaped and crashed, and the roar of the rapids grew faint. No longer the form of Vermilion appeared couchant, tense; and, among the scowmen, one laughed. Chloe drew a deep breath, and a slight shudder shook her frame. She glanced about her in bewilderment, and, reaching swiftly down, raised the inert form of Harriet Penny and rested it gently against her knees.

The darkness of night had settled upon the river. Stars twinkled overhead. The high, scrub-timbered shore loomed formless and black, and the flat bottom of the scow rasped harshly on gravel. Vermilion leaped ashore, followed by the scowmen, and Chloe assisted Big Lena with the still unconscious form of Harriet Penny. As if by magic, fires flared out upon the shingle, and in an incredibly short time the girl found herself seated upon her bed-roll inside her mosquito-barred tent of balloon silk. The older woman had revived and lay, a dejected heap, upon her blankets, and out in front Big Lena was stooping over a fire. Beyond, upon the gravel, the fires of the scowmen flamed red, and threw wavering reflections upon the black water of the river.

Chloe was seized with a strange unrest. The sight of Harriet Penny irritated her. She stepped from the tent and filled her lungs with great drafts of the spruce-laden night-breeze that wafted gently out of the mysterious dark and rippled the surface of the river until little waves slapped softly against the shore in tiny whisperings of the unknown—whisperings that called, and were understood by the new awakened self within her.

Continued on page 88.

In the next instalment of this strong serial story, "Brute" McNair appears on the scene. McNair is the biggest figure in the north country — an independent trader with a tremendous influence over the Indians and trappers. The interest quickens with the appearance of the Brute and continues to grow until the climax of the story is reached.

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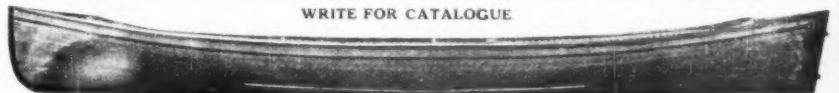
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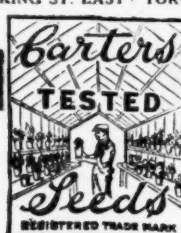
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IT HAS been said of the suburbs of certain Canadian cities that they are the most beautiful in the world—to drive through. There is rather a fine qualification of praise in this when we remember that these suburbs are colonies of homes, not public parks. They are not for the man who "drives through," but for the man who stays there, and for his wife and sons and daughters—yet the streets are the most attractive part of them. The new ideal is to make the whole lot, from the front to the back lane, a place of pride and beauty for the family.

From an artistic view-point, any house requires a certain amount of garden treatment to make its presence on the face of the earth anything but an impertinence. Even if it is the central point of interest in the grounds, but is permitted to stand up bleak and naked from an expanse of gravel or turf it will always wear an air of aloofness from the garden picture. The first care of the designer, therefore, should be to fill in the angles about the house either with shrubbery, or by planting borders against the house wall.

The next step in making the garden plan is to design a border. This deserves more space than is usually allowed. The narrow strips of border so often seen skirting the fences of small-lot gardens are practically useless for flower culture. A width of six feet is not too much for the principal border and it should, if possible, be in full sun. A charming border can be made by planting the flowers with a background of shrubbery, or if space is too limited for this, a narrow border of shrubbery may be made on one side of the lawn or path, as the case may be, and a complementary flower border on the other side. Without being formal the two give an effect of balance to the garden. If the grounds are fairly large, the border may be laid out to let little extensions run out into the grass plot, thus increasing the flower space, and giving a pleasing "irregularity." Shady places, like the foot of a southern boundary fence may be planted with a border of ferns, lily-of-the-valley, or a multitude of other plants that thrive without much sun.

It seems almost contrary to sacred tradition to say a word against the planting of trees, but trees are exacting both above and below the ground, and all other growth must wait on them and keep its distance. Also, while they form the pillars of a landscape garden, they cannot, in close quarters, take the place in perspective which should be theirs, and since the streets in residential sections of our towns and cities are usually well shaded, both shade and ornamental trees had better be used sparingly in the private grounds. Shrubs can be arranged to give the appearance of shelter and privacy that trees afford to larger areas.

The pictorial effect of an informal garden depends in a great degree on the use



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of shrubbery — not isolated shrubs, but shrubbery *en masse*. As a background for flower borders, to soften the lines of walls and fences, jutting out here and there to form a screen for a garden-seat, or merely to give a natural outline, it has a purpose which neither trees nor flowers can supply. Further it can be made about the best means of preserving the garden picture the year round, if the massed shrubbery is planned to have one or two varieties blooming through the entire spring and summer as well as a few like the barberry and high bush cranberry whose scarlet fruits and tangle of red-brown twigs keep a glow kindled through the dreariest days of winter. In massing groups of shrubbery care must be taken to keep the taller varieties in the background. The forsythia, a yellow flowering shrub blooms in April and grows to a height of eight feet. The Japanese barberry also has yellow flowers, blooms in May and reaches a height of four feet. The bush honeysuckle has white flowers and red berries, flowers in May and grows to about six feet. The spirea and common lilac are both lasting favorites for spring blooming, and for June, the syringa and the hardier roses are about the only varieties to depend on for flowers. The more delicate varieties of roses should not go into a mixed border. They should have a bed by themselves where they can have more care than would be given the ordinary hardy shrubs. Boxwood is another shrub that is in a class apart from the rest. It is about the only one that is best planted alone or in a hedge. For July we have the sweet pepper bush with greenish white flowers, growing from eight to ten feet tall, and in August the rose of Sharon, about twelve feet and the hydrangea growing from ten to twenty feet. Both of these usually hold their blooming period over into September.

In laying out spaces for beds, borders, paths, etc., it is well to bear in mind that grass more than any other feature helps to secure a feeling of repose. There is something delightfully soothing in a well-kept stretch of green turf, and it is little short of vandalism to fret the lawn into a pattern of geometrically fashioned beds. Nature does not grow her flower groups within the limits of stars, crescents and crosses. Beds in grass are sometimes admirable features in the general scheme if modelled on simple shapes, but the more elaborate the form of the bed, the more time and labor will be expended in preserving its geometry and the less enjoyment will be derived from the flowers. The maker of stars and crescents moreover should realize that an acute angle is an awkward one to which to adapt his flowers and that to preserve the outlines of such beds it is necessary to fill them with puny plants, which, by constant pinching are prevented from developing their natural charm. It is better to adopt a simple circle, square or rectangle and to be not too particular about keeping the flowers from spreading on the grass, so long as they grow under natural conditions and yield their harvest of bloom. The outlines they create under such treatment, blend softly with the turf and are far more sightly than the hard edges fresh from the trimming tool.

Although the construction of a garden plan on paper is a necessary preliminary to the practical operations, much of the detail will have to be filled in on the

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What these boys do, you can do

SEVERAL hundred dollars worth of vegetables was the splendid contribution of the Broadview Y. M. C. A. boys of Toronto towards increase of food production last season.

There exists a world shortage of food. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian soldiers are now consumers instead of producers. So you see that every bit of help in growing extra food supplies is of colossal importance. Every home should have a vegetable garden.



Helping in the War. *Toronto Y. M. C. A. boys doing their bit by growing vegetables. Each boy looks after his own plot, and either sells the vegetables or uses them at home.*

Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves money otherwise spent for vegetables or gives you vegetables you would not otherwise have, and thus helps to lower the "high cost of living."

Growing vegetables saves the labor of others whose effort is urgently needed for other vital work. Boys, girls, grown-ups—everyone should help. Let the slogan for 1917 be

"A vegetable garden for every home"

Who doesn't enjoy nice, fresh, juicy vegetables on the table every day! Isn't it well worth everyone's while to grow vegetables this spring? Decide now. Boys and girls, ask your parents for the use of the ground and their help. They will gladly give you both. Grown-ups should plan now to have a garden.

Horticultural societies, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to encourage vegetable growing by every one. Parents and guardians are requested to give boys and girls their co-operation.

It is suggested that organizations arrange for addresses on vegetable growing by local expert gardeners. If these are not available, the Department will endeavor to send a speaker. It is urgently requested that applications for speakers be made promptly, as the demand for them will be great and the supply of available experts is limited.

The Department of Agriculture suggests stimulating interest by forming organizations to offer prizes for best vegetable gardens. Every possible assistance will be given any organization encourag-

ing vegetable production on vacant lots

You do not need to be an expert. Scarcely any plot of ground is too small. Just write a letter to the Ontario Department of Agriculture (address below) and you will receive literature telling all about vegetable growing, how to prepare the ground and cultivate the crop; also a plan showing suitable vegetables to grow, best varieties for Ontario, and their arrangement in the garden. These will be sent free on request. Attend the meetings in your community.

Write for Poultry Bulletin—The high prices for eggs make a flock of poultry well worth while. They are not expensive to keep. In the average home the waste from the table is sufficient. Write for bulletin.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign"
Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

ground. By being alive to possibilities, many opportunities will crop up for introducing charming effects. One of the most gorgeous pieces of color work I have even seen was the result of planting Virginia creeper at the foot of a clump of small firs on the grounds of a country residence. In a short time it had clambered up amongst the dark foliage and festooned it with graceful sprays. In summer the foliage showed light green against dark, but in autumn when every leaf was vivid carmine, the effect was strikingly beautiful.

This year more than ever before, town-dwellers will want to make the most of their kitchen gardens. With food prices steadily soaring, the luxury and economy of home-grown vegetables cannot be ignored; at the same time the plot can be made a place of beauty. If space can be afforded the flower border may be continued through the vegetable garden; possibly flowers for cutting could be grown here for the market. A few scarlet runners and hollyhocks against the back fence give a piquant note of color, while some of our common vegetables like asparagus, parsley, and the rambling growth of the vegetable marrow are almost handsome enough to cultivate for their looks alone.

A new interest as well as a new satisfaction and economy will come from planting a greater variety of vegetables this year. Brussels sprouts, the most delicately flavored vegetable of the cabbage tribe, are little known in our home gardens. Swiss chard, one of the most appetizing of the green vegetables comes up again so quickly after cutting that it is invaluable as an all-summer delicacy. The leaves and stalks may be used as greens or the stalks may be cooked like asparagus. Kale should also be considered indispensable in every garden since it comes into season late in the fall when frost has killed all other greens. These and others like the okra and endive, as well as the staple varieties generally cultivated, will repay the gardener ten times over in actual money value this year.

In the city garden, in order that maximum crops may be produced from a minimum space, it is essential that the ground be kept fully occupied all the time. This means not only that the rows of vegetables will be planted close together, but that short-season crops will be planted between the rows, and even the plants of longer-season crops, and that as soon as one crop is harvested another will be planted in its place. Also, transplanting may be practised to a considerable extent to save space during the early growth of the plants. The full amount of space required by a given plant at maturity is allotted to that plant the shortest possible time. Extremely rapid growth is made possible by making the soil very rich and applying water copiously. The land is kept at work from early spring till late in autumn, and two or even three crops may be harvested from the same area.

Since planting must be close, and a large amount of edible product secured from each square foot of ground, it will be necessary to omit from a garden of this kind some of the larger-growing vegetables which yield a relatively small edible product for the amount of space occupied. Sweet corn, melons and squashes will, therefore, be omitted, and the garden devoted chiefly to such crops as lettuce, radishes, parsley, cress, mustard, beets,

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Chantenay Red Table Carrot.....Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, 4 oz. 65c	
Rust Proof Dwarf Black Wax Butter Beans.....lb. 50c, 5 lbs. \$2.25	
Early White Cory Sweet Table Corn.....lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50	
London Long Green Cucumber (great cropper).....Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c	
XXX Solid Head Lettuce.....Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 75c	
Improved Beefsteak Tomato.....Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c, oz. 60c	
XXX Scarlet Oval Radish (mild, crisp).....Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 oz. 50c	
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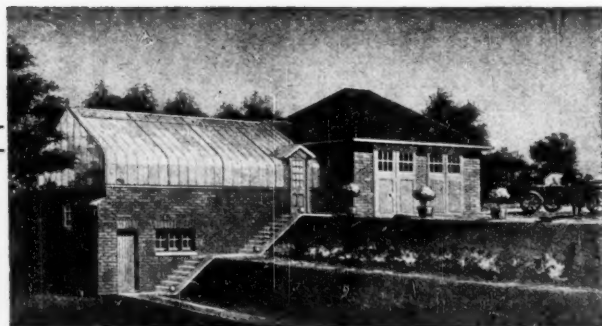
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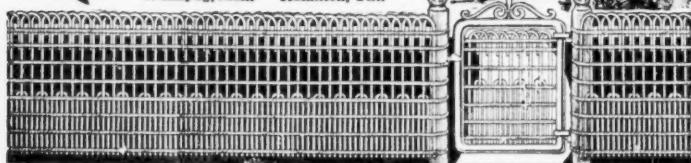
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chard, carrots, onions from sets, string beans, and turnips; though cabbage, spinach, peas, peppers tomatoes, and even cucumbers may sometimes be included. If tomatoes are grown they are trained in an upright position, so that comparatively little ground space is occupied.

A selection of vegetables and their arrangement for a small city garden might be as follows:

- Row 1—Onion sets (six inches from edge of garden).
 " 2—Radishes, followed by tomatoes.
 " 3—Early beets.
 " 4—Early beets.
 " 5—Lettuce, followed by tomatoes.
 " 6—Cress.
 " 7—Dwarf peas.
 " 8—Onion sets, followed by peppers.
 " 9—Dwarf peas.
 " 10—Spinach, followed by string beans, followed by lettuce.
 " 11—Early turnips.
 " 12—Spinach, followed by string beans, followed by lettuce.
 " 13—Early carrots.
 " 14—Parsley.
 " 15—Lettuce, second planting.
 " 16—Chard.
 " 17—Radishes, second planting.
 " 18—Early cabbages, followed by late string beans.
 " 19—Radishes, third planting.

In the original plantings the rows may be only one foot apart. When the harvesting of the radishes, lettuce, green onions and spinach begins, if care is taken to remove plants first from definite spots spaced at proper intervals, the tomatoes, peppers and string beans can be planted in the same rows considerably before the harvesting of these early crops is completed. The early beets, cress and peas in the intervening rows can be harvested before the tomatoes and peppers need all the space. Likewise the turnips, carrots and second plantings of lettuce and radishes will be removed by the time the string beans, parsley, chard, and cabbage begin to crowd for room.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 83.

SHE GLANCED toward the fires of the rivermen where the dark-skinned, long-haired sons of the wild squatted close about the flames over which pots boiled, grease fried, and chunks of red meat browned upon the ends of long toasting-sticks. The girl's heart leaped with the wild freedom of it. A sense of might and of power surged through her veins. These men were her men—hers to command. Savages and half-savages whose work it was to do her bidding—and who performed their work well. The night was calling her—the vague, portentous night of the land beyond outposts. Slowly she passed the fires, and on along the margin of the river whose waters, black and forbidding, reached into the north.

"The unconquered north," she breathed, as she stood upon a water-lapped boulder and gazed into the impenetrable dark. And, as she gazed, before her mind's eye rose a victim. The scattered teepees of the northland, smoke-blackened, filthy, stinking with the reek of ill-tanned skins, resolved themselves into a village beside a broad, smooth-flowing river.

The teepees faded, and in their place appeared rows of substantial log cabins, each with its yard of trimmed grass, and its beds of gay flowers. Broad streets se-

parated the rows. The white spire of a church loomed proudly at the end of a street. From the doorways dark, full-bodied women smiled happily—their faces clean, and their long, black hair caught back with artistic bands of quill embroidery, as they called to the clean brown children who played light-heartedly in the grassed dooryards. Tall, lean-shouldered men, whose swarthy faces glowed with the love of their labor, toiled gladly in fields of yellow grain, or sang and called to one another in the forest where the ring of their axes was drowned in the crash of falling trees.

Her vision of the north—the conquered north—her north!

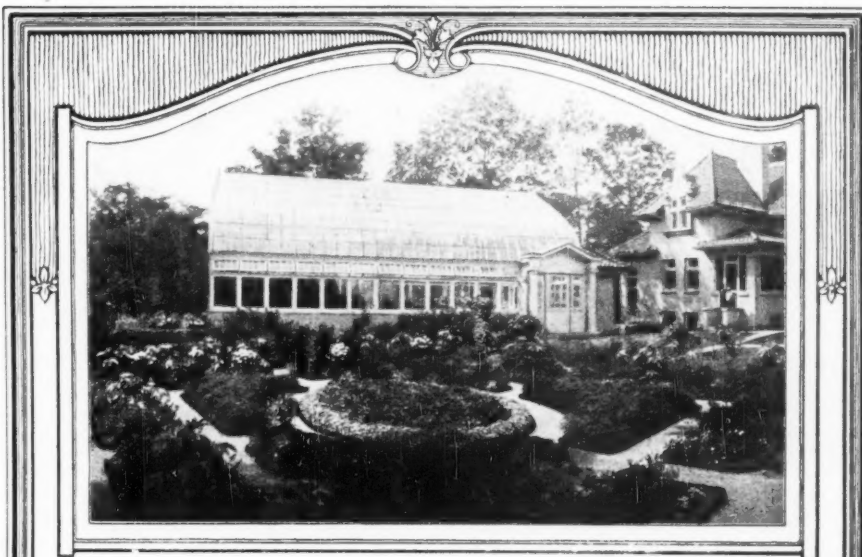
THE GIRL started nervously. Her brain-picture resolved into the formless dark. From the black waters, almost at her feet, sounded, raucous and loud, the voice of the great loon. Frenzied, maniacal, hideous rang the night-shattering laughter. The uncouth mockery of the raw—the defiance of the unconquerable north!

With a shudder, Chloe turned and fled toward the red-flaring fires. In that moment a feeling of defeat surged over her—of heart-sickening hopelessness. The figures at the fires were unkempt, dirty, revolting, as they gorged and tore at the half-cooked meat into which their yellow fangs drove deep as the red blood squirted and trickled from the corners of their mouths to drip unheeded upon the sweat-stiffened cotton of their shirts. Savages! And she, Chloe Elliston, at the very gateway of her empire, fled incontinently to the protection of their fires!

Wide awake upon her blanket, in the smudge-pungent tent where her two companions slept heavily, Chloe sat late into the night staring through the mosquito-barred entrance toward the narrow strip of beach where the dying fires of the scowmen glowed sullenly in the darkness, pierced now and again by the fitful glare of a wind-whipped brand. Two still forms wrapped in ragged blankets, lay like logs where sleep had overcome them.

A short distance removed from the others, the fire of Vermilion burned brightly. Between this fire and a heavily smoking smudge, four men played cards upon a blanket spread upon the ground. Silently, save for an occasional grunt or mumbled word, they played—dealing, tossing into the centre the amount of their bets, leaning forward to rake in a pot, or throwing down their cards in disgust, to await the next deal.

The scene was intrinsically savage. At the end of the day's work, primitive man followed primitive instinct. Gorged to repletion, they slept, or wasted their substance with the improvidence of jungle-beasts. And these were the men Chloe Elliston had pictured laboring joyously in the upbuilding of homes! Once more the feeling of hopelessness came over her—seemed smothering, stifling her. And



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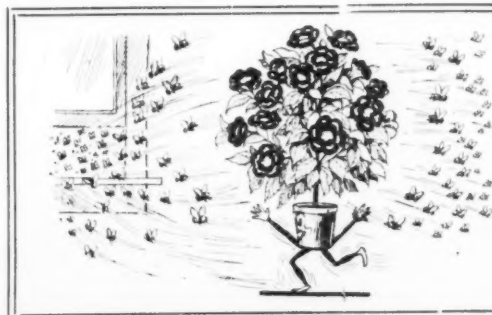
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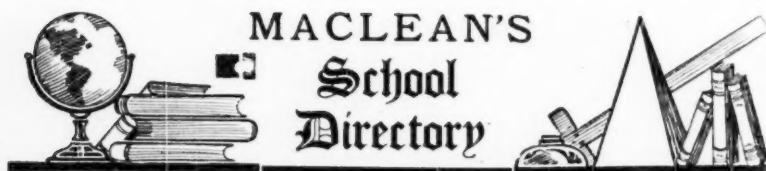
Everybody knows this gentleman of the household, and the nuisance he creates in the summer. Will you wait till then to swat him? The Shoo Fly Plant drives him from the house. Send 15c for trial package of seed, 3 for 40c postpaid.

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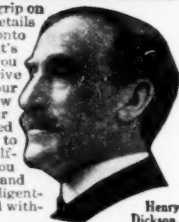
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Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
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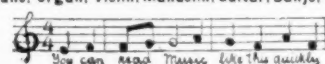
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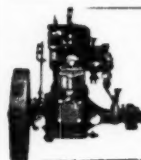
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a great wave of longing carried her back to the land of her own people—the land of convention and sophistry.

Could it be that they were right? They who had scoffed, and ridiculed, and forbade her? What could she do in the refashioning of a world-old wild? One woman against the established creeds of an iron wilderness? Where, now, were her dreams of empire, her ideals, and her castles in Spain? Was she to return, broken on the wheel? Crushed between the adamant millstones of things as they ought to be?

The resolute lips drooped, a hot salt tear blurred Vermilion's camp-fire and distorted the figures of the gambling scowmen. She closed her eyes tightly. The writhing green shadow-shapes lost form, dimmed, and resolved themselves into an image—a lean, lined face with rapier-blade eyes gazed upon her from the blackness—the face of Tiger Elliston!

Instantly, the full force and determination of her surged through the girl's veins anew. The drooping lips stiffened. Her heart sang with the joy of conquest. The tight-pressed lids flew open, and for a long time she watched the shadow-dance of the flames on her tent wall. Dim, and elusive, and far away faded the dancing shadow-shapes—and she slept.

NOT SO Vermilion, who, when his companions tired of their game and sought their blankets, sat and stared into the embers of his dying fire. The half-breed was troubled. As boss of Pierre Lapierre's scowmen, a toll of a master mind, a unit of a system, he had prospered. But no longer was he a unit of a system. From the moment Chloe Elliston had bargained with him for the transportation of her outfit into the wilderness, the man's brain had been active in formulating a plan.

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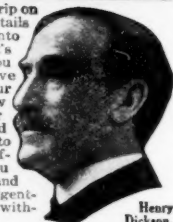


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G. J. DESBARATS,
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Department of the Naval Service,
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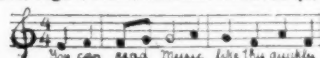
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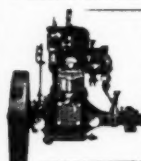
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a great wave of longing carried her back to the land of her own people—the land of convention and sophistry.

Could it be that they were right? They who had scoffed, and ridiculed, and forbade her? What could she do in the refashioning of a world-old wild? One woman against the established creeds of an iron wilderness? Where, now, were her dreams of empire, her ideals, and her castles in Spain? Was she to return, broken on the wheel? Crushed between the adamant millstones of things as they ought to be?

The resolute lips drooped, a hot salt tear blurred Vermilion's camp-fire and distorted the figures of the gambling scowmen. She closed her eyes tightly. The writhing green shadow-shapes lost form, dimmed, and resolved themselves into an image—a lean, lined face with rapier-blade eyes gazed upon her from the blackness—the face of Tiger Elliston!

Instantly, the full force and determination of her surged through the girl's veins anew. The drooping lips stiffened. Her heart sang with the joy of conquest. The tight-pressed lids flew open, and for a long time she watched the shadow-dance of the flames on her tent wall. Dim, and elusive, and far away faded the dancing shadow-shapes—and she slept.

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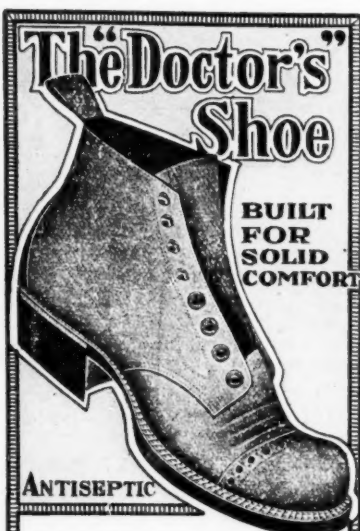
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frantically at the breast of his cotton shirt and pitched heavily into the smoldering ashes of the fire at the feet of the stranger.

But few seconds had elapsed since Chloe felt the hand of Vermilion close about her wrist—tense, frenzied seconds, to the mind of the girl, who gazed in bewilderment upon the bodies of the two dead men which lay almost touching each other.

THE MAN who had ordered Vermilion to release her, and who had fired the shot that had killed him, stood calmly watching four lithe-bodied canoemen securely bind the arms of the two scowmen who had attacked Big Lena.

So sudden had been the transition from terror to relief in her heart that the scene held nothing of repugnance to the girl, who was conscious only of a feeling of peace and security. She even smiled into the eyes of her deliverer, who had turned his attention from his canoemen and stood before her, his soft-brimmed Stetson in his hand.

"Oh! I—I thank you!" exclaimed the girl, at a loss for words.

The man bowed low. "It is nothing. I am glad to have been of some slight service." Something in the tone of the well-modulated voice, the correct speech, the courtly manner, thrilled the girl strangely. It was all so unexpected—so out of place, here in the wild. She felt the warm color mount to her face.

"Who are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I am Pierre Lapierre," answered the man in the same low voice.

In spite of herself, Chloe startled slightly, and instantly she knew that the man had noticed. He smiled, with just an appreciable tightening at the corners of the mouth, and his eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly. He continued:

"And now, Miss Elliston, if you will retire to your tent for a few moments, I will have these removed." He indicated the bodies. "You see, I know your name. The good Chenoine told me. He it was who warned me of Vermilion's plot in time for me to frustrate it. Of course, I should have rescued you later. I hold myself responsible for the safe conduct of all who travel in my scows. But it would have been at the expense of much time and labor, and, very possibly, of human life as well—an incident regrettable always, but not always avoidable."

Chloe nodded, and, with her thoughts in a whirl of confusion, turned and entered her tent, where Harriet Penny lay sobbing hysterically, with her blankets drawn over her head.

CHAPTER III.

PIERRE LAPIERRE.

A HALF-HOUR later, when Chloe again ventured from the tent, all evidence of the struggle had disappeared. The bodies of the two dead men had been removed, and the canoemen were busily engaged in gathering together and restoring the freight pieces that had been ripped open by the scowmen.

Lapierre advanced to meet her, his carefully creased Stetson in his hand.

"I have sent word for the other scows to come on at once, and in the mean time, while my men attend to the freight, may we not talk?"

Chloe assented, and the two seated

themselves upon a log. It was then, for the first time, that the girl noticed that one side of Lapierre's face—the side he had managed to keep turned from her—was battered and disfigured by some recent misadventure. Noticed, too, the really fine features of him—the dark, deep-set eyes that seemed to smolder in their depths, the thin, aquiline nose, the shapely lips, the clean-cut lines of cheek and jaw.

"You have been hurt!" she cried.

"You have met with an accident."

The man smiled, a smile in which cynicism blended with amusement.

"Hardly an accident, I think, Miss Elliston, and, in any event, of small consequence." He shrugged a dismissal of the subject, and his voice assumed a light gaiety of tone.

"May we not become better acquainted, we two, who meet in this far place, where travelers are few and worth the knowing?" There was no cynicism in his smile now, and without waiting for a reply he continued: "My name you already know. I have only to add that I am an adventurer in the wilds—explorer of hinterlands, free-trader, freighter, sometime prospector—causal cavalier." He arose, swept the Stetson from his head, and bowed with mock solemnity.

"And now, fair lady, may I presume to inquire your mission in this land of magnificent wastes?" Chloe's laughter was genuine as it was spontaneous.

Lapierre's light banter acted as a tonic to the girl's nerves, harassed as they were by a month's travel through the fly-bitten wilderness. More—he interested her. He was different. As different from the half-breeds and Indian canoemen with whom she had been thrown as his speech was from the throaty guttural by means of which they exchanged their primitive ideas.

"Pray pause, Sir Cavalier," she smiled, falling easily into the gaiety of the man's mood. "I have ventured into your wilderness upon a most unpoetic mission. Merely the establishment of a school for the education and betterment of the Indians of the north."

A MOMENT of silence followed the girl's words—a moment in which she was sure a hard, hostile gleam leaped into the man's eyes. A trick of fancy, doubtless, she thought, for the next instant it had vanished. When next he spoke, his air of light raillery was gone, but his lips smiled—a smile that seemed to the girl a trifle forced.

"Ah, yes, Miss Elliston. May I ask at whose instigation this school is to be established—and where?" He was not looking at her now, his eyes sought the river, and his face showed only a rather finely moulded chin, smooth-shaven—and the lips, with their smile that almost sneered.

Instantly Chloe felt that a barrier had sprung up between herself and this mysterious stranger who had appeared so opportunely out of the northern bush. Who was he? What was the meaning of the old factor's whispered warning? And why should the mention of her school awake disapproval, or arouse his antagonism? Vaguely she realized that the sudden change in this man's attitude hurt. The displeasure, and opposition, and ridicule of her own people, and the surly indifference of the rivermen, she had over-

ridden or ignored. This man she could not ignore. Like herself, he was an adventurer of untrod ways. A man of fancy, of education and light-hearted raillery, and yet, a strong man, withal—a man of moment evidently.

She remembered the sharp, quick words of authority—the words that caused the villainous Vermilion to whirl with a snarl of fear. Remembered also, the swift sure shot that had ended Vermilion's career, his absolute mastery of the situation, his lack of excitement or braggadocio, and the expressed regret over the necessity for killing the man. Remembered the abject terror in the eyes of those who fled into the bush at his appearance, and the servility of the canoemen.

AS SHE glanced into the half-turned face of the man, Chloe saw that the sneering smile had faded from the thin lips as he awaited her answer.

"At my own instigation." There was an underlying hardness of defiance in her words, and the firm, sun-reddened chin unconsciously thrust forward beneath the encircling mosquito net. She paused, but the man, expressionless, continued to gaze out over the surface of the river.

"I do not know exactly *where*," she continued, "but it will be *somewhere*. Wherever it will do the most good. Upon the bank of some river, or lake, perhaps, where the people of the wilderness may come and receive that which is theirs of right—"

"Theirs of right?" The man looked into her face, and Chloe saw that the thin lips again smiled—this time with a quizzical smile that hinted at tolerant amusement. The smile stung.

"Yes, theirs of right!" she flashed. "The education that was freely offered to me, and to you—and of which we availed ourselves."

For a long time the man continued to gaze in silence, and when at length he spoke, it was to ask an entirely irrelevant question.

"Miss Elliston, you have heard my name before?"

The question came as a surprise, and for a moment Chloe hesitated. Then frankly, and looking straight into his eyes she answered:

"Yes, I have."

The man nodded, "I knew you had." He turned his injured eye quickly from the dazzle of the sunlight that flashed from the surface of the river, and Chloe saw that it was discolored and bloodshot. She arose, and stepping to his side laid her hand upon his arm.

"You are hurt," she said earnestly, "your eye gives you pain."

Beneath her fingers the girl felt the play of strong muscles as the arm pressed against her hand. Their eyes met, and her heart quickened with a strange new thrill. Hastily she averted her glance and then— The man's arm suddenly was withdrawn and Chloe saw that his fist had clinched.

WITH a rush the words brought back to him the scene in the trading-room of the post at Fort Rae. The low, log-room, piled high with the goods of barter. The great cannon stove. The two groups of dark-visaged Indians—his own Chipewayans, and MacNair's Yellow Knives, who stared in stolid indifference. The trembling excited clerk. The grim chief trader, and the stern-faced factor who



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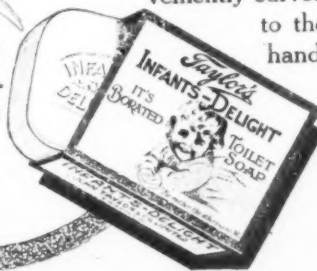
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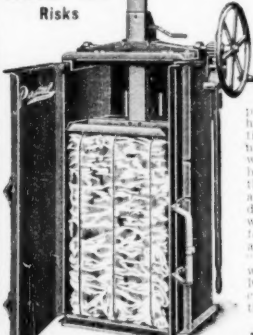
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watched with approving eyes while two men fought in the wide cleared space between the rough counter and the high-piled bales of woollens and strouds.

Chloe Elliston drew back aghast. The thin lips of the man had twisted into a snarl of rage, and a living, bestial hate seemed fairly to blaze from the smoldering eyes, as Lapierre's thoughts dwelt upon the closing moments of that fight, when he felt himself giving ground before the hammering, smashing blows of Bob MacNair's big fists. Felt the tightening of the huge arms like steel bands about his body when he rushed to a clinch—bands that crushed and burned so that each sobbing breath seemed a blade, white-hot from the furnace, stabbing and searing into his tortured lungs.

Felt the vital force and strength of him ebb and weaken so that the lean, slender fingers that groped for MacNair's throat closed feebly and dropped limp to dangle impotently from his nerveless arms. Felt the sudden release of the torturing bands of steel, the life-giving inrush of cool air, and dull pain as his dizzy body rocked to the shock of a crashing blow upon the jaw, the blazing flash of the blow that closed his eye, and then—more soul-searing, and of deeper hurt than the blows that battered and marred—the feel of thick fingers twisted into the collar of his soft shirt.

Felt himself shaken with an incredible ferocity that whipped his ankles against floor and counter edge. And, the crowning indignity of all—felt himself dragged like a flayed carcass the full length of the room, out of the door, and jerked to his feet upon the verge of the steep descent to the lake. Felt the propelling impact of the heavy boot that sent him crashing headlong into the underbrush through which he rolled and tumbled like a meal-bag, to bring up suddenly in the cold water.

THE WHOLE scene passed through his brain as dreams flash—almost within the batting of an eye. Half-consciously, he saw the girl's sudden start, and the look of alarm upon her face as she drew back from the glare of his hate-flashing eyes and the bestial snarl of his lips. With an effort he composed himself:

"Pardon, Miss Elliston, I have frightened you with an uncouth show of savagery. It is a rough, hard country—this land of the wolf and the caribou. Primal instincts and brutish passions here are unrestrained—a fact responsible for my present battered appearance. For, as I said, it was no accident that marred me thus, unless, perchance, the prowling of the brute cross my path may be attributed to accident—rather, I believe it was timed."

"The brute! Who, or what is the brute? And why should he harm you?"

"MacNair is his name—Bob MacNair." There was a certain tense hardness in the man's tone, and Chloe was conscious that the smoldering eyes were regarding her searchingly.

"MacNair," said the girl, "why, that is the name on those bales!"

"What bales?"

"The bales in the scow—they are on the river-bank now."

"My scows carrying MacNair's freight!" cried the man, and motioning her to accompany him he walked rapidly to the bank where lay the four or five pieces, upon which Chloe had read the

name. Lapierre dropped to his knees and regarded the pieces intently, suddenly he leaped to his feet with a laugh and called in the Indian tongue to one of his canoe-men. The man brought him an axe, and raising it high, Lapierre brought it crashing upon the innocent-looking freight piece. There was a sound of smashing staves, a gurgle of liquid, and the strong odor of whisky assailed their nostrils.

The piece was a keg, cunningly dis-

To be continued.

The Wandering Mummy

Continued from page 13.

The Professor was in the seventh heaven of expectation, having received a note from Doctor Leigh-Mervyn. Passing his thin fingers through his thinner hair, the finger vibrating with nervous excitement, he ordered the mummy case to be brought to his library.

"It is a dear old-time friend, Oswald," he confided to his servant, "who has come on a visit from Egypt; we are going to hobnob this evening—to-morrow we'll find a proper place for his majesty. Bring a hammer," he added, rubbing his long, lean hands together in a frenzy of anticipated delight. "Get a hammer and loosen the lid so that I may have a look at this guest from the land of the Pharaohs."

It took a powerful wrench of Oswald's strong arm to tear loose the hooks.

"How old might the nigger be, sir?" Oswald asked, catching a view of the dark face within.

"Ah—ah—I can't say just to a day," the Professor answered, passing his hand across his forehead reflectively; "but it's a matter of two or three thousand years."

"He looks it—and as if he's hung in a smoke house ever since," said Oswald.

And poor old Boodha really did, for the long journey, want of nourishment, and the stupefying odors that had been of the mummy had combined to thrust him into a temporary Nirvana.

The Professor, who had left his glasses on the reading table, peered at the silent black-faced figure, bending down to his task in the foolish manner of short-sighted people. "Lovely, lovely—a beautiful specimen!" he exclaimed rapturously.

"It gives me the jumps to look at him," Oswald declared.

"Yes, yes, indeed," Professor Bachmann muttered thoughtfully, "he's old, old; from Dynasty XXII. Here we have his record painted in green on a white ground in the inner case. 'Ah,' he put his hand on the servant's arm, 'Oswald, if this kingly one could open his lips and speak to us, strange secrets, no doubt, he could tell.'"

"He'd yell for something to eat, I guess, sir."

"Well, leave him now; I'll—ah! Did you—that is—strange, I—I could have sworn I heard— You didn't speak, did you, Oswald—it sounded like a gasp."

The servant looked at his master curiously, inquisitively; then he said: "I guess I coughed, I've got a little cold. But don't you think you'd better not work any more to-night? You're not looking any too well, sir."

The Professor drew himself up stiffly. "Thank you, Oswald, I am feeling quite well—quite well, indeed. That will be all—you may go."

guised as to shape, and covered with burlap. One by one the man attacked the other pieces marked with the name of MacNair, and as each cask was smashed, the whisky gurgled and splashed and seeped into the ground. Chloe watched breathlessly until Lapierre finished, and with a smile of grim satisfaction, tossed the axe upon the ground.

"There is one consignment of firewater that will never be delivered," he said.

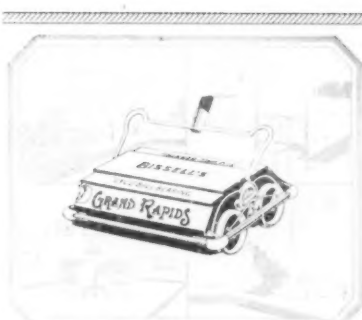
THE SERVANT bowed with almost equal dignity, and the two men turned their backs on each other, Oswald striding toward the door, and the Professor toward his writing table. Half way the Professor turned quickly, angrily. Was the servant laughing at him? It sounded suspiciously like it.

He stood thus till Oswald had passed through the door; then with a sigh he seated himself and resumed his writing. Suddenly he raised his head and listened intently. Then he tiptoed very softly across the room to the door, opened it sharply and looked out. The hall was empty. He closed the door and returned to his seat, muttering, "Strange; I could have sworn I heard a sigh, or a laugh, or a moan."

Then the Professor's mind reverted to the article in a philosophical journal which he had been reading. It was on a most congenial theme, the possibility of holding converse with deceased persons. Bachmann was a firm believer in such manifestations of unconcrete things. Once, through a medium, he had conversed with a very ancient and respected Pharaoh named Soti. Probably the Professor's mind, through groping so much amongst matters of antiquity, was more in adjustment to minds which had been on earth centuries ago. And also the Egyptians seemed to have more completely mastered the vagaries of the soul of life essence by separating it, concretizing it into what they called the Ka; therefore, to the Professor it seemed extremely reasonable that these Kas, or Aspects, being, so to speak, better trained than the modern elusive spirit, would be more likely to come back to earth and hover about one interested in them.

"Dear me, dear me!" the Professor ejaculated. "The presence of that mummy has filled my mind with the memory of that delightful converse I had with Soti. Delightful! I'm afraid I cannot concentrate my mind on this interesting—ah! Bless my soul! What was that?"

His glasses had dropped to the table with the sudden uplift of his head. A distinct gasping sigh had smitten upon the old gentleman's ears; there was no doubt whatever about it. The gentle delver in antiquarian fields, with a troubled look on his fine, classic face, rose, and softly tiptoed across a mellow Turkish rug, and peered into the casket. There was nothing visible, that is nothing animate. The silent dark-faced figure seemed to rebuke the Professor's trepidation with its solemn calm. "I fancy I'm notional to-night—my nerves are tricky," he muttered, gazing in rapt admiration at the mummy. "How perfect their art was," he added, pinching the dark cheek with a



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forefinger. "Our friend was a dweller in Thebes, where they had this perfect method of rendering their mummies soft, and yellow, and pliable; vastly superior to the black, brittle mummies of Memphis. Centuries have not destroyed that flesh-like consistency. What I can't understand though, what vandals have stripped off the bandages, taken the face mask?"

Suddenly the Professor started—he could have sworn that one of the eyes opened dreamily and peered up at him, almost winked. "Ha, ha!" he laughed nervously. "Strange tricks our vivid imaginations play us! Centuries since that eye closed never to open again."

Professor Bachmann once more returned to his writing table, trying to drive from his mind the weird idea that the shrivelled Egyptian had looked at him out of his soulless eyes and winked.

"I wonder if there really is anything the matter with me," he questioned. "What did Oswald mean by not working to-night; he must have noticed something unusual. Perhaps I'm taking too much coffee, or too much—eh! Again! God bless us!" A soft rustling noise of slipping drapery claimed his startled attention; he stared stupidly at the mummy case. Undoubtedly there was a stirring as of life in that casket of the dead.

THE PROFESSOR essayed to rise from his chair, but his limbs doubled under him like soft cloth; he sought to question the maker of the disturbing noise but his tongue had lost its trick of speech. He had conversed with spirits at a seance but they had been expected, appealed to. This was altogether different. No longer was there any doubt about the actuality of these life sounds. Sighs and deep gasps for breath came from the mummy's resting place and next, in the Professor's vision, there loomed an arm thrust upward. His mind flashed a thousand lights upon his own condition; it worked with fierce rapidity. He was not mad, he could feel that; he was not asleep and in a nightmare; he stretched forth his hand and turned two separate sheets of the treatise on psychology; the response of the paper to his touch proved that he was awake and in full control of his faculties. All doubt of this fact was immediately dissipated by a sharp rap on the door. The Professor pulled the cover over the box and opened the door.

DR. LEIGH-MARVYN stepped into the room, saying, blithely: "Oswald said you were here so I took the liberty of coming right up. Just dropped in to see if my tarry friend from the Nile had called yet." As Leigh-Marvyn turned he saw the mummy case; he gave it a playful kick. "Let's wake him up, Professor, and find out why the Sphinx."

Bachmann slipped his hand through Leigh-Marvyn's arm, and led him to a chair at the desk.

The Doctor looked professionally at Bachmann. "You're looking tucked up, Professor. The dust off these antiques gets into your lungs. Our kipped friend, for instance—"

Bachmann put a hand on the Doctor's arm; there was intensity in his voice as he asked: "Do you believe in the reincarnation of the dead?"

"Leigh-Marvyn checked the word 'Tommy rot!' that rose to his lips and hedged: "I don't place much faith in its possibility."

"If I were to tell you, Doctor, that the Ka had returned to that Egyptian who has been dead for centuries, what would you say?"

"I'd say—Good God!" Leigh-Mervyn whirled in his chair and fastened his eyes on the mummy case from which, undoubtedly, a groan had come. His eyes flashed back to Bachmann's face; a look of placid triumph was there registered. The Professor nodded.

ONCE again there was a beat of knuckles on the library door which was at once opened by Oswald, at whose heels were two strangers. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir," Oswald said; adding, apologetically: "They insisted on coming in, sir, saying their business was urgent."

One of the strangers, speaking to his companion, said: "That's Doctor Leigh-Mervyn."

The Doctor shot a surprised look of recognition at the speaker then greeted him with, "Hello, Constable McBride—what are you doing so far away from Little Oxford?"

"We've a warrant for your arrest, Doctor."

Leigh-Mervyn stared. "For what, pray?" he asked.

"For the murder of your servant. We found the pagan's body in the house just where you left it."

"What! My servant murdered and the body where I left it!"

"Yes; packed away like a pair of old boots in a clothes closet. When I opened the door it fell out on me—gave me a nasty start, I tell you."

"But why should I kill my own servant? It's madness!"

"Well, there was an inquest, an' the jury wasn't mad. Nobody but yourself could've embalmed the body the way that poor heathen was done up. We've been suspicious of you, an' hearin' nobody about the place we broke in—if we hadn't done that that body would've stayed there for a thousand years without making a smell. Nobody would've ever known."

"What are you talking about?" the Doctor was plainly mystified. "I embalmed the body?"

McBride pointed at the mummy case. "Yes, and there's the devilish box that you did the black art in. What was it brought to your house and away the next day for? The murder was done while it was there!"

McBride stepped toward the mummy case; the Doctor did also; involuntarily the Professor followed.

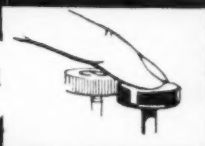
"It's circumstantial evidence, that's what it is," McBride said in an official manner. He threw the lid off. For an instant they all craned their necks. Then McBride cried out in fear, "Oh, my God!" and sprang back, as Boodha, rising to a sitting posture, and putting his hand to his forehead said to the Doctor: "Salaam, Sahib. I was afraid and came by this manner of means to your protection. With great care I put the one who is dead in your closet."

Leigh-Mervyn turned to Constable McBride and said, "My dear Constable, go back to Little Oxford and tell its charming citizens that they've held a post-mortem on a mummy that's been dead two thousand years. He may have been murdered, but I am not the murderer."

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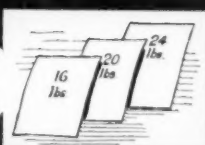
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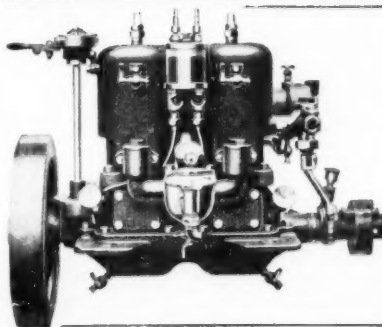
Why are "WILSON" Motors and Motorboats taking the lead in Canada?

"There's a Reason"

LOW PRICES NO DUTY TO PAY

Motors start without cranking and are guaranteed for FIVE YEARS. Send for Catalog "W".

WILSON MOTOR CO., Walkerville, Ontario





A Far Step in One Year

It has taken just one year for old-fashioned leather soles to go into the discard with those who are shoe-critical.

1916 was the year when thousands found increased shoe wear and shoe comfort to offset increased shoe prices.

1916 was the year when Neolin came into its own—a better sole.

Literally hundreds of thousands have welcomed Neolin as the wonder-sole. They have taken joy in testing it—in urging it to the utmost of wear, comfort, appearance, goodness.

And they are coming back in thousands and hundreds of thousands to make the nation walk on Neolin.

Neolin must be a better sole to meet such universal acclaim.

Those who have tested Neolin have found that:

Neolin cuts shoe costs by giving longer wear. Neolin will outwear leather soles.

Neolin will keep the feet dry—a health-saver and comfort-giver. With Neolin, new shoes are flexible, needing no breaking in. It is slip-proof and stub-proof. It holds the uppers to their shape. It has a distinctive style and finish. It saves furniture and floors by not scratching them.

Neolin

Take your old shoes to your shoe repairer. He probably stocks Neolin. If not he can easily get it.

Ask for Neolin soles on your new shoes. You can secure shoes built on Neolin at many prices and in many styles.

Insist on Neolin—better than leather.

To be sure of the genuine Neolin mark that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neolin with the accent on the "O"—Neolin—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited



Chalmers is a car, a man, an institution

Success drives to business in a Chalmers.

For,

Chalmers is a symbol of success that attracts successful men.

Chalmers is a car, a MAN, an INSTITUTION.

The world knows this institution.

All men know this mounting Chalmers success to be the living product of an ideal. They know the man who had the energy, the will, the integrity, the honesty of purpose, AND the capacity to turn his ideals into reality.

Among business men, as among owners of cars, Chalmers is a name vibrant with action.

Where employers of labor study "Welfare" plans, Chalmers methods are adopted. Factories are built in every land—like the Chalmers factory. Wherever efficiency is the topic—Chalmers is the example familiar to all. In sales conventions, men are inspired by the sound business philosophy of Chalmers.

The Chalmers success is broader than motordom. It stands a beacon among the world's great industries. It is to be expected that business men should drive cars from the Chalmers institution.

Courage attracts. The pursuit of the Ideal is a magnet for leaders of men.

Other men with ideals, men of action, names to conjure with in the motor industry joined with Chalmers in carrying on his work.

Now to say of a man, "He is a Chalmers man" marks him for a big man.

Skilled workmen came to Chalmers keen to produce the ideal car. The Chalmers ideal placed them in surroundings that breed a healthy ambition to excel.

The factory, planted in what was then the sunlit prairies of Michigan, grew a monster plant, with floor space a million feet. Around it was built a city peopled by master car builders and their folks—30,000 or more.

Ever growing, ever succeeding, this giant industry rose a pattern for all industries, a landmark in motordom. The very bricks are alive with the power impulse of the Chalmers ideal.

Far afield this force is felt.

In every city local success joins hands with Chalmers success. Big men in every territory represent Chalmers.

Men with the good sense to serve well their customers, are linked to the Chalmers organization. The Chalmers spirit of service to the public reaches out through these men.

NOW, CHALMERS CREATES A CANADIAN FACTORY

The institution bridges the boundary. The Canadian Chalmers is made in Canada. Chalmers owners in Canada are served by a Canadian organization.

The Canadian factory is cast in the Chalmers mold. It is one with the Chalmers institution.

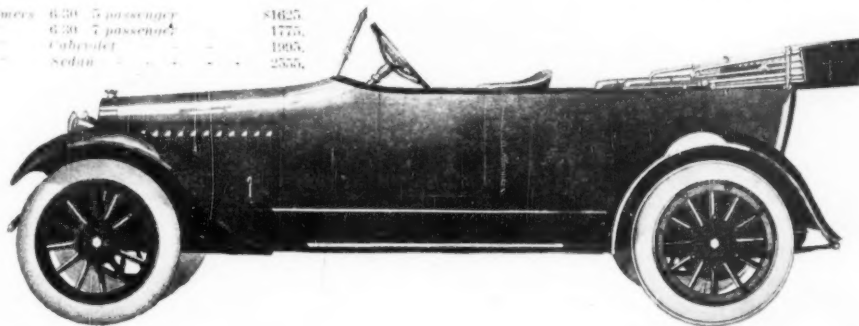
Chalmers in Canada—Chalmers in Detroit—one institution—one ideal. There lives in both the high purpose that conceived, created and maintains the Chalmers organization.

In Canada the custom grows to speak with pride of "my Chalmers."

Here, as throughout the world, Chalmers stands a name to be envied. Not only among motorists, not only among business leaders, but in the entire field of industrial activity.

Chalmers is a car, a man, an institution.

Chalmers	6.30	5 passenger	81625
	6.30	7 passenger	17775
		Cabriolet	1995
		Sedan	2555



The Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario



Best
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Brightening
and
Preserving

Aluminum Ware

Does Not
Scratch
or
Discolor



Made in Canada

